

Spiral

Fit for An Autopsy

Embrace true emptiness
Behind the eyes the beast is man is never far
Dormant until we accept what we areNo saints
No graceThere is no relief from the mountains of grief, intricately, assembled stone by stone
The art of deception, in theory and practice, smothers any compassion we could hope to salvage
There is no progress, when forward motions just a test of another mans lust for greed
The will to resist disappears in the midst
Staining the sky in eternal misery
Intertwined in end times, wondrous webs of deceit we weave
Behind the eyes, the beast in man is never far, only dormant until we accept what we areDon't save me there's
nowhere to stay, that doesn't bear the scars of yesterday
Embrace true emptiness
Behind the eyes the beast in man is never far
Dormant until we accept what we areNo saints
No grace
The last lights, drift deep down into the spiral
Where same and denial are forever and final
Don't save me nomad on an orphan earth
There's nowhere to stay, that doesn't bear the scars of yesterday
Don't save me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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