

The Death of White

mind.in.a.box

Can you look in the mirror?
Do you avoid your reflection?
Disconnected and detached,
With a violent complexion.

Do you now fear yourself,
As much as others do?
Ignorant and obsessed,
With a colorless hue.

Shattered illusions,
Are never what they seem.
The web of dreams beckons,
With every passing scream.

Where is your brother now?
And where is your wife?
Where is your loyalty?
And where is your life?

Tell me, Master Mechanic,
What is it that you have built?
Is it a palace of virtue,
Or a prison of guilt?

Shattered illusions,
Are never what they seem.
The web of dreams beckons,
With every passing scream.

Brother, you've lost your way.
I remember you in better days.
In this cold harvest season,
Remember your reason.

Hail to the System,
And to the broken machine.
Listen to the teachers,
On the glowing screens.

Tell me, Master Mechanic,
What is it that you have built?
Is it a palace of virtue,
Or a prison of guilt?

Dark rooms, bright screens,
and spent cartridge casings.
Seeking control, and constantly chasing.
One whole people, entrapped and castrated,
Along with the world that they created.

Sister, you've gone too far.
You've forgotten who you are.
Under the shadow of the earth,
Now is the season for rebirth.

Shattered illusions,

Are never what they seem.
The web of dreams beckons,
With every passing scream.