Primordial Wound

Inter Arma

Many an age has lapsed since a fanfare last graced these timeworn, furrowed streets.May we mock the notion of virtue!
May we mock the notion of mercy!We, the strutting herd, drift proudly beneath the corpses of trumpeters hung from long-dead trees; scorning the beggars who drink from foul ditches along these timeworn, furrowed streets.May we mock the notion of benevolence!
May we mock the notion of hope!We, the strutting herd, have embraced our failure. We reap a lurid pleasure in burying once noble ideals like intelligence and compassion. We writhe enraptured in willful ignorance, apathy and rampant arrogance. We are Man, Earth's primordial wound, and we have made no attempt to convalesce by means of enlightenment.May we burst with sepsis en masse!
May the earth be awash in our purulence!
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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