

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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