

Thrashatonement

Mantic Ritual

In the corridors of institutions,
There's a putrid smell
Of rotting minds.
That beg for something real to hold,
Instead of processed
Useless lies.
Mothers whore their weeks away.
As daughters learn,
To do the same. As years wear on, we'll see the day,
When numbers take
The place of names.
This is the force that marks new breath,
It's thrashing death.
It's thrashing death. It seems that in a place so free,
The price for words
Are hardly such.
So sick of trendy censorship,
So I can't speak
You're made to suck.
Perceived as dirt because we think,
To know there's something
Truly wrong. Gun out the thrash and bang your head,
Bullets tonight,
Ten million strong. Thrashatonement- Burning in my eyes.
Thrashatonement- For every wasted life.
Their standards work them to no end.
So that the mind,
Cannot roam free.
All conversations sound the same.
Everyone is the
Same to me.
The creative souls that aren't tamed,
Are quarantined,
And locked away. The stats quo suits them fine,
But only grows them,
Crooked spines.

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