

# Our Devolution Is Televised

Humanwine

We're in possession  
of reaper's sleep  
it's nothing for any of us to speak

Our Spineless leaders  
oops I mean cheaters  
hide behind illegal policies

They've sold out millions fueled by all of our blood  
people die for knowing things like this  
You could as well  
we are our own hell  
Can't you feel it?  
Can't you feel the lock down?

These pins and needles  
that swiftly cut off any chance we ever had to live  
That dollar's poison  
it's job is prison  
and in between is nothing fit to give.

So stand and shake your leg of sleep of  
it's rotting, it's gangrenous and raw  
Yes yours as well you can't avoid that smell  
Can't you smell it?  
Can't you smell the lock down?

So what's this fear for?  
A common detour  
like life is anything but short.  
Impulsive devolve with deadly resolve  
paranoia rushing through your veins  
In search of vengeance there is often just myth  
and myth is nothing more than tale

So racist retort and corporate bloodsport  
lock down and frame your kin!