

Silence The Epilogue, Hysterical Chanting In Ton

These icons tend to manipulate us from within
observe this disease,
proximity clenching its teeth again.
Now I am facing your barricades encased in flames.
This could last us a life time with both versions endorsed,
we covet all the status quo with the syringes left in our hands.
The sun killed its child in the name of change
and placed two coins on our eyes
now drown the captain of your sinking ship
or make yourself a statistic.
Our hearts in their cave leave our chest a silhouette,
I am folding space until it fades away like the sun.
they cannot face the whites of our eyes.