

## Abiogenesis

Xerath

A distant place, silent and untouched  
A paradox eternal and infinite  
Subconsciously registered  
In dark divinity, a lifetime obviously  
Lost...

The confusion plagues me more  
With each passing day, frail coveting  
Show me, show me everything  
Show me power  
Wastelands, imperious  
Born of the industrial stench  
Know your mind  
Re-state what I say  
And gone are your liberties  
Absorb this fiction  
We don't respond

We the delusional  
Focus in on the rational  
It's time again, unbalance, destruction  
Build only to fall again  
Try harder to imperfect  
Place trust in the universe  
Fallen in upon itself