

Circle Of Dead Children, Doom Farmer

Evolution lives harmonious with extinction

We must die

We masquerade as flourishing flowers but live as stagnant weeds

We must die

We are the fertilizers of the future but we never offer enough for humanity to ever take root

The soil is arid from ignorance, injustice, and contamination

Blue skies coil in a backward apocalypse

We must die

For life we must die