

## **Trigger The Bloodshed "Terminus"**

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Neglected, the last few exist, defeatist to every last  
shimmer of hope,  
Genuflected, with misty pallid eyes, a procession of  
survivors invoke,  
Their own euthanistic last rites, the postulation of  
eternal rest unscathing,  
In a benevolent subhuman conduct, they leave  
themselves hung as a warning,  
Our future if now, our future is never, our future is  
dead,  
Paralytic, suspended in the harsh winds above the once  
soaring edifices, now razed,  
The remains floating in a hadean paradise, laying in  
the once fecund soil,  
The foundations that bore the weight of a past  
assiduous mankind,  
Could not support that which we became, an industrial  
biotic machine,  
Crushing all mother nature has sheltered from us,  
drawing on  
Everything she found strength for,  
Pulling the fear of God into humanity, oppressing the  
ever broadening populace,  
With her metaphysical cataclysms,  
Our future is now, our future is never, our future is  
dead,  
The aeon of recession has stricken,  
And will reduce mankind to mourning,  
Torching stramping, drowning, asphyxiating,  
And humanities mindless abolishment, a force has  
been bred,  
Rapidly escalating, enveloping us, carnivorously  
putting itself to perpetual end,  
Merciless is the lord reigning in his sky,  
Watching as humanity scrapes it's way to die,  
The scornful eye of providence fucks us into I'll being,  
Expatriated into hate from a balanced state of pity,  
The last remaining city will be immolated,  
Our future is now, our future is never, our future is  
dead.

