

Time Machine, Where's My Heaven?

from the time of the heretic
back to the age of the cyber web
wearing the stole of an Anglican priest in New England--
so they call this land

two thousand one and still nothing has changed
mankind is dragging in corruption and sin
lined up like cans of meat up on a shelf
stacking in their houses
there's sex on TV
in the mist of an empty life
they just clock in each day

where's my heaven? Life is Hell
where's my soul that should live forever
where's my heaven? Life is pain
where's the dream that will last forever?

children abused on the screen as a rule
technology serves euro chemical wars
cops getting killed by the squad of the mayor
if this isn't Hell, tell me what can be Hell?
as a core of a senseless life
they just clock in each day

where's my heaven? Life is Hell
where's my soul that should live forever
where's my heaven? Life is pain
where's the dream that will last forever?
where's my heaven? Life is Hell
where's my soul that should live in a world of light and love until The End

tenebraum
rex sigillum in oculos impii ponit
qui obscuritatem
vitat eum vaniis blanditiis
temporis proximae
vitae et angelici
gregis donans

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