

Monsters of the Midday

"Embraced By Apathy"

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Raise in the screams of the dying light;
Born into tragedy,
Existing violently.
Forced disregard of all humanity
Product of a war.
Where a generation of souls,
Embraced by apathy,
Caressed by dying energy.
Released from the bodies
Who can't adapt
The weak are attacked.

Horror
Forced into life is this genocide.
Where endless blood saturates the eyes
Of those who kill prepared to die.
Their hunger craving life.

Embrace their minds
Their apathy keeps them blind.
Surely our demise
Within their screams we die.
In vain, force in the blade.
Voluntary plague injected foolishly
Answer to a life obscurity.
Product of a mind
Where a generation
Has drowned themselves in stupidity.
Project aggressively
Choking on the blood of their enemies
Their searching for

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