

## **Corporate Life**

### **"Pomme De Terror"**

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You're looking down upon us  
With loathing and indifference  
From ancient rotting spires  
The plebians, misguided, and a tithe our only value

You were not contented by a life with questions  
answered,  
Through reason and empirical dissection of the  
inquest.  
Decree a purge of what your narrowed dogma calls  
antipathy,  
As if you define sin, you're justified to cast the stones!

How much more hatred and blood can we spill,  
In the name of these fictions, we're swallowing whole  
Buried our visions, in spite of free will.  
Take a bite of this apple and open your eyes!

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