

Haunted "Forensick Burner"

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At night I listen to the sound of the animals, sleep has
become a rare
commodity it seems. I understand now that there are
no limits to what you are
capable of. You don't even see it yourselves, the news
anchor on the TV set
talks in a neutral voice about rape, murder and this
week's weather without
change of tone-It seems that nothing matters as we
close in on the turn of the
millennium, violence and commercial breaks has
become the opium that used to
religion. Fuck you, mankind. You're so ugly, so vain.
The language of
brutality is all you seem to understand, bloodlust as
long as it's someone
else's blood. To fuck, suck, eat and shit. Breeding has
turned into a pastime,
death as recreation...You are no better than a pack of
hyenas, the sight and
smell of someone else's pain and misery makes you
feel good, ensuring one more
day in safety, decimating the odds that you or
someone you love is going to
get hurt. Well don't fool yourself, you're not safe, not in
this world. All
you are is collateral damage, presumptive headlines,
expendable meat for the
media hounds, statistics and forensic reports for some
brainless fuck to drool
over on the internet. You are royally fucked.

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