

## **Year Of Our Lord "Seasons Of Suffocation"**

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Slipping, tearing, these scars were never meant to  
heal.  
Plunging back and forth,  
I'd rather watched this all burn down.  
Forged in flesh, read like a book on how to hate, and  
hate,  
We kill from the inside out in seasons of suffocation.  
Calvary of consequence aligned by a sacred vow.  
Live today and die for denial,  
we kill from the inside out.  
Our monospaced lives and algorithmic suffering leave  
us crawling onward  
to a place where names and lives are lost.  
These bodies left to hang in the stench of millions  
more.  
forward we march into suffocation.  
In seasons of suffocation,  
we kill from the inside out.

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