

# Still We Destroy

## Fit For An Autopsy

I am human  
I am horror  
I am the creator and the destroyer  
A black cloud of corrosive breath  
I am the giver, the taker, the messenger of death

Relentless in our pride of never-ending faults  
We make the oceans rise and turn cities into salt

No time to care about the cost of living  
Civilized suicide  
No exoneration  
This is our home yet still we destroy

On a warpath we will never return  
And we are never coming back  
Victims of a repetitive past  
Our future was never meant to last

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Bright blood red  
The eyes of man  
Writhing in sickness  
Speaking in whispers  
Bright blood red  
The eyes of man  
Swimming in sadness  
Slow and silent killers

We were born with death upon our backs  
Playing god will never be enough  
We want the heaven without the hell  
But the devil knows better than us  
He'll just let us destroy ourselves

Smoke of the sun  
Let the rain fall as ash  
We were born into this world with death upon our backs  
We were born with death upon our backs  
We were born with death, with death upon our backs