# Map And Compass

## No Trigger

one planet, one chance and look what happened. the prophecies of doom are beginning to turn true. human, it wont be long until your clock is dead and the comets fall like rain, with no one left to repeat history. regrets with no thought, open wide swallow the cost. did it ever cross your mind? 6 billion seeds consuming resources and time: what about the next 100 fucking years? human it wont be long until your clock is dead and the comets fall like rain with no one left to repeat history. reform? its too late. just open wide. because the world is not a stage and we at the end of the line are not merely players in time, we're the end result of progress forcing a new beginning. lifelong addiction for mass extinctions avoidable from the start. a map. a compass rose. short walks down Darwin's road. a sign, anything dear god: make it stop one shot one kill one shot. human it wont be long until your clock is dead and the comets fall like rain with no one left to repeat history regrets reform rebuild too late we all participate. get it on your mind, punk.

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