

Alone At the Landfill

Cattle Decapitation

This world is a cemetery. Often I visit my plot.
And listen to the winds ripe with trichloroethylene.
This stagnant "air". Sometimes it speaks to me.
Tells me of damnation. Rightly just and on the horizon. Knee-deep in a concentrated stockpile
of manufactured scraps foretelling human downfall.
Grisly. Obscene. Toxic. Motherfucking desert. Sifting through the ghosts of human consumerism
I find myself searching for body parts
to add to my collection
A hand. A finger. A leg. A head.
The dead sometimes reside alone at the landfill.
This is forever. Time now an enemy.
Humans are forever failures... The children waded in the leachate
diseases - man made and carried on through the DNA
of our future to which we're slaves. The world as a trash heap where we bury the past.
We try not to ponder the fact that our
detestable actions will forever last.
Ethylene dibromide, methane and carbon dioxide.
Slowly dissolving human body parts reside in the excess. Knee-deep in a never ending stockpile
of manufactured trash reminiscing human existence.
Among the fermenting stench is the fallout of humanity.
A virulent force of passive destruction.
Harbinger of perdition, herald to pandemonium
In our own contamination we are forced to drown. Hideous. Shameless. Toxicant. Goddamned desolate.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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