

Burnt By The Sun, Dow Jones And The Temple C

Consume. Defecate. Consume again.
Hollow and empty. Consume.
And this is where we're at.
Running in reverse.
I'll tell you what you need to be through what you own.
Through what controls your mind, your life.
Define yourself in my holy image.
The things you own end up owning you.
A seance of aesthetic brotherhood.
Fortitude not for the good for your soul
From IKEA nesting, to sound investing,
to temp jobs that define what we are.
A dime a dozen, hope is dead.
Work towards nothing.
Groth means nothing if it defines human life by what you can buy.
Give up your life.
Or what is left of your life.
Give up you life. Let go. I'm losing it.
I'm pulling my hair out tring to figure out what couch defines me as a person?
This is madness. This is hopelss.
My perfect little habitat and I still don't know myself.
Hope is sold in your head.
Residing in your head.
Existing only in your head.
Working for the economy.
But is this working for you?
You're running stride is just to keep the pace.
AND I WATCH THIS BURN YOU ALIVE.
Burn you alive. Burn your life. Bury you life.
You are all my children now.
Consumption: identity.
Function: Consuming again.