

Abstract Rapture **"From Dust To Nowhere"**

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Entering the final chapter
The chapter feared by billions
Where the splurge of wealth
Is hiding a part of the world in poor health
We have an eager childhood but a delinquent youth
And soon we'll even have to pay the fucking air we
Breathe

All we feared has come true
All we had has gone
All the prayers we said
To get through
Died in the void of doubt
The truth is untold: we're off the line, off the world
Just the poor working class feeding the eminent whores
A line for the mental,
A bottle for the soul
Unthinking generations
Breeding more and more

We are the ones who lose

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