

Lamb

"Ruiner"

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How light could be our darkest hour? None will be left
when they come to
Collect their blood debts. All accounts will run dry, a
binary vessel full
Of nothing but dust. A vicious lust for control has
turned us into faceless
Pawns for faceless kings, shedding rivers of blood
turned the color of lucre
Greed. Fiscal commandments impel and we will obey
blindly. The fury of the
Sun has passed into the hands of men whose hands
were already too full of
Abused strength and anger, of abused strength and
power. Bio-economics
Killing again and again.

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