

Harlots

"Consensus For The Locus Of Thought"

Visit "[Consensus For The Locus Of Thought](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

What employs destroys all life.
Sail this sea of fire with me and lift up our decay.
The human war machine marches on.
Unfurled like avalanches crushing downward onto us.
Mainframe die.
Like a cancer slowly evolving to suppress antigen,
fueling the beast
There is no space in time.
I'm trying to find my way back to this place again.
But I cannot find like so many others before me a way
to unlatch from it's grasp.
A way to be free of it's tasks.
My brain is artificial intelligence.
Shut it down.

Visit [Harlots](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.