

## **Burning The Masses "Resonance Of The Foul"**

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Mass graves, open opportunity's for our minds to  
replicate the pleasure of fear. Mocking the prosiness of  
sound, the frequency drops to subsonic standards.  
Phantasmal tempest prospects  
The rain of arrows. Sharpness defined by the  
solidification of man fragments and desecrates the  
ears of the unborn. Auditory perception infects it's  
genesis for the genetics of superlative venom lactating  
spawn. A spawn of man,  
Irreconcilable to moral of virtue. The evil of man is  
upon us. Resonance The depraved separation of lie is  
between us. The mass graves, filled with ear ruptured  
versions of adoration. Resonance Supersonic beings  
relapse their versions of noise. Resonance Only the  
deaf contain sanity. Resonance Only the reverberating  
aftermath  
Of this insistent apocalypse settles in the minds of the  
deaf, forever.

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