

A.F.I. "Death Of Seasons"

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Of late it's harder just to go outside, to leave this
deadspace with hatred so alive.
Writhing with sickness, thrown into banality, I decay.
Killed by the weakness, but forced to return.

Turn it off.

I watch the stars as they fall from the sky.
I held a fallen star and it wept for me, dying.
I feel the fallen stars encircle me now, as they cry.

Out there so quickly grows malignant tribes.
Posthuman extinction excels unrecognized.
Feeling surrounded, so bored with mortality, I decay.
All off this hatred is fucking real.

Turn it on.

It won't be all right despite what they say.
Just watch the stars tonight as they disappear,
disintegrate.
And I disintegrate because this hate is fucking real.
And I hope to shade the world as stars go out and I
disintegrate.

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