

Whisteria Cottage "Your Broadcast Is Interrupted"

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We are Born Into Sin.
But how do we crawl from a shallow grave,
Thrusted into a world of mindless slaves.
A consistent wave of debauchery.
Is this all society has come to be?
We are driven to extinction in a world of malice.
Incarcerated we are guilty of rape,
[Which do you want to fuck first, me or the knife?]
An aspiration of sexual desire.
We admire, they confirm and conspire.
Is it the need to succeed or is it just greed?
You sell your morals short, Yet you will concede.
We live in a world of shame.
Where difference is considered treason.
[Today people want sensationalism. the more you rape
their senses, the happier they are]
I will never buy into this lie.

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