

# Atrophy, Rest In Pieces

(Music: Chris Lykins, Brian Zimmerman)  
(Lyrics: Chris Lykins)

Work your ass off every day  
Nothing do you own  
Sold your soul to the system  
Another f\*\*king clone  
Never ask for nothing  
Yet you gave and gave  
Now you're trapped  
Ambitions shattered  
Another mindless slave

(Chorus:)  
You never asked for anything  
And that's exactly what you got  
They never cared for you  
They're glad to see you rot  
Nothing's really yours  
It's only mortgages and leases  
When you die  
Then you rest in pieces  
Line their pockets with your labor  
You go home in debt  
Your children die from malnutrition  
Your bosses never wept  
They justify the life you lead  
A life that's full of pain  
You were born to serve your master  
Your caste revealed by name

(Repeat chorus)

(Solo: Rick)

Sick of their oppression  
You come to take what's your  
Rip their hearts from their body's  
Their blood pools on the floor  
A smile plays across your lips  
Their life breath slowly ceases  
Leave their mansion a free man  
As they rest in pieces

(Repeat chorus)