

There Is Nothing Here Worth Keeping

Fit For An Autopsy

Show them violence

There is torment
Behind every smiling face
Overfed, overbred rats in a losing race
Pennies in fountains
Beneath the holy mountains
Still water in the basins of sick floating faces

Ignorance is not bliss
It's just the burden we drag
The march of the blind
Get in line
Under the shadow of a flag
Once a symbol of hope
Now a tool for tyrants
Bound by the ropes
Once reserved for the violent

Dreamless nights spent staring at the ceilings
Complacent in defeat
Numb to the feeling
Stringing memories together
As if they had meaning
There is nothing here worth keeping

There is torment
Behind every smiling face
Overfed, overbred rats in a losing race

Look at the world through the eyes of a man
Who won't stand for the shit he's been given
Who is intimidated by religion
Or the fucking television
And it's distorted vision
Or a life that defines the need for violence

Show them the violence
Drag them through the streets
Act in violence
Show them the violence
Drag them through the streets

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There is nothing here worth keeping

We walk on
Steady towards the sun
Unhappy with our lives
And all that we have done
So I will see you
On the other side of the night
Waiting for silence
To bring an end to this life