

Caverns "Wastelands"

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We find ourselves in a desert surrounded by vultures
for company.

The bones of our closets friends become trophies of
our existence.

A seed is planted, it grows like a stain.

Cut down the tree but the roots still remain.

It's not in our blood, this is our veins.

Penetrate the body, incubate the mind.

Infect and consume and repeat.

Parasite find me a victim, to pass on this blessing.

This host has grown weak systems fail.

And involuntary cycle, a product of birth,

Misconceptions of guilt and greed.

Unwillingly contributing to a self destructive society.

As far as I can see, the only cure, for this atrocity,

Is for everyone to just stop breathing.

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