

Cryptopsy, We Bleed

First the climb
Become the status
Regained sight
Undercontrolled
On a directionless path

One should be
The quiet one who would not see
Resemblance in self
And all those spawned

All in the same
Suffering sadness
Incredible truth
Justice to this madness

Remember, forget who you are
Negative and bored
And have given a little too much thought
Here today, long gone yesterday
Saw a million zombies like me
Some of whom have entered the fray

A man with nothing to lose
Will kill quicker than a wolf
Will tear your flesh
And a man with all to gain
He will do the same
Now has easily passed the threshold

We bleed
Like the rest of you pigs
We breed
Fuck like the rest of you parasites
We plead
For an end
The need
For selfishness
We bleed
Ourselves instead

Tortured
Wondering whether
The process of thinking
Duplicates itself
Mirrored by maniacal malicious intentions
Carried out with ease
We bleed

A man with nothing to lose
Has struck swifter than a snake
Displays cold survival
And a man with all to gain
He has done the same
But has never crossed the threshold

Leap across the line
Teeter back and forth
On the brink
Decide which path
You take every hour