

## Tragedy "Conflicting Ideas"

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When the scientists find our remnants, what will they say?  
When they find our bloated carcasses  
Ridden with sickness and cancers, what will they find?  
And what... what will they say?  
Will they recognize our self-abuse  
As a product of the abusive hands that molded our lives?  
Or will we remain, a mystery?  
Deformed from malnourishment  
Our blood coagulated and inced with disease:  
The preservatives, the alcohol, the cigarettes.  
The meat we gorged ourselves on,  
For all those years.  
Will they recognize our self abuse  
As a product of the abusive hands that molded our lives?  
As experts scratch their heads  
As doctors shake their hands and wonder what we've done.

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