

The Inheritance

SubRosa

Subgenus lace
A chain-linked fate
The bees fly North
They can feel the hangman coming

Millions of machines
Never before seen
Unstitched, unraveling
Laid to rest in a dying world

Oh sister/brother, we're all burning high
I see white dust against the sky
This genocide rivals Dachau
In it's endless march of victims

They say the meek
Shall inherit the earth
But all I see are the helpless
Crushed by the wheel of man

They look away
They hide their face
Black market backwash
You see, in this world, money kills

We're in the shadow of a dying world