

Abiogenesis

Xerath

A distant place, silent and untouched
A paradox eternal and infinite
Subconsciously registered
In dark divinity, a lifetime obviously
Lost...

The confusion plagues me more
With each passing day, frail coveting
Show me, show me everything
Show me power
Wastelands, imperious
Born of the industrial stench
Know your mind
Re-state what I say
And gone are your liberties
Absorb this fiction
We don't respond

We the delusional
Focus in on the rational
It's time again, unbalance, destruction
Build only to fall again
Try harder to imperfect
Place trust in the universe
Fallen in upon itself