

## Of Dull Eyes Borne

Psychroptic

Have you ever asked yourself what is the purpose of life-  
why is our history so unproven  
why is there so many different stories of evolution  
some may believe we evolved from primates  
but others say that God created Adam and Eve  
there are some who believe we were created from the soil.  
I say no to this  
we were created by aliens as was our entire world  
for them we- are just an experiment  
to be used by the aliens for scientific purposes  
they gave us- such desire- so we are-  
the creatures most likely to ruin our environment  
they created all things, equal in the beginning  
(but) throughout history, changed our psyches  
Now the human race has lost its every bit of dignity  
killing fellow beings as many die in poverty  
self obsessed people are the downfall of society  
aliens are impressed by our suicide ability.  
-Bastards-  
pulling on our puppet strings and  
laughing as we scream and cry  
they are watching us intently through the darkened skies  
picking us at random to abduct and take samples from  
they're recording our moves chronologically  
think of all the things we don't know about life  
like why our skin colours range between black and white  
why are there different languages spoken in different countries  
why do we hate our 'brothers'. we- all- bleed- red-  
so do the animals we kill, for our game and for our meal  
why do we kill all those that we consider below ourselves  
what is with our society  
we are selfish creatures, that are controlled by injections  
from these dull eyed beings  
those of grey are masters of our life  
we delude ourselves that we are in control  
we are simple lifeforms, we have low intelligence  
we are nothing more than aliens' pets  
we make aimless journeys, just to visit places we've seen  
in some glossy brochure or on a screen  
see the lights in the sky at night, what are they?  
you stop and stare, you are paralysed by a blinding light  
wake up- on steel, you are lying on your back  
held down- with clamps, there's a machine above you  
alien- device, testing the threshold of your pain  
pierces- your eyes, with a fine needle  
feel their presence, they're standing along side you  
operating the machine, preparing more tests to go  
they do not have mercy, they see it as a sin  
they start to drill, inside your cerebrum  
-you- cannot cry- forced- submission-  
they force a needle into you and  
you drift back to where you were  
while they cut you finely and  
inspect every part for contaminants  
that you've induced so they can make new poisons  
for the next human, on which they experiment.