

Psycroptic, Horde In Devolution

Confined within an archaic shell
One not offering protection
It is the epitome of imprisonment
No heed taken to the ever cracking facade
Slowly collapsing
Unable, or unwilling to seize the truth

Apathy; the only foe
Blinded by antiquated ideals
Relics of a naive age
Lured by self-created prophecies
Feeble addicts to the euphoria of self-importance

Revelling in myopic fantasies
Righteous, yet without a throne
Deaf to the inherent calling
An ignored motivation not acted upon
Primitive minds will forever be distracted by primitive needs

Eternally the walking dormant
Symbols of the devolution process
Transcendence for the taking,
The implements of change await those who look
Yet no hand will rise for the grail

The worn path will continue to be trodden
By the weak generic horde
A procession of the lost, blind and frail
Becoming the pallbearers of their own condemned future