

Apathy Is A Karma Killer

Fuck the Facts

If those few words were the last ones ever said. And this goodbye would be the final one. Those cents the last ones ever spent. If this night would stop or never end. The snow would never melt or the sun never be again. Could it be the last night and the last one, you? We would never grow old, become pale parodies and forget all of our memories. We would never know all about the upcoming failures in the world that carried us. We would avoid all the hatred, the wars, and the genocides, the breaking point of devastation, witness the world folding on itself. Isn't it enough? We could be the next target in the war on power, terror, or in explosives attacks on fallen cities. Could it be the last night? We would miss the day of the sure awakening, the sleeping giant hate filled for his vengeance. Or the moment we won't be able to afford more waste of human life. And more evidence of torture, widespread confusion and violence. If this was the last day I would tell you, I'm confused. All we do is fight. Life isn't that nice. Karma is just a fairy tale. There is no promised land. Maybe your life would have been different. Maybe you would have been fulfilled or believed in god. You won't see a world doomed to collapse. I can't offer land, just a pile of toxic waste. Saving tomorrow, I have no fears. Going forward in the path of a lonesome quest, with the leftovers of an honest adventure. I will silence my rage and let bravery stand. The bland flavor, I spit on the basis of living. It's over crowded dirty and useless, let me take a rest. We will avoid all the hatred, the wars, and genocides, the breaking point of devastation, witness the world folding on itself. You will never see or have your chance. This moment is our last one. Something will never happen; the start of your life, the day you would have seen the light. My hand is reaching for you, you my daughter. It's our last night.