

# Animalism, Pts. 1 - 3

## Pastel Motel

Black, pillars and plumesÂ  
Climb the sky and cocoonÂ  
Architectural tombs

We left,Â everything that we ownedÂ  
In our ill-fated homesÂ  
While the bright sirens droned.Â

Climbing the hills as the exiled,Â  
Leaving the fire for the wild.Â

Left, bound to never returnÂ  
Our culture has burnedÂ  
Since the residents turned.Â

We built, until the earth fought us backÂ  
Hunted down by the packÂ  
under skiesÂ painted black.Â

Human progress in shambles.Â  
Slaughtered by the animals.Â

Grasping, a future intangibleÂ  
And now, we are the animals.Â  
Grasping, this future intangibleÂ  
And now, we are the animals.

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