

Faultline

The Haunted

An address to the stillborn, lost brothers in arms;
To see the cursed earth claim to providence;
A pyramid New Jerusalem.
The dream is dead.
We're burning the carcass clean.
We pretend-but we never sleep.

500 miles to the faultline.
We decompose and decay.

Captivating the moment.
Spread the disease.
"We come in peace"
As if we almost believed it.
"Strapped to the back of a live grenade"

If there was ever a saviour.
She'd be the first to leave.

500 miles to the faultline.
We decompose and decay.
Ten thousand leagues through
The coal mines.
We hesitate and comply.

Equal in death only, subject to
Our own betrayal.
Inhuman, suspending reality;
What you see is truthful, but lacking.
Misinformation is the new black.
Perfect rejects, we're all incomplete.
Disfigured at birth, we're
The human debris.
We're freaks.
We live.
We die. beneath the faultlines.
One more truth to bury.

500 miles to the faultline.
We hesitate at the light.
One day we rise through
The cold tide,
And face away from this
Dead end failure to see.