

# Children Of The Corn Syrup

## Fit For An Autopsy

Human nature is the enemy

Reaper in tow  
Sickle in hand  
No gardens will grow  
On squandered land

We are all dead growth  
Reaping all that we have sown  
Rooted in your youth  
Buried with bones  
The secrets they keep  
Seep through the cracks in our homes  
Here lies your mother

Born of this soil  
Once famous for her beauty  
Let a rotting corpse  
Here lies our father  
Born of this oil  
Forged in the flames  
We burn with no remorse

Instincts  
Of the selfish  
To pillage  
Nothing left to salvage  
Architects of destruction  
Instincts  
Of the foolish  
To follow  
Liars as they ravage  
The fruits of a fallen nation

American desolation

We only shit where we eat  
Licking the plate clean  
Such a modern convenience  
A four course meal  
For anyone not listening  
Romantic dinners for two  
The parasites and you

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Disgusting fucking human appetite  
Cultivating the lands of desolation

Disgusting fucking human appetite  
Fear the end of your exploitations