

A Split Second, Drinking Sand

The shadow of an inclination
Burning down the walls
Industrial voodoo
Shortly before the fall

Like fish back into the sea
An ancient, mechanical creed
A voracious kind of sophisticated greed

Another violent breed

The growing pain of urban natives
Slowly taking change
Ballistic sounds of hollow laughter
The end of a sophisticated farce

Driven by a voodoo beat
Onto the primitive concrete

Like another violent breed