

The Colonist

Fit For An Autopsy

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.