

# Progress

## Crashdog

Sear the guilt throbbing in our  
heads, now we sleep in our blood  
beds. Rid ourselves of God, the  
crutch, our broken legs don't hurt  
so much. Reaching forward, falling back, the  
more we progress, the more we lack. At Nagasaki we built a sun right on  
the ground. At least we won. Use  
the pretty, lose the rest, it's evolution  
at its best. Lay in beds of anger, talking in our  
sleep. Mumble words of vengeance,  
songs of world peace.

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