Your kind has been aborted.
This world abandoned left desolate,
Depleted of all its resources.
There's no recovery from this.

Yet there are survivors scarce
Who hide amongst the ruins where
A crucial decision must be made;
To die of starvation or take ones life and feed upon their fles
h.

The sky won't expose any answers, So stop searching there. You cannot escape reality's trials With a simple prayer.

For such a complicated sin fear not of punishment. Find enjoyment in their pain and incisions made. You're not a heathen for thinking this if God can allow these situations.

With no response or a single sign sent from the heavens, Is God deaf, or maybe dead?

Is God deaf? God is not deaf, just non-existent.

Allow your last ounce of faith to diminish.

Let the hunger consume your thoughts.

For all the years spent on your knees

Finally stand to think without looking above.

Finally you stand to think without looking above.

Desperate times call for desperate actions.

So murder, consume, and repeat for survival in a devastated world of exile.

This is a mandatory sacrifice