

The Coming Of Genocide

Ulcerate

Blackness, inside to out
Like a benign tumor turned terminal
Here we are at the dawn our conclusion
Penned, paid for and played out by us all

Seconds slow as we count down to death
Reflection eclipsed by blame to place

Fingers point in every direction
While resting on hair triggers
The gun is our callous indifference
The bullet is what we have become
We have felled fate for far too long
Taste our infliction, and know that we were wrong

There is a beauty within this violent paradigm
And that lies with the inevitability of our end

Staring into the abyss of man
Empty, consumed, ruled by it's dead hand

May the horror of human nature
Feed the horror of realization

Caskets for empires founded on fault lines
Caskets for empires