

First the auspices, they came dripping from the sky, set their course to the coast, black sand blazing in their eyes. We woke and bore witness to a tarnished veil of gold tiny corpses line the strand, obsolescence unfolds.

Intravenously, hypodermic pipelines seep toxins to the sea adorning our shores with negligence. Suffocate, immolate - cauterize the surface. Poison dances in the sky.

Walk with me. Walk with me and see our colonies breeding dystrophy. Can you feel, feel the disconnect resonate, burn inside your chest? Palpitating, palpitating pulse - failing heart, cardiac convulse. The violence we love, it's cyclical. We rise and we fall, it's inevitable.

Is it fatal? Is the fallout inevitable?  
It was all for nothing - spiraling out of control.

(Misdirected decathect, both indirect and circumspect, oh architect of disconnect, in retrospect I now suspect.)

Trace the hills with your hungry eyes. Witness how, like an orphan's spine, cities protrude on the horizon line. Greed will rise and carve out the sky, blinding us to the...

Repercussion. Pull the blood from the earth, leave a grave for your sons. Oil is the ink, fueling missiles like pens - writing oblivion.

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This violence we love, it's cyclical. We rise and we fall, it's inevitable. The violence we love, it's cyclical. We rose just to fall.

I followed the harm to the site of infection. The exit wounds where we made our home. We were gorged with the earth and drunk off the seas. And now we die with the taste of decay on our ton

gues.