

# Mourn

## Fit For An Autopsy

Will they mourn for me?  
A dying memory  
Will they mourn for me?  
A dying memory

You shall not pass  
The grip of guilt sinks its claws in your back  
The light retracts  
Unforgiving and black  
I see the face of destruction

Our soil never settles  
Our conscience never clean  
Our prayers are nothing but  
Empty apologies

One with the worms  
That crawl in the dirt  
Comfort in the embrace of snakes  
My father, my plague  
Old ghosts of agony

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You shall not pass  
The stain of grief on eyes of glass  
A man who only knows his path  
Will walk alone  
And bury his soul for sanity

Our soil never settles  
Our conscience never clean  
Our prayers are nothing but  
Empty apologies

Love is not stronger than death

Lightless, we sift through the silence  
Secretly begging for rest  
The hope we resist as IVs drip  
A conciseness of the waiting rooms' emptiness  
Comfort in the embrace of snakes  
My father, my plague blinded by rage  
The darkness our only escape  
Bloodletting sealing our fate

Unforgiven

Love is not stronger than death  
Another hospital, another year of regret  
Buried in the pain of my past  
Old ghosts of agony  
A dying memory

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