

Achsar

"The Beautiful Downgrade"

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Fingered slowly like the first time you came
The agents of oblivion descend upon the sane
Caked with mud and mother's blood
Playing death games in the rain
And we wonder how it feels to be free
I thought I heard them whisper mutiny
Living room rape scenes
We cut their throats while they slept
Dreaming and digesting shards of turtle shell
The television's blaring
And the ghost of Hitler speaks
Crowned with barbed-wire
I smear my warm semen on the walls of my oppression
I accuse God for the murder of eternity
My everything that is nothing
Christian propaganda and dog sperm
Degeneration...
The beautiful downgrade
Do you remember the first sunrise?
Sharpened bone clenched tight in your fist
Screaming into the blue
An urge to kill the sky
I can smell the forest like pussy in heat
Barefoot I run through the chaos
The assassins of freedom tend the burning of truth
As we walk these prison walls
It's maddening, always touching something

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