

Lifeless hands of the gods
Are called to converge and
Sacrifice themselves as fodder
An existence of tireless deeds without question
Impermanent and disposable
Synced together by a low frequency
They display immense algorithmic complexity
Programmed with zero free will
They wash over the land like
A massive mechanized stampede
Transporting nourishment
In the form of liquefied human
The meat is pureed with thousands of metal teeth
The bodies are piled hundreds of feet high
Left in the sun to 'ripen'
Our decayed fat lubricates the machine
They will be absorbed along with
Their cache of nutrients at the source
The machine eclipses mountains
The drones extract the human fats and oils
Before they themselves reach their end