

## **Autumn (Rock)**

### **"Atrophy"**

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#### Atrophy

Torn muscles hang from the line  
Sun-dried, now it's time for the feast  
And i wait in line with plate in hand  
But you've eaten all there is  
And my bones weep  
I was never meant to...or maybe i was...  
Never meant to...or maybe i was...never meant to  
Head raging and i'm so tired  
Can't stand any more of this  
When the state of the living  
Is as the state of the dead  
Such disillusionment is the end  
Painstaking - every move a labor  
Gnarled and ravaged bones protrude  
And i want to smear the disease across my ribs  
In the name of the father . . . atrophy begins  
I was never meant to...or maybe i was...  
Never meant to...or maybe i was...never meant to  
Left here, now on this precipice  
Sun-dried tendons slide away  
Into the cracks of desert sand  
My skeletal smile begs for more  
I was never meant to...or maybe i was...  
Never meant to...or maybe i was...never meant to  
But like a trestle underwater, like a trestle underwater,  
Like a trestle underwater, like a trestle underwater, like  
a trestle underwater,  
I drown tooâ€¦ i drown tooâ€¦ i drown tooâ€¦ i drown  
tooâ€¦  
I drown tooâ€¦

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