

Brown Noise

The Acacia Strain

This is chaos theory simplified and stretched out before a jury. No warning has been issued. No compliments have been wholesomely handed out. The time hasn't been used up until it burns. Fear the wounded for they walk the earth stronger. Destroy the loathsome for they only weaken the machine. Running the tightrope until the rope runs out. Run it all into the ground then rebuild. The constructs on the boundaries we've been given are unfair. And mother earth doesn't love you. Our remorse has gone far beyond forgiveness. Until the rope runs out. Run it all into the ground. For when in Rome we shall do as the Romans.

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