

# The District Attorneys Are Selling Your Blood

War from a Harlots Mouth

The irony of process  
You just sit there,  
Watching yourself from nothingness  
Thinking of nothing specific

It is hard  
To imagine a philosophy  
By someone  
Who might not even be able to think

Entertainment from the  
Slaughterhouse  
We are the architects of daily  
Madness  
We chew up meat with our teeth  
And destroy things that are better  
Than us

While seeing your world grow  
He remains a child  
And now he sees what you are doing  
And can't understand

But you actually really don't know  
What Charlie thinks  
Because he didn't say anything about  
Himself

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And destroy things that are better  
Than us