

Telos

Between the Buried and Me

Built to destroy
Born to compress
Every worry
Every idea
Push it deep down
The blood vessel cover
The skin suit of anxiety
Never speak a word
Just do as you're told and compete
Compete for success, for health, for sport.
Climb the mountain of limbs

Build the walls around me
A covered land mine
Every smile, every itch
A covered land mine
Push it deep down
Put your head under the ground
Worm discussion

Built to destroy
Born to dominate
As I am you
You will never know
Just like all the fools before you
Here is what we must do

She writes:

I awake to a cold touch. Two arms in four-armed bed. The touch of wind wrapping around me. I'm trying to follow its scent. The scent of isolation. Every door opened, every aspect of our life... gone. Hauling around our memories. Every corner a display of our life. A life I assume will never be the same again. No signs, no clues. A game that I will question until the end. Where have you gone? Was I ever important? The late nights lend ideas, but nothing to gather actual progress.

Years go by. The constant stare. The constant grip inside. Every organ grinding.
Every day seems easier until I step back in our box. Boxed in. Surrounded by life, while suffocating inside a poor version of one. Grip the match, set the fire. Don't save a thing. Rebirth. Reborn. Now this is progress. The black box will reveal only this. I will sit.
Sit and wait until not a breath escapes my body. Burning in our box. What did all of this even mean? More objects to represent a status. One we can't even prove. Hide behind what we have taken. You have done this. The memory of me will leave with the ash of lost treasures.
Goodbye to you. Goodbye to everything.

She speaks:

Was I ever really alive?
Did I stay in his mind?

Goodbye to all I've known
I love you
Rebirth

Reborn

Do as we are built
Machines for the future
Bright eyed and ready for life
The dual gods of our time
Of all time
They will never see us coming
Let's end it all
Start from scratch
Patch the uniform and let the galaxy form a comfortable replacement
We will not be missed
Goodbye to everything

Doing as one's told
A puppet through fear
The crossed finger clicking sounds
Inner anxiety with a smile
(Will he even know this? Will she notice?
I haven't even begun telling her the truth, or telling you about her for that matter.)
Why can't we step back?
Are we really this important?
Just because we can doesn't mean we should
(Let things happen naturally)
Personal resets through selfish release
At least I will enjoy
The worry slips under the door
(I will never see him or I again)
You won't see me coming