Ecophagy

Origin

Far too late – we're past the tipping point
Well aware of our own wounds festering
Insatiable – need to tear through
Create fractions of what's consumed unsustained
Helplessly – trapped in feedback loops

Overcome with anhedonic bliss
Transcendence beyond the simulacra – negation of being
Consciousness – consuming without end – exist in the spheres of
Spontaneous – lack of continuity – amongst indefinite space
Fully aware – of unravelling tendrils – throughout the stars

Carry on – process of elimination – eliminating everything we know
The ground – beneath our feet
The air we breathe – lords of all that we survey anointed with a crown of bl
ack lungs
Dominion is destitute
Abdicate – abandoning our home – find another
Self replicating – mammalian poison
Far too late – incapable of progress – this is our end
This is our end

Transcendence beyond the simulacra – negation of being
Consciousness – consuming without end – exist in the spheres of
Spontaneous – lack of continuity – amongst indefinite space
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Superstitious
Belief there ever was a chance
Now reflecting
On the gross error of our ways
Technology
Is a false confident reprieve
Escape our fate
Escape this place

The collective – will to live – is our most self-defeating trait
Instead of – quietly – casting ourselves into the abyss
Devour – and move on – devour and move on
Oblivious – to our fate – gospel of extinctionist covenant

Heretics – of grand design
An affront – of what's to come
The stars reel – in disgust at – watching our diaspora
Humanity – has long since – worn out our welcoming

Infertile desolate –
Landscape unfurls – the last of our options
We've seen it before – barren and unforgiving
Hostile extremes – this world wants our misery
Proof in the bones – of those who came before
Scratch at the stones – and breathe in – acridity
Wither away – tortured – justifiably
The persistence – of our existence

Fades to obscurity
We are abhorred across eternity

Oncoming plague – a blight that should not be
Our rapid ascent – painful anomaly
Matched only by – how quickly we fall
Scratch at the stones – and breathe in – acridity
Wither away – tortured – justifiably
The persistence – of our existence
Fades to obscurity

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