Neon National Park

No Trigger

There's a television on in the basement where the beasts are chained to the wall.
Theres a fistfight in the hall where the beasts all dance to
songs made from listing. There's a backbone in a proportion,
the majority lack one, but its not about backbones
this time around. Maybe one chance, I don't know.
I keep on counting down, I keep on getting to zero.
Dragging ourselves over the canyon.
Blank stares three thousand miles wide.
One by one we gently fall upon,
the jagged edge of history. We're on the edge of history.
One, two, three, R.A.B.I.D. beastly invertebrates we be.
This is a problem, you know you know the same.
It took a while to connect. Swallowed, transformed, and caged.
Showcased like celebrities, or suburban families.
We have no means to save ourselves today.
Maybe one chance. I don't know.
I keep on counting down, I keep on getting to zero.
Dragging ourselves over the canyon.
Blank stares three thousand miles wide.
One by one we gently fall upon, the jagged edge of history.
We're on the edge of history.
We're on the edge of...

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