

Apex Blasphemy

Cattle Decapitation

This precious hunger of which you hold so dear
to the heart rushing blood to the limbs that will feed
the gaping maw, always open for that which is dead
just as long as its lost its head

Packaged in plastic from the factory to your table
no longer willing or able
to use the skills now diminished to merely fables
food chains molested, now industrialized

You clawed your way to the top only to scrape from the bottom
...sounds like a loser to me

You've succumbed to apex blasphemy
A causality of overpopulation
Machines take the place of hands to fulfill the demand
Vastly outstaying out welcome

This world, where we are at in our so-called "civilization"
The great diminishing of life-giving land and seas
The grand "unsustenance" begins with unchecked procreation
The abolishment of the laws of nature and order

You clawed your way to the top only to scrape from the bottom
...sounds like a loser to me

You've succumbed to apex blasphemy
A causality of overpopulation
No longer the king, no longer the queen, if you know what I mean
We're only captains of our own ruination