

Chastisement, Time Zone Zero

Across the silver sky, we know this is genocide.
Life turns inside out, nothing is as it seems.

Acts of yesterday become your journey of today.
This is real, this is true - in Time Zone Zero.
Reading the paper, what's new today?
The headline says yesterday.

Past becomes present. Present meets future.
Origin meets Time Zone Zero in the unclosed circle.

No, no one can tell, this aint hell?

Blood shaped as hexagon tears fills the sky from below
and we all seem to fly.

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