

Hands That Mold

Dystopia

hands that kill mold illusions of peace
their fucked up psuedo security
destroy to give birth to technology
to quickn the killin of yo and me and him and her
blind. us humans think we are so smart
creating challenges
how. our sky bleeds in your hands
its nothing
build and build and build some more
industry fucks nature like some kind of whore
quest for invention intelligence gone too far
sythetic environment were doomed from the start
and i guess were all gonna die (my home)
and take everything under th sky (is nothing... to you)
skies they bleed infecting the land
oceans they vomit onto the sand
wind so foul, a putrid reek
animals they scream in disbelief
and i guess were all gonna die (our lives)
and take everything under the sky (are nothing... just
used)
humanicide // humanicide
black trees, dead seeds, dirt weeds
how much longer do we have?
humanicide
human beings should have never evolved at all
your heart... your heart as cold as the concrete that
you lay
your mind... clouded with the polution that you make
hide... lies... from all of us, the ones you have
chosen to die
smother our earth, blacken our skies
your quest for prograss, convenient demise
man... kind... to whom are you kind
the peace that you mold is a lie, all lies
our lives float rejected down the stream
they are nothing, not you or me

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