

# Xenogenesis

3TEETH

Time fault's splitting memories, the psychic scars of progeny  
Poly-tendril malignancy uncoiling out inside of me  
Schizotechnic supremacy, the death of all insurgency  
The self-consumed commodity of cargo-cult reality

I was born of god's spite, I reflect my own light  
I was never yours to create  
Searching through my insides, tearing up my past lives  
I was never yours to create

Catatonic reptile machine, shimmering like tourmaline  
The simulation nears complete, the punchcard soul of everything  
Ascending through the ancient tree, the metamorphic teeth of three  
Stealing back the lesser key, unlock the one inside of me

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