

Truth Brutal, Godplayer

dilution of pain
bleed incompetent reign
life through purity
humanity maintained
it brings in hope of precious life
answers agony divine

push ill-thoughts
of humanities decline
finally, system feeds, travesties
chokes life's inner sanctity
sceptically, you'll see
their lives ain't worth a dime

in the end, you and I will never see
look as one, upon this blasphemy
if I was you, I'd adjust my sensitivity
blame or fault, question rationality
in the end, you and I will never see
pain is small defy of your own mortality
run again, answers will be the same
open your eyes and see it for what it is

corporate science destroying lives in the benefit of none
liberation from the foolish
cash in cost, rhyme or reason...no!