

# Hydra

## Fit For An Autopsy

I watched a man die in the cold  
He slept in the street  
We left him there with nothing to eat  
I watched a man burn in the coals  
Shoveling shit into a furnace  
Trading a check for his soul

The city is a fucking prison  
Force fed failure, eat what you're given  
The ivory tower, the higher power  
I swear they're laughing as we claw at the scraps  
We were the lions now we bow to the hydra  
'Cause when you cut off the head fucking two grow back  
Fucking two grow back

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We were the lions now we bow to the hydra  
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See them at their worst  
Another day goes by  
Everything I love dies in the passenger side of the hearse  
Lower the bar. It's pathetic to think  
I knew their souls would sink  
But I never knew how far

Repetition is only failure  
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Repetition is only failure

The cycle repeats  
A march towards defeat

The wretched accept it, a bleak tomorrow  
The fathers of greed sow the seeds for sons of sorrow  
The wretched accept it, a bleak tomorrow  
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