

Symptoms

Beneath the Massacre

Progress under these terms is slow death. Chocking
Under your mass
Consumption. They're all symptoms of your fall. Your
System is chocking and
You with it.
They're all symptoms of your fall. And you finally
Reached the limits. Limits
Imposed by it's nature.
And it's all futile to live under constant pressure of
Success and failure. We
All saw it coming cause the past dictates the future.
And we all saw it crash once before. The thought
Process seems to be defiant.
Faith in a market and a market based on faith. A faith
In an invisible hand.
A hand stained with our blood. Your system is chocking
And you with it.
They're all symptoms of your fall. Progress is death.
And death is progress.
Your death; progress through your death. We all
Witness, on and on, your self
Proclaimed royalty. And kept it quiet, blinded by
Delusions,
By your tricks and games while you bit the hand feeding
You. We all witness
Your downfall, ambitious hopes crashing in a common
Grave,
A common grave you designed. Your system is chocking,
And you with it.
They're all symptoms of your fall. Progress is death.
Progress: your death.
We'll all progress through your death.