

Thoughtcrime Is Death

I Am Abomination

Harvest the cancer, fill the sphere to the brim.
It's overflowing with the thought of another.
Don't fall out of line, you may find yourself floating.
With the bodies of the rapt barricading the river.

Oh, big brother we are the shrewd.
Don't let your eyes surpass the obvious.
Oh, thy tyrant, release us from your grasp.
We are the pawns.

You cannot over come the host you have created.
Betrayal was evident.
Intrigued by the powers you posses, the hunger is taking this
over.
Envy will be your only angst, we will not be hollow anymore.

Oh, big brother we are the shrewd.
Don't let your eyes surpass the obvious.
Oh, thy tyrant, release us from your grasp.
We are the pawns.

Rape the mind of it's enterprise.
Fabricate a host of drones.
Bodies are punctured, minds are altered.
The remains rest on the water.
The buoyancy decreases as the air flows out of the aperture.

Oh, big brother we are the shrewd.
Don't let your eyes surpass the obvious.
Oh, thy tyrant, release us from your grasp.
We are the pawns.