

War From A Harlots Mouth, The District Attorneys

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