

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
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Hurdle the dead
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Infection reflected