

After Me, The Flood "Speculations Phobias"

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A crack in the surface of human nature is crumbling the ground below me.

What I'm seeing can't be real.

An unbelievable hoard of corruption in a place we call secure.

What the fuck have we all come to?

Ripping at each others' throats.

The biting of tongues are making everyone's mouths' bleed.

No one is coming to save us from ourselves.

Seems like we are running in circles, this is a never-ending cycle.

Careless ignorance. Where has the conscience mind gone?

Slowly we sink, civilization drowns.

This world is not our home.

Disappointed, people won't go empty handed.

Here is the resting place of humanity.

Here is humanity, it ended in selfishness.

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