

Tech No Logic Kill

Nausea

Engines of destruction lurch into gear,
Our destiny driven by greed and by fear.
Progress, the bittersweet pill we must taste,
Alone, we are exiled to an earth laid to waste.
With our very blood we must fuel the machine,
The resultant carnage is f**king obscene.
Mad men rush in where the sane fear to tread,
Like cattle to slaughter, we're willingly led.

Stillborn, we lie cold and dead in our world,
A womb made of concrete and steel.
Lifeless, mankind has become obsolete,
Prey of tech-no-logic-kill.

The reaper of death is a silicone brain,
The last plague is progress, leprous reign.
From master to slave, we soon shall fall;
Tech-no-logic-kill is consuming us all.

A predestined hell unleashed by man's own hand,
Eating away irreplaceable land.
Displaced native people refugees,
They crawl to the axe on their hands and knees.
Ground under the wheels of the microchip age,
Lost in translation, we just turn the page.

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As the sands of time are scattered to the winds of fate,
One looks back and wonders if it was too little, too late.
Like parasites, we slowly suck the life out of our host,
Devouring for profit, we've destroyed what's worth the most.

As sickness spreads across the world, a sign of modern times,
Multinationals commit environmental crimes,
Protected by a web of bureaucratic red tape and lies;
We've made laws which will ensure humankind's demise.

The earth grows more intolerant and hostile day by day;
The fools just say that it's God's will