Feeding the Death Machine

Anaal Nathrakh

In time and motion, in lines and rows
In sacred figures, to-do list grows
Cello exclusion, in feudal choice
In complete absence of human growth

Feeding the death machine
Worshipping banality
Children of the obscene
Tell them that it's all a game

An unperson of fear
We vermin of the tears
Castrated by events
I'm just an architect

With facts and figures, in serried graves
Accountancy's care, paperwork grows
Playing for platforms, overheard throes
In railed stables, professional

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