

Slipping On Noise

Byzantine

Condensed debris compressed into a world
Circling star cutting a path of disease
Serrating our future
Evolution disguised
Light years isolate our faces
A sentiment resounding through space
A malignant beacon flickering away
The universal pedigree of hate

An ill-defined race opaque by disgrace
We circle in silence
A magnet for violence

Our legacy a ballistic test
Of minute impact on the face of existence
Projecting polluted screams to the billions
Receiving the deserved magnificent silence
We are the fundamental components
Of our destruction

Nails raked down the chalkboard
Of universal dysfunction

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We circle in silence
A magnet for violence

So are we ready for the showdown
As our world is ripped out of its ellipsis
There is no finer flesh to fall
Than the skin that drapes our empty souls
Motionless a perfect disease
Asymptomatic beckoning the extinction to be
Genetically we are suppressed into reliving
Our historic poverty until it snuffs us out