

Pseudo

Cephalic Carnage

All our lives growing up, we are taught to respect the laws of life:

Honor they mother and father.

Listen politely when others talk.

Be prompt.

Never disrespect your elders.

Never lie.

Put forth your best effort.

Don't smoke or take drugs.

Sex at an early age is wrong as well. The moral values sound correct, kind of like our president,

Lying to protect us

Conceals the truth, we are fragile creatures, living in a sheltered womb. As I walk amongst genocide, liberty's
burning bright

Another way to survive, missiles decorate the sky

Long gone are the days when we used our hands to fight,

Fists were our weapon of choice.

Now we're putting guns into the hands of little boys

Suicidal bombers killing for a cause, nationally exposed internal flaws

Officials above the law, they get away with murder. All while making their business rich

Someday expect a top grossing movie about it

Martyrs they become

The victims are forgot about! 9/11 was a tragedy, the sight of it still burns inside me

Two days before that my sister came to pass

No country is impervious, from a terrorist attack

Still grieving I had to witness that

Pseudo-patriotism is back

Looking beyond the gloom, or the hate we groom. We destroy all we create

We'd rather send death and debt to our future

Than love and technology. We live in a society with a fever for physical death or it don't exist. Than the
possibility of eternal life

Something that can be seen now. The strange things that haunt our skies

Moving fast U.F.O.'s fly

With pseudo friends, we always pretend. The thing about it all, is

"I'll be deemed a terrorist for smoking weed"

Pseudo nugs infest my lungs

Psychic wars will consume us all

Road rage will be the downfall of man

So drink super coffee

And get caught in a traffic jam. [this song is inspired by daily life, good or bad.]

[guest voxills by Keith (Deadspeak) and Dirk (Evulsion)]

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