

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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Coffin shaped incubators
Take us one step closer to our doom
Self inflicted destiny
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