

Empty Still

Fit For An Autopsy

Leave the room
It was empty before and it is empty still
Cross bearer. Lost prayer
Lord give me nothing, I've already lost my will
To begin or end
Never again

The nature of a broken soul is to beg
But the burden of pity is greater than the calm
Resounding stronger than relief
I welcome the harm
The clashing conscience of a coward
Low hanging spirit, soul devoured

Low hanging spirit, soul devoured

I never wanted to live in a world that would kill me
I never wanted a father who wouldn't forgive me

Please leave the room
It was empty before and it is empty still

I never wanted to live a world that would kill me
I never wanted a father who wouldn't forgive me

The man with two hats
Identified by one, embellished and black
The man with two hats
Distressed and divine, fragile and white
Where do you hang them?
How do you tell them apart when you tear them apart?

How do you tell them apart when you tear them apart?

(Leave the room
It was empty before and it is empty still)

Burning in hellfire, numb to the touch
I'm left to fix this fractured actor on my own
Artificial man. Sacrificial lamb
Love to dust. I've given up

I never wanted to live in a world that would kill me
I never wanted a father who wouldn't forgive me
I never wanted to live in a world that would kill me
Forgive me