

## Byzantine "Slipping On Noise"

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Condensed debris compressed into a world  
Circling star cutting a path of disease  
Serrating our future  
Evolution disguised  
Light years isolate our faces  
A sentiment resounding through space  
A malignant beacon flickering away  
The universal pedigree of hate

An ill-defined race opaque by disgrace  
We circle in silence  
A magnet for violence

Our legacy a ballistic test  
Of minute impact on the face of existence  
Projecting polluted screams to the billions  
Receiving the deserved magnificent silence  
We are the fundamental components  
Of our destruction

Nails raked down the chalkboard  
Of universal dysfunction

An ill-defined race opaque by disgrace  
We circle in silence  
A magnet for violence

So are we ready for the showdown  
As our world is ripped out of its ellipsis  
There is no finer flesh to fall  
Than the skin that drapes our empty souls  
Motionless a perfect disease  
Asymptomatic beckoning the extinction to be  
Genetically we are suppressed into reliving  
Our historic poverty until it snuffs us out

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