

Buried In Verona

"Eve Of Forever"

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Sometimes years change nothing, and sometimes one day changes everything.
And that day has come.
When racial and economic dichotomy, are one in the fucking same, and a line has been drawn, head down, eyes to the ground.
Inveterate culture, customary conservatism.
Where survival is costly, but carelessness is affordable by all.
Where communities are gated, architecturally fragmented.
Nestled in the gears of cyclical entrapment, predisposed to rise and fall like clockwork.
Prepackaged for convenience, propagated for stability.
Romance conceptualized, morality predefined.
When a knee is broken at the bone, and the instincts bred say leave it alone.
Afraid to lose tomorrow to yesterday, many make their beds with illusions and silent addictions.
Ten thousand years in the making, twenty scores in creating, we all play a part in our own alienation, we are all a stroke in a bigger picture.
So here we are, sitting on the edge of it all, waiting for the sun to rise

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