

Sleep Serapis Sleep

"Optimism: The Game Won By Not Playing"

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Ourself.

The product of our own decadence

A fierce guise that undermines dignity

9 dials 11

The eve that begot us all

Parallel the rain long passed

Misuse the understood until we scrape the sky no more

Save your self at all expense

And make it personal, cause

It's come for your persona

Save your self, not fallacy

The illusion of just vendetta

If only it were that easy

There's a killer on the loose

With no face; With no name

Killers come; Killers go

But the atrocities remain

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