

We, The Termites

8 Foot Sativa

Parasitic frenzy, sanguinary
Our greatest legacy, a total fallacy
Steel to tissue, cut, repeat
Robotic mounds of flesh, blood and shit
We the termites
Wood to blood
Macabre tradition
We the termites
Wood to blood
Our infliction
Despondency
Immeasurable misery
Devoured sentience
Rabid smiles, avert your eyes
Too scared to face consequence
Freedoms negated as jaws clench shut
Saline to soil, fallen to forgotten
Blood spilt in your absence still leaves a red stain on your hands
Mass immolation, for what purpose?
To dig graves (ours and theirs) with our teeth
The time will come when history will end
Quite a fitting reward for a job well done