

Burn The Priest, Chronic Auditory Hallucination

Picking crumbs from the beards of others,
futile organisms with no spine.
Human lice with no spine slips
into a neural wreck of humanity's rot.
Trust ripping away, dying.
Your breed is weak,
the taste of strength bitter to your palate of doubt.
A remnant of what was, once left,
a relic you pissed it away.
Your breed is weak, a thing so weak.
Mutual downslide into mediocrity,
you knew better but you pissed it all away.
Weak.