

Nakatomi Plaza, It's Really Not This Hopeless...

waiting for the time, wait for motivation, waiting for the world to stop so i can catch my breath. but th

we'll march on searing our apathy into their flesh. their bones crack beneath economic motivations.

economic missionaries export their faith, preaching the words of their gods: behold the free market

complacent. say 'progress', we won't question if it's true. now it's too late. souls stained by blood so

can't shake this floating feel. nothing feels like real. nothing feels.

complacent. say 'progress', we won't question if it's true. now it's too late. souls stained by blood so