

## Harlots

# "This Is A Test... No Flesh Shall Be Spared"

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We are the unstoppable machine that lays waste to everything that comes in contact with it's hands.  
We construct.  
Then we will deconstruct and then reconstruct until there is nothing left for us.  
Someday the machine will break down.  
When our organs cease to function we will have built what is going to be destroyed.  
This is an act of war.  
It's our human nature to eradicate ourselves for the betterment of ourselves.  
In the event that we escape what is our destiny we will outthink ourselves into destination.  
Like we are dying, truly engulfed in the moment.  
Some day we will try to walk, but we will not remember how to.  
And we never thought it would come to this.  
It is forever.  
We walk through barren lands with wounds open.  
We escape the collective that remains.  
This cancer reigns on a growth all it's own.

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