

# Triumph Of Life

Fucked Up

You found the world with your eyes and set the struggle alight.  
I turned it back, black and white, so I could stay out of sight.  
We fight each other alive and throw ourselves at the triumph of life.

I grew wings and a beak just to stay on my feet.  
I spill blood from my mouth into yours and survive;  
you chased me off of the ground.  
I drew you into the clouds, triumph of life.

Many millions of a kind, to the ground confined  
the few heads that rise up. Learn to take to the sky,  
carry the breed in a seed as the family dies.  
The dead emboldened by the living who learned how to fly.  
As you get better at killing I get better at surviving.  
When you get better at looking, I get better at hiding  
evolution of sames who change shape in the race  
and so we run together just to stay in the same place.

Red queens in our genes as we rippled and swell, unfold the heart of a shell  
.  
We move in step like machines, not one but a sum, not a drop but a wave.  
Similar we behave not a point but a hum.

The war is like a symphony that rings through our lives,  
we dance together in violence for a chance to survive.  
We spin around each other to rise up as we strive  
to gain an edge and for a moment leave the struggle behind.

Geminate to attain the greatness the dance sustains,  
we're both links in the chain wound tight in a braid.  
We throw our lives at the game and at each other we aim.  
Crusades of change for the best we made each other.

Became worlds of color and war wrought out of peaceful greys.  
Violent orison that the best within us all will arise,  
compete for elites, erode the old to select without death.  
There's no best winnow to perfect, triumph of life.

We twist around the hot white fire of life,  
at once apart and together we split to unite.  
Evolve the same strength in each other that we use to collide;  
becoming synonyms for antonyms, we combine to divide.  
We kill each other as a test and use what's left as defense.  
Your poison builds in me, a venom that I use to dispense.  
Swallow in, spit out, give birth to death  
we persist in each other. Dust to life to exist,

we've fought a war with each other since the beginning of time.  
Two coils form a ladder that we use to climb  
the generation of nations of diversity we overcame.  
To combine and then to give up our lives  
as we run from the violence that we left in our wake.  
We give dust to the lives that to live we must take,  
to usher in a new means to conceive. Please believe  
that we would die today to save the ones on the way.  
We closed the volume of life and each page took a side.  
They came together and erased what was once a divide,

a symmetry, finally as we transcend our strife,  
there are no sides no divide just the triumph of life.