

# Tremors

## Fit For An Autopsy

Mountains of bones  
Piled high for the picking  
Lift our skin to the sky  
The tremors won't end  
This is just the beginning  
Unwanted fruit of the harvest  
Stillborn and barely living  
The cries of the abandoned  
Stuck between the teeth  
A life so fucking sickening  
I watched them burn alive in front of me  
I watched them take my life out from under me  
For nothing  
We are nothing  
An iron furnace  
Filled with ashes of our once great aspirations  
This is not what we're meant to be  
Scarred and blinded  
My eyes have seen all they can see  
Born with burden  
Place the blame on destiny  
Shattered cemented hearts  
Sink like stones  
Swept through the currents  
They wander through the mountains of bones  
I watched them burn alive in front of me  
I watched them take my life out from under me  
For nothing  
We are nothing  
Hellbound  
Take down narrow paths  
An atlas crafted by desperate hands  
Never revel in the glory of our past  
Those lost direction  
Mountains of bones  
Piled high for the picking  
Lift our skin to the sky  
The tremors won't end  
This is just the beginning  
Unwanted fruit of the harvest  
Stillborn and barely living  
The cries of the abandoned  
Stuck between the teeth  
A life so fucking sickening

The tremors won't end  
Dilated eyes  
In hospital beds  
Filled with dead dreams  
And dead friends  
Take me away from this life  
So fucking sickening  
The tremors won't end  
The tremors won't end