

Hypocrisy, A Coming Race

Why all this searching?
The answer's always been near.
It is our destiny.
Away from a screeching people.
Waiting to destroy ourselves.
They can't interfere with history.
Nuclear creation.
For eternity they can't be strained
All I wish they would land here.
But It's too late now.
Time is dying a soldier
With all them to around decay
In the other dimension.
Time will no longer exist.
No one never grow old.
Something mankind will never resist.
The destroying of soldiers