

(You have one unheard message)

(What's this music about? I don't wanna hear like, oh fuck all this beautifully played out, or listen to this blast. No, fuck it, bring back the fucking danger in the music!)

Is it better to be gone
Than remain alive here
Just to track their ethos?
If I bled myself out till death
I'd still hear them
If I were to withdraw my breath
Cower back to the dirt
My mind would still run
For all Apeiron
It can navigate my body
If I ever tried to give up
They commandeer my every atom

To document everything
Even though they never read it
Written beyond a human speed
In ink or blood with hands and feet

I woke up here surrounded by the others
Gazing at the black
Erupting from the ceiling
The A.U.M. had rid our eyes of lids
So we could view
The inverted volcanic peak
Of molten figures
Laying in the venom I can feel them
Take the part of me they want

Giving into fear will only feed them
I let them into every thought
The Drip, my mind and A.U.M. become one

Apeiron Universal Migration
Captivating leek of all their vitriol
I integrate in category

Gazing at the black
Erupting from the ceiling
The A.U.M. had rid our eyes of lids
So we could view
The inverted volcanic peak
Of molten figures laying venom

Is it better to be gone
Than remain alive here
Just to track their ethos?
If I bled myself out till death
I'd still hear them
If I were to withdraw my breath
And convert back to dirt
My mind would still run
For all Apeiron

It can navigate my body
If I ever tried to give up
They commandeer my every atom
To document everything
Even though they never read it
Written beyond a human speed
In ink or blood for all Apeiron