

Construcdead, Through Parasite Eyes

Cockroach crawling on the wall, trailing stained tiles, Angel, bleeding on the floor watching as it dies. As the angel dies. Crawling downwards, scurrying to seek shelter in its nest of used syringes thrown into the sink. Sodom-arise! History has caught its breath, it's time for another wave. Rejoice and thrive, tomorrow bears promises of death and decay. Insect pries with insect eyes and ventures out the streets. Pest seeking pestilence to Breed and spread disease. Spreading its disease. Suddenly I realize that the cockroach, The parasite, must be I. Rise up, infest! Be plague, be locust and death. Rise up, resist! Venture all, burn all. What's there to be missed? Avert your eyes, they only speak of insecurity. There's no fooling the parasite, don't play no social status games with me. Rain is pouring down the streets and 'roach is washed along. When every way leads you astray, no turn can be wrong. Roaming debris, feeding on what it finds, the roach is crawling on in steadily growing lines. Bred in disease, spawned in the streets, the gutter is brimming over. Spreading like plague, scoring like flames this insect will take over. "Never mind, it's just the insect talking." Alas its kind has grown right out of control. What you sow is what you will reap, and argues what, it works the Same way with disease. And now it's harvest time, so sit down humanity And feast...