

The Extinction of Flesh

Pathology

What to take red or blue
Comfort of the unknown is bliss
To persue 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