

Protest The Hero, Spoils

Endowed with the art of casting names upon its beings
The humans claimed dominion over every living fucking thing

Proud as purpose as they began to walk the earth as they arraigned
The common creatures caught within the corpus cursed, conscious human brain

Every word ever written will fall short of its intent
Even sung or spoke or screamed they will betray what they have meant

Language is the heart's lament, a weak attempt to circumvent the
loneliness inherent in the search for permanence

All the future ghosts who scratch their names in wet cement
Demeaning meaning as they shout out at the emptiness
Abstractions are the stake between the anima and animus

Deflesh the word as scourge of human destiny
Behold the world in other people, life is clarity