

## Our Common Grave

### Beneath the Massacre

Perfection never seemed so reachable  
A though pattern used oh so many times in the past  
Passively waiting to fulfill our role  
Of flesh and steel, we live in the perfect symbiosis

Reduced to consumer machines,  
We fulfilled the role we were thought to  
One foot in the grave; our common grave

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We create superfluous needs only to sustain our arrogance  
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Coffin shaped incubators  
Take us one step closer to our doom  
Self inflicted destiny  
Take us one step closer to our doom

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