

Endthisday "Cursed Be The Blessed"

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Awake into a dark
horizon where our
childrens' fingers
drip in the blood
of their creators.
We've been consumed
by our technology.
We now bring the life
of death upon ourselves.
Crucified into a
genetically altered
way of life, our species
will not survive.
We've kissed the cold
palm of death for the
satisfaction of our own.
The scent of the end
fills our senses, for
now the taste of the
apocalypse rests
upon our lips.
Spawned into a
generation of disease to

rot within the nonexistent
enjoyment of life.
Now i will watch you burn
within this revolution.
We've licked the forked
tongues of the demons we
created. I scream in silence
for salvation and bleed for
hope of a brighter tomorrow,
but the sun no longer exists
where man's technology is king.
I slit the wrist of this
synthetic way of life and I
pull the veil down over my eyes.
I will savior the warm blood
as it spills upon my hands.

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