

# Orphans Of Living

Augury

Signals received  
The parasite awakes, in a pebble mind  
Devil sat on his shoulder  
Took over the reins  
The now fumble guiding a carrion  
Toy soldiers, they walk among us  
Activated tools of the trade, engineering rather than  
born  
With rage inoculated  
All life is fair game

Triggered by the new game  
The cause is a fake but now the weapons are for real  
Raus, raus, raus  
Heard a click, then vaporised in pink mist

Yet at night the haunting comes relentless  
Mutilated faces becoming  
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Mutilated faces becoming

One at war against the multitude, (engineer) rather than  
born  
Tearless eyes whipped by sand  
(Programmed) rather than raised  
Sleepless children run across (the ravaged lands)  
With the serene confidence of the invincible