What We Have Become

Between the Buried and Me

Is this justifiable, this is life we lead.
Blind stares at what we call humanity.
So afraid to face what has already become of us.
The dark cloud passed lifetimes ago.
The "saints" drink the blood of their own.
Your pathetic prayers mean nothing for...
Our mother is already dead.
She tried her best but the dirt choked her.
We raped her, and laughed as we fucked her last chance of survival.
I sleep on her tears. They keep me awake.
I fear that closing my eyes might end me.
But what am I? I'm just a worthless member of a twisted language.
We all speak this twisted language.
Is this justifiable? We have raped her, and we are pleasured from this.
Thinking this progress... progress stopped lifetimes ago.
We are raping with this life we lead.
Everything is all right.
Lies-the twisted language we all breathe.

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