

Fit For An Autopsy

"The Jackyl"

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Just like a curse
A walking plague of gluttony
Ripping through the stomachs of the needless greedy
The rotting apple that we consume every day
The decomposing flesh that serves as armor for the
hungry

We are ravenous
Starving for tragedy

We are war and peace
We are self destruction
We are life and death
We are suicide

No one gets out alive

You are nothing but an empty, wasted life
You'll never fucking make it out alive

Prisoners to our pathetic lives
Existing only as guiltless parasites
Dead man walking in desperation
Waiting for a change
Begging for the end

While you make your peace with God
I wage war with the rest of the world

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