

## **Carrier Flux**

### **"False Projection"**

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What crime is worth the signature - right  
What lie is worth the sacrifice  
Of knowing you are true to yourself  
Of holding in a truce this our time in life

I stand before the shell of memory  
To force remembrance through mortality  
I trust the hand that holds no life

In death we find demands -  
Trust in death seems our one true right

In death we hold subjective memories  
In life we make our name in forgery  
What's it worth to live in mocked reality?  
What's life if yours is form - indignity?

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