

Acumen Nation, No Imagination

Unmesh the cords of reluctance they collide with unsplit atoms
Inbreed your desensitization uncoil the cervical spine
Increase the synaptic structure compound your inner ego
Intelligence is not a matter of taste. Somebody plug me in

I've got no imagination, I've got nothing left up here
I'm so bored with everything
Passionate for nothing moved by no one

Dead cells. Silence.

Regurgitating scholastics I could rewrite your history
Means nothing moths to a flame firebranded genius filthy liar
I am the eleventh soldier gods gift awakened curse
Like all the terrors before me you never saw this one coming

Before the lepers embalming session
Requires me to attend to greater things
I will possibly consider thinking about
Maybe saving your diseased ridden race