

## The Human Abstract

### "Antebellum"

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We fell asleep in arms that fondled our teeth and sold  
them off to thieves  
Now we sell ourselves around

Only time will tell if stories like these will share the  
same fate

Regiments of disconnects emerge in a moronic  
gentleman's  
war with their eyes, their eyes blindfolded they rise  
Battlefields are colored with creeds  
With their eyes, their eyes blindfolded, they rise into  
this world

Kneeling and trembling before him  
We fell asleep in arms that fondled our teeth and sold  
them off to thieves  
Now we sell ourselves around  
Waiting on knowledge, fed to us with a plastic spoon  
Consuming the scraps, of the misquoted and  
deceased,  
with every word spoken today  
Make what you will and understand,  
a typical feud nurtured, over many moons past

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Beyond the drought worn hillside,  
a figure appears as the cumulus over us darkens,  
we look up to face our fears  
And by the rise of his all powerful hand, he sets  
vengeance and proclaims  
"Follow me or be crushed to the depths of weak  
mannered simpletons.  
You have nowhere to hide, bow before me."  
The regiments morale dwindles, as they stare at me I

yell,  
"As we perish may our blood that spills,  
be not taken in vain, giving us continuance."  
And as he slaughtered them all one by one,  
I watched from a distance, waiting for the chance to  
raise my hand  
"No more, will I be under your manipulation"  
I thrust forward, with my perceptive glove,  
gathering all my strength, thou shalt now disappear  
Bruised and beaten, severed head in hand  
The archetype has failed  
We'll never forget...

We fell asleep in arms that fondled our teeth and sold  
them off to thieves  
Now we sell ourselves around  
Waiting on knowledge, fed to us with a plastic spoon,  
with a plastic spoon

Regiments of disconnects with their eyes, their eyes  
blindfolded they rise  
Battlefields colored with creeds  
Their eyes blindfolded, they rise into this world

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