

# Intronaut, They (As in Them)

Dazed with shovels in hands and gapaing faces  
But there's really no assistance needed  
The gluttons have already dug all our graves  
It's so hard to tell what is and isn't  
When contradictions are commonplace  
Souls stripped, sensors disabled,  
Maneuvered perceptions  
The will to foreknow is here  
But you don't have to use it  
Just live to breathe this ailing earth in death