

Silence The Epilogue, Man Is A Social Animal

I'm lost in the distance like corroded images expanding in space.
Man's main need involves several social acts
that teach the value of survival taught on a scale
that starts with the body then buries the soul.
And with the price of blood call me a saint.
And with the price of blood call who a saint?
The cost is infinite like im counting the casualties of this industry.
A closer wrist explains the razor to the world now watch as you spoil the value of a soul.
Trade death for wealth, trade death for what.
Is this destiny or is this a war, man is a social animal.