

Chronic Auditory Hallucination

Lamb of God

Picking crumbs from the beards of others, futile organisms with no spine.
Human lice with no spine slips into a neural wreck of humanity's rot. Trust
ripping away, dying. Your breed is weak, the taste of strength bitter to
your palate of doubt. A remnant of what was, once left, a relic you pissed
it away. Your breed is weak, a thing so weak. Mutual downslide into
mediocrity, you knew better but you pissed it all away. Weak.

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