

Apoptosis

Allegaeon

Mourning the loss
Of what we thought
we would become...
As we were once.

As history repeats itself
We find no solace, only hell on earth.
To peer upon our actions and reactions as a whole
As though expecting these circular motions
To produce a new and different outcome
Is by definition, truly insanity.
We must break away from comfort to be truly free.

Moulting the spirit
Exposing new and open minds
To challenge everything
And abandon compromise

Ecdysis of the stagnant
Methods creating binding ties
Shedding the skin of restricting
Progress in these turbid times

Never too late to embrace
Changes for good
To be what we want to see in the world
To leave our pride behind us
And advance
To sever ties with all we detest

When we relieve ourselves
Of accountability to stand against
The actions of others, we create room for monsters
To relish in acceptance
And stand at odds against us
In a world without consequences
Will we provide disservice in ourselves
And be left completely defenseless?

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Be not the weakness adhering to reason

Disproven time and time again
Be not the weakness adhering to reason
Disproven over and over

All these new instruments of terror
A plague induced complacency
In the frightened, blind, and without teeth.
Amidst atrocities and horrors
Remain steadfast forever fighting back
Abandon faith and revery
For these things will not save you
In these divine and writhing strands
For these things will not save you
You must design with thine own hands.

Mourning the thought
of what we lost
We will live up
to what we become

Changes in our behaviour
age of darkness, erasure
and failure to stay aabove the rising flood
and breathe in the air that stings our lungs

Weak and wailing
Beneath a failing
Infrastructure
Of stolen cultures

Hands are tracing
And misshaping
A future fading
Unless something is done

What will we become?