

## Fit For An Autopsy "The Colonist"

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Where does the setting sun go to rest? Go to rest? The  
darkest days  
Come and go, they never seem to end. Inhuman,  
inhumane, inane  
Existence. Barely existing. Surviving. Reviving a world  
that has been  
Dead for years. Blood sweat and tears. Disinformation  
and fear. We  
Carry on like we serve a purpose. Just a decaying gear  
in a machine,  
Built to destroy itself from the inside out, bleeding  
from the mouth,  
Calling out your name, carving out your hate. Alone  
and breathing, the  
Same stagnant air the rats exhale. Pushing through the  
waste, the  
Shallow graves. Hoping to find a cure to cleanse the  
filth of the  
Human race. Expose the skull. Leave the brain and pray  
it never stops  
Dreaming. Expose the bone, leave the heart and pray it  
never stops  
Beating. Failure is not an option, it's the only way out.  
How long  
Until it crumbles? How much longer can we last? Do we  
even have a  
Choice? Or do we stand a chance? We place our faith  
and trust in the  
Hands of heartless fucking liars, so we can sleep at  
night. And hope  
We never wake up. Never wake up. You can't control us  
all. You'll  
Never kill us all. Failure is not an option. It's the only  
way out.  
You can't control us all. You'll never fucking kill us all.

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