

Rebirth

Aim for the Sunrise

We'll watch the sky turn blood red, and leave with the sunset in our backs.
We'll leave it all out in the cold.
Everything we touched, every bit of us.
And when the bodies start to fall from the sky, we'll lock our doors from the world outside.
We'll lock 'em out, so that every cry for help stays where it belongs.
Out in the mud.
Starving.
Starving for help, help that will be denied them. Because we are taught to react hostile to the truth. Because of it's state, it's job, gender of just by the colour of it's skin.
"And the truth is the american dream.
Because you have to be asleep to believe it."
We are heartless machines, monuments of malice.
God does not exist here.
He never has.
He is afraid of us.