

execute

Di'jital

It appears that we have reached the edge
That zenith where stimuli and comatose collide
 Forty years ago the man proclaimed
 The age of the gross to be upon us
And even though the man was destroying our heritage
 And insulting our intelligence
 That era has become very real
We labor for pleasure and abhor the guilt of pressure
 My generation will go down as the architects
 Of contemporary disgust
 Some have fought and died
Others have allowed the strong to be butchered for a price
They themselves don't care about and will never understand
 I myself am beleaguered by the selfish face
 Of a kind of man that is not mankind
 Distrust in information
 Fundamentalism of opinion
Catastrophic boredom and a fanatical devotion
 To that which does not matter
 Where is your glory now, people?
 Where are your Gods and politicians?
 Where is your shame and salvation?
You rage for no reason because you have no reason
 What have you ever fought for?
 What have you ever bled for?
The face of the earth is scarred with the walking dead
 The age of the gross is a living virus
 This is the future you have created
 This is the world you have set ablaze
 All your lies are coming true
 All freedom is lost, all hope is gone

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