

## **Human Abstract "Antebellum"**

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We fell asleep in arms that fondled our teeth  
And sold them off to thieves  
Now we sell ourselves around

Only time will tell if stories like these will share the  
same fate

Regiments of disconnects emerge in a moronic  
gentleman's war  
With their eyes, their eyes blindfolded they rise  
The battlefields are colored with the ignominy stained  
creed  
With their eyes, their eyes blindfolded  
They rise into this world

Kneeling and trembling before him

We fell asleep in arms that fondled our teeth  
And sold them off to thieves  
Now we sell ourselves around

Waiting on knowledge  
Fed to us with a plastic spoon

Consuming the scraps, of the misquoted and  
deceased  
With every word spoken today  
Make what you will and understand  
A typical feud nurtured, over many moons passed

Regiments of disconnects emerge in a moronic  
gentleman's war  
With their eyes, their eyes blindfolded they rise  
The battlefields are colored with the ignominy stained  
creed  
With their eyes, their eyes blindfolded  
They rise into this world

Beyond the drought-worn hillside  
A figure appears as the cumulus over us darkens  
We look up to face our fears  
And by the rise of his all powerful hand, he sets

vengeance and proclaims:

"Follow me or be crushed to the depths of weak  
mannered simpletons.  
You have nowhere to hide, bow before me."

The regiment's morale dwindles  
As they stare at me I yell:  
"As we perish may our blood that spills  
Be not taken in vain, giving us eternal continuance."

And as he slaughtered them all one by one  
I watched from a distance  
Waiting for the chance to raise my hand  
"No more, will I be under your manipulation."

I thrust forward  
With my perceptive glove  
Gathering all my strength  
Thou shalt now disappear  
Bruised and beaten  
Severed head in hand  
The archetype has failed  
We'll never forget

We fell asleep in arms that fondled our teeth  
And sold them off to thieves  
Now we sell ourselves around

Waiting on knowledge  
Fed to us with a plastic spoon; with a plastic spoon

Regiments of disconnects  
With their eyes, their eyes blindfolded they rise  
Battlefields colored with creeds  
Their eyes, their eyes blindfolded  
They rise into this world

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