

# There Are No Saviours

Ulcerate

Birtherd inside  
Unending conflict  
It is our making and destruction  
The machination of man  
Tearing through foundations  
Left conditioned and numb

Content to pull insidious skin over  
Tortured eyes  
Fulfilled and blind

The rest, the waste are buried  
No eulogies  
No remembrance  
There are no saviours  
No restraining our past from devouring the present  
No beginning that won't end us

Corrupted cold existence  
Embedded by bankrupt voices and words  
Spewing fear, echoed by instinct  
We face the anguished truth  
The beginning is the end

Bound within empty bodies  
Captive in shells, obscure and imperfect  
To wither

To acquiesce and obey  
Is to wither