

# Crashdog, Progress

Sear the guilt throbbing in our heads, now we sleep in our blood beds. Rid ourselves of God, the crutch, our broken legs don't hurt so much.

Reaching forward, falling back, the more we progress, the more we lack.

At Nagasaki we built a sun right on the ground. At least we won. Use the pretty, lose the rest, it's evolution at its best.

Lay in beds of anger, talking in our sleep. Mumble words of vengeance, songs of world peace.

The incense of our progress is the burning of the weak. The wound is self-inflicted even as we speak!