

Greetings From Easter Island

I Am Abomination

We were seeded
By a mother culture
Children of genius
That have stalled into ignorance.
The writings on the wall
Spell out a surprising past.
We only decipher them
To be primitive artistic rash.

God dies when the churches rise
He was born when the ancient astronauts arrived
The heavens exist and our maker is there,
Death is not the way to visit, technology is our only prayer

The gods left behind,
We're just scorned upon when appealed
They are the maps to our existence
That are soon to be revealed
The writings on the wall
Spell out a surprising past.
We only decipher them
To be primitive artistic rash.

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Not ready to be the grateful slaves of the state

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