

## **Beneath The Massacre "Symptoms"**

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Progress under these terms is slow death. Chocking  
Under your mass  
Consumption. They're all symptoms of your fall. Your  
System is chocking and  
You with it.  
They're all symptoms of your fall. And you finally  
Reached the limits. Limits  
Imposed by it's nature.  
And it's all futile to live under constant pressure of  
Success and failure. We  
All saw it coming cause the past dictates the future.  
And we all saw it crash once before. The thought  
Process seems to be defiant.  
Faith in a market and a market based on faith. A faith  
In an invisible hand.  
A hand stained with our blood. Your system is chocking  
And you with it.  
They're all symptoms of your fall. Progress is death.  
And death is progress.  
Your death; progress through your death. We all  
Witness, on and on, your self  
Proclaimed royalty. And kept it quiet, blinded by  
Delusions,  
By your tricks and games while you bit the hand  
feeding  
You. We all witness  
Your downfall, ambitious hopes crashing in a common  
Grave,  
A common grave you designed. Your system is  
chocking,  
And you with it.  
They're all symptoms of your fall. Progress is death.  
Progress: your death.  
We'll all progress through your death.

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