

Iron Moon

Fit for An Autopsy

Do you feel numb, or are you really just over it?

Old timer. Slave driver. Crack the whip while they sink our ship.

Clocking in, work till the bones ache. No warmth so the hands shake.

The pills suppress the pain, but the dependence is ever-growing.

A fools devotion, devoid of motion. This mistake you can't erase.

The bag may not inflate while oxygen is flowing. A coward ruled by force breeds a nation of discord, and a lifetime of remorse. No more.

I'd rather suffocate than breathe

in what this bullshit life has offered me.

Defiance. The new dawn of the iron moon. You should have let sleeping dogs lie, cause now they're hunting you. Wallow in what could have been, thumb twiddler.

You handed them the keys to the kingdom, signed and delivered. Do you feel numb, after the damage is done?

Do you remember the days when we didn't have to look over our shoulders?

Now we flinch at the kickback, and head down the wrong track. We let them takeover.

Fear is the final sin. Before it even begins, this fucking rat race was over.

A fools devotion, devoid of motion. This mistake you can't erase.

The bag may not inflate while oxygen is flowing.

I'd rather suffocate than breathe

in what this bullshit life has offered me. Defiance. The new dawn of the iron moon. You should have let sleeping dogs lie, cause now they're hunting you.

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

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