

Disease, Injury, Madness

Between the Buried and Me

Don't think.
Don't speak.
I will do this for you.
Every natural thought or feeling you've ever had will change tonight.
Don't think.
Don't speak.
I will do this for you.
Trust the pedestal,
for now we become a higher being.

I am your new mind.
I am your new you.
I am your new sin.
I am your new lust.
I am for you now.

Control...
and collapse...
collide.

A letter plagued by a twisted word.
Slave.
You will become mine,
for there are no more options.
There will not be a sweet consolation...
This is what is supposed to happen.
A predetermined destiny
put in motion by my stronger power.

YOU are ME.

Child:
I sit on this dirty floor.
A weak mind for a cause.
A cause I do not know.
Don't know what to live for.
A compliment I've never heard.
A comfort I've never felt...
it's here, even though
it won't last for long.

Man:
Sit down.
Stand up please.
Lay down...
drink this please.
You'll be in peace soon.
A tribe within itself...
A vision I will display...
to blind the caring.
I have regrets.

A tribe within itself...
A vision I will display...
to blind the caring.

Too late...

I am a cult by definition.
I am a friend by first impression.
My task: to recycle this earth.
To not repeat human history...
Start from scratch...
rid every sound.
Deconstruct... deconstruct all.

I've bid every method into the hands of my employees.
(I am a cult by definition.
I am a scientist by default.)
I have saved you.
Now you will follow my journey...
my destiny.
Tonight's your death
Resurrect my new you.

I am a cult by definition.
I will end this human world.
This world is shit and I have proved that with my followers.
Fuck humanity, end life.
You are now dead, and I soon will be.
Disease, injury, madness.