

## Greetings From Easter Island

I Am Abomination

We were seeded  
By a mother culture  
Children of genius  
That have stalled into ignorance.  
The writings on the wall  
Spell out a surprising past.  
We only decipher them  
To be primitive artistic rash.

God dies when the churches rise  
He was born when the ancient astronauts arrived  
The heavens exist and our maker is there,  
Death is not the way to visit, technology is our only prayer

The gods left behind,  
We're just scorned upon when appealed  
They are the maps to our existence  
That are soon to be revealed  
The writings on the wall  
Spell out a surprising past.  
We only decipher them  
To be primitive artistic rash.

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Not ready to be the grateful slaves of the state

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