

Tools of Greed

Neaera

We are the weeping mass
Born into emptiness
Abandoned in the center of your disregard

Tempted by hope to escape from despair
Naivety led us
To fall for your charms

Blinded by the light of your false illusions
We walked in vicious circles
Into our doom

From a place where nothing is at ease
We pray for the aftermath
As we dwell in perpetual gloom

Spirits numb with fear
These voices laugh no more
Whispers to deafened ears
These crying eyes are sore

We are the ruling class
Your woeful inexistence
Is the essence of our lies

We turn your hopes to chaos
With blind precision
We dissect your minds

Your loss is our gain
You are tools of our greed
We turn your seconds to hours

We sacrifice your empty shells
To our false gods
Helplessly devoured