

## We, The Termites

8 Foot Sativa

Parasitic frenzy, sanguinary  
Our greatest legacy, a total fallacy  
Steel to tissue, cut, repeat  
Robotic mounds of flesh, blood and shit  
We the termites  
Wood to blood  
Macabre tradition  
We the termites  
Wood to blood  
Our infliction  
Despondency  
Immeasurable misery  
Devoured sentience  
Rabid smiles, avert your eyes  
Too scared to face consequence  
Freedoms negated as jaws clench shut  
Saline to soil, fallen to forgotten  
Blood spilt in your absence still leaves a red stain on your hands  
Mass immolation, for what purpose?  
To dig graves (ours and theirs) with our teeth  
The time will come when history will end  
Quite a fitting reward for a job well done