

Bury Them All, Sacrifice

we move forward implacably

knowing that we make it across the wire this time,

We depend upon an unjustifiable sense of faith,

even though we know that all around us is a void

The human condition does not allow for any pain

But for all of the attention given to them,

And feed on what we see above,

'Till our hearts turn like the seasons,

I'm your friend until you use me,

And then be sure I won't be there.

as the final judgement is placed where mouth,

the putative voice of the sellers

we can count on nobody.

Sacrifice a mind innocent and pure!