

Keri Hilson, Execute

It appears that we have reached the Edge, that zenith where stimuli and comatose collide.
Forty years ago, THE MAN proclaimed the Age of the Gross to be upon us, and even though THE MAN was destroying our heritage and insulting our intelligence, that era has become very real.
We labor for pleasure and abhor the guilt of pressure.
My generation will go down as the architects of contemporary disgust.
Some have fought and died.
Others have allowed the strong to be butchered for a price they themselves don't care about and will never understand.
I myself am beleaguered by the selfish face of a kind of man that is NOT MANKIND.
Distrust in information.
Fundamentalism of opinion.
Catastrophic boredom, and a fanatical devotion to that which DOES NOT MATTER.
Where is your glory now, people?
Where are your gods and politicians?
Where is your shame and salvation?
You Rage For No Reason Because You Have No Reason.
WHAT HAVE YOU EVER FOUGHT FOR?
WHAT HAVE YOU EVER BLED FOR?
THE FACE OF THE EARTH IS SCARRED WITH THE WALKING DEAD.
THE AGE OF THE GROSS IS A LIVING VIRUS.
THIS IS THE FUTURE YOU HAVE CREATED.
THIS IS THE WORLD YOU HAVE SET ABLAZE.
ALL YOUR LIES ARE COMING TRUE.
ALL FREEDOM IS LOST.
ALL HOPE IS GONE.