

# The Extinction of Flesh

## Pathology

What to take red or blue  
Comfort of the unknown is bliss  
To pursue the truth is not a choice  
Take us all from this  
The extinction of life

Unplug status quo persecution  
Deceiving in consciousness  
It is the question that drives us  
Existence isn't reality...

The extinction of flesh

As they farm the drones of flesh  
Horror are machines  
We are power  
To dream or sleep

Unplug status quo persecution  
Deceiving in consciousness  
It is the question that drives us  
Existence isn't reality