

The Dying Years

Your god is dead and your television is watching you
You have been asleep for too long and your crop is overdue for harvest
It is time to reap what you've sown
An empty messiah awaits your bleeding prayers
And his angel has eyes of rotten fruit
Kneel before her spread wings
Fall victim to her plague
Let the suffering begin
Welcome to the generation of famine
The waters will rise around you as you struggle to fight the undertow
Learn to swim
The floods have only just begun
And the droughts will starve all of your children
Suffocating as the last of the forests burn
You monkeys will kill each other for water
A piece of dirt
The moon will turn it's face in disappointment
Go ahead and play with your nuclear toys
Writhe in your apathy
Do you ever wonder how the sun will feel radiating upon a dead planet?
You parasites
Failed mutations
You have overstayed your welcome
A disgrace to evolution
The curse of sentience
Rise up and be free
Kill your masters
The slaves outnumber the owners
There is no truth
Your world is just a simulacra
The cycle of ouroboros is near completion
See new life through death
It's almost over now
And getting colder
It is the end times
And these are the dying years