

# The Mass Of The Earth

## The Agonist

I just wrote to tell you this;  
I did just my very best  
I went far but got stuck there  
I picked up the pieces, I was your vigilant soldier  
but the mass of the earth just weighed too heavily on me  
How can truth be opinion?  
How can fact be right and wrong?  
The familiar turned strange, good and evil unhinged.  
My utilitarian comfort unsettled  
Consequentialist moral reasons categorically examined  
Self-knowledge is a loss of innocence!  
I heard your call to arms  
set off the doomsday alarm,  
but never heard back  
So, I set out alone  
I don't believe all I've been shown  
A quest for truth and fact  
I passed a desert town  
Uninhabitable pastures of ash brown  
Abandoned structures littered like an Aerstan scene  
But then desperate people appeared  
They had lived in constant drought for ten years  
ever since pollution got the best of them ? wiped them clean  
So, I thought "I'll take their curse away!  
Let them flourish, I'll take the pain."  
I lifted their drought and went on my way  
So I'm asking you, help me carry?  
I'm Atlas, Jesus and Hades  
Won't someone please take this weight off of me?  
The destination is obsolete  
  
The journey is bitter-sweet  
Logic and consistency do not mix with morality  
Justify your atrocities, the trump card never fails  
Remove the greed and the ego, and the consciences prevails  
No longer empty-handed,  
I stopped at the coast to rest  
but found a flood of people drowning in a sea of hatred  
They begged and pleaded "End this war!"

Have acceptance and peace restored!"  
So, I drank up all their poison oaths  
So I'm asking you help me carry?  
I'm Atlas, Jesus and Hades  
Won't someone please take this weight off of me?  
The destination is obsolete  
There's nothing left but wrong with me  
Global systems all degrading  
I'll take the problems so the World can breathe  
And I have nowhere to take them so  
forever they'll accompany me  
The future is much longer than the past  
I picked up wrongs along the way  
removed them from the mass  
But I still had to jettison things  
to outrun gravity and not wanting to further pollute  
I just left behind parts of me  
I'm collecting your tradition, your religion, your depression  
I'm trading in your affection to put us all to sleep  
So here I lay, bent shoulders, broken ribs  
I sink into the earth and all I can hope is to take this baggage to the grave  
one more step I cannot take  
by the time you read this I'll have passed away.

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