

Circle Of Dead Children, The Genocide Machine

I can feel the Earth's erratic pulsations below its filthy thick rippled foreskin

This feeling is far too comforting

The universe's largest assembly line working subconsciously towards
the goal of global genocide

Will we ever have a chance to look back and laugh?

As a human I have succeeded in etching my own notch from the planet's scum and failed in my effort

As individual units we are the gears, the lubricants, the cables

As one we are the genocide machine

This feeling is far too comforting

Burn in soothing satisfaction

Burn in comfort

Burn the genocide machine