

Fit For An Autopsy

"The Locust"

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Swarming in the streets. Pulsing in the blood of late
night locusts.
The sound of broken teeth and fingernails scraping on
brick walls,
Piercing bones with worthless cures. In between the
tremors. To subdue
The necessity of living, only to return when the lights
go out again.
Peel the skin back from my face. Revel in the disease.
Drink from the
Rivers of rust. Take shelter inside this house of
overwhelming
Distress and disregard. Hollow your soul with needles.
Pray for your
Own end. While you wait for the pain to go away, every
one else is
Watching you fade away. Losing faith in hope and
sleeping in the
Waste. Product of a decaying race. Heir to the throne of
sympathetic
Apathy. Purveyor of post traumatic medicinal practices.
If there ever
Was an end in sight, you would only find it in an over
dosage when you
Weren't even searching for it. The roaches come when
the lights go
Out. The locusts feed when our time runs out.

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