

Awake?

Zao

Awake?

I have nothing.

Absorbed slowly into inevitability.

Deep roots slither into the earth.

My thoughts are numb and alert.

It's the same as I'm sleeping.

Confusing revelation.

They slip away like dreams, even as I'm dreaming.

Thoughts obey patterns, old warehouse computers.

Our future becomes the past as it all gently disappears.

Our eyes remain open while our mind recoils.

See them take aim, steal away your rights again.

Like serpents in plain sight, received as angels and heroes in
the arms of the terrified masses.

Change is fear.

Fear is the devil.

The devil has angels at his side.

See them take aim, steal away your rights again.