

Century, Erasure

The hottest day in history. We are not asleep. Encased in endless night.

Our refinement degenerates and we are nowhere.

Every boundary we've marked for ourselves becomes obsolete. Wipe the slate clean.

To the beginning and this time there is no return. We steal weaknesses and devour them.

As the cold sets in. We ensnare ourselves in our own submission to the subtle trappings of our own