

Psycore

"Of Dull Eyes Borne"

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Have you ever asked yourself what is the purpose of
life-
Why is our history so unproven
Why is there so many different stories of evolution
Some may believe we evolved from primates
But others say that God created Adam and Eve
There are some who believe we were created from the
soil.
I say no to this
We were created by aliens as was our entire world
For them we- are just an experiment
To be used by the aliens for scientific purposes
They gave us- such desire- so we are-
The creatures most likely to ruin our environment
They created all things, equal in the beginning
(but) throughout history, changed our psyches
Now the human race has lost it's every bit of dignity
Killing fellow beings as many die in poverty
Self obsessed people are the downfall of society
Aliens are impressed by our suicide ability.
-Bastards-
Pulling on our puppet strings and
Laughing as we scream and cry
They are watching us intently through the darkened
skies
Picking us at random to abduct and take samples from
They're recording our moves chronologically
Think of all the things we don't know about life
Like why our skin colours range between black and
white
Why are there different languages spoken in different
countries
Why do we hate our 'brothers'. we- all- bleed- red-
So do the animals we kill, for our game and for our
meal
Why do we kill all those that we consider below
ourselves
What is with our society
We are selfish creatures, that are controlled by
injections
From these dull eyed beings

Those of grey are masters of our life
We delude ourselves that we are in control
We are simple lifeforms, we have low intelligence
We are nothing more than aliens' pets
We make aimless journeys, just to visit places we've
seen
In some glossy brochure or on a screen
See the lights in the sky at night, what are they?
You stop and stare, you are paralysed by a blinding
light
Wake up- on steel, you are lying on your back
Held down- with clamps, there's a machine above you
Alien- device, testing the threshold of your pain
Pierces- your eyes, with a fine needle
Feel their presence, they're standing along side you
Operating the machine, preparing more tests to go
They do not have mercy, they see it as a sin
They start to drill, inside your cerebrum
-you- cannot cry- forced- submission-
They force a needle into you and
You drift back to where you were
While they cut you finely and
Inspect every part for contaminants
That you've induced so they can make new poisons
For the next human, on which they experiment.

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