

## Dystopia "Hands That Mold"

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hands that kill mold illusions of peace  
their fucked up psuedo security  
destroy to give birth to technology  
to quickn the killin of yo and me and him and her  
blind. us humans think we are so smart  
creating challenges  
how. our sky bleeds in your hands  
its nothing  
build and build and build some more  
industry fucks nature like some kind of whore  
quest for invention intelligence gone too far  
sythetic environment were doomed from the start  
and i guess were all gonna die (my home)  
and take everything under th sky (is nothing... to you)  
skies they bleed infecting the land  
oceans they vomit onto the sand  
wind so foul, a putrid reek  
animals they scream in disbelief  
and i guess were all gonna die (our lives)  
and take everything under the sky (are nothing... just  
used)  
humanicide // humanicide

black trees, dead seeds, dirt weeds  
how much longer do we have?  
humanicide  
human beings should have never evolved at all  
your heart... your heart as cold as the concrete that  
you lay  
your mind... clouded with the polution that you make  
hide... lies... from all of us, the ones you have  
chosen to die  
smother our earth, blacken our skies  
your quest for prograss, convenient demise  
man... kind... to whom are you kind  
the peace that you mold is a lie, all lies  
our lives float rejected down the stream  
they are nothing, not you or me

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