

## What We Have Become

### Between the Buried and Me

Is this justifiable, this is life we lead. Blind  
Stares at what we call humanity.  
So afraid to face what has already become of us. The  
Dark cloud passed lifetimes ago. The "saints" drink  
The blood of their own. Your pathetic prayers mean  
Nothing for

Our mother is already dead. She tried her best but the  
Dirt choked her. We raped her, and laughed as we  
Fucked her last chance of survival.  
I sleep on her tears. They keep me awake. I fear that  
Closing my eyes might end me. But what am I? I'm just  
A worthless member of a twisted language.  
We all speak this twisted language. Is this  
Justifiable?

We have raped her, and we are pleased from this.  
Thinking this progress, progress stopped lifetimes  
Ago. We are raping with this life we lead. Everything  
Is all right. Lies-the twisted language we all  
Breathe.