

## Trample the Weak, Hurdle the Dead

Skinless

Released into the atmosphere  
The sky is rotten left  
Choke on the isolation  
Infection reflected  
Symbols of diplomacy are signs of weakness from above  
Instants time a thousand cultures turned to dust  
Horizon strewn with unmarked graves, a solace reached in  
self exile  
Luxuries of the depraved are all left to rot  
A lapse of bitter freedom  
With immortality impaired  
Picked clean by innovation and despair  
Afflicted cities erased from time  
Nerve gas caresses exposed skin  
Omens in tank tread impressions  
Intentional conflict was kindled  
Without insult or injury  
To cull this human flood  
All you have to do is breathe  
The solution is faultless  
A truth upon which we can all agree  
Trample the weak  
Hurdle the dead  
Released into the atmosphere  
The sky is rotten left  
choke on the isolation  
Infection reflected