

## Precariat

## Good Riddance

As the pious arise to the first of the apertures breathing  
Like a stain on the armament weakens the imminent score  
There's a trace of decay through each passing day  
As the fields of the innocent wane  
We grow weary of our inattention to all that remains

We posture to prove that science regards our delusions  
As phosphorus memories buried within our design  
And as codes are redrawn with each breaking dawn  
As we weary ourselves of the task  
The tempest we enter can only recapture our minds

And we will overstate our worth  
We can devastate the earth  
Calamitous, vociferous, and desperate  
Over reliance on disdain let the protagonist remain  
Abandon all who whisper this refrain

In the absence of truth our fallacies spread like a virus  
To the edges of civilizations regarded as pure  
And every breach in the fence is the cowards defense  
To perpetuate and sterilize  
And the apoplectic scions linger on

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May all your benedictions pass  
To all the undecided happening too fast  
King for one day till there's no greater debt to pay  
Temptations linger and regard us all as one