

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