

All Bodies

Between the Buried and Me

We all create this imagery. We all increase this lunacy.
Floating, melting open sores for exploration
Exploding worlds surrounding imaginations?
This will conclude our story the first date
Of existence seems to be changing we are their property,
We are their slaves, we surround all bodies focus-
time stands still

Keeper of the stars, I hope to never find
We are just mortal souls left to die.
We all create this imagery.
We all increase this lunacy.
All Bodies
Contortion

Ego controlled killing the tables have turned
Obviously a poor creature of existence
We die one by one we overlooked our control fire
Swarming, engulfing, transforming human restoration incomplete
the end.

This beautiful scenario can't last forever
We must go see the conclusion
Starting a new species, classify nothing
Life grows with trees on high nature create this mechanical lust
Nature form this force fed trust cancellation motivation creativity
We will soon live in peace we will soon die in peace.
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