

## Dystopiate

### The Autumn Offering

Most people live without purpose  
Blessed are the dead  
You'll find the weight of burden heavy  
Like a soul filled with lead

Our bones will grind together  
In a mass grave  
No one weeps  
While children drown together  
Sustain the creatures of the deep

I reject your morals  
I've seen too many years of sorrow  
Fuck this rotting planet from poisoned waters  
East of nothing  
We lost our burning passion  
Pain of failure is hard to bear  
Took a bullet ride to Cobain fashion  
For our deeds were watered in our fears

How civil men turn vicious  
In the quest for gold and wealth  
Use words of plastic values  
Then hit below the belt