

Homo Iratus

"On Fertile Ground"

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The seeds were set into
Watered with chemicals

Nothing grows
Something was buried
To be buried once more

The purity of what was ment to flourish
Becomes a morbid harvest of the dead

A lesson in pain
Taught to the ones who cherished those lives
As their own flesh and blood

Lessons in pain
Lessons in vain

Now drugged up to the eyeballs
Withered by pain in a dark corner
The trip turns into a journey
To the threshold where the planes
Of existence meet

Tearing down the last strongholds
Of internal cerebral resistances
The waging war comes to an end
The essence pours and the soul flees....

Piece by piece
The road taken
Falls apart to the point of no return.

Hears are shed....
Hearts grow cold
The bitter sweet taste
Of this world...

Others laugh making a profit out of it....

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