

Pyrrhion

"The Invention Of Hatred"

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Am I the invention of hatred?
Or was hatred born in me?
Life delivered by indifference
Callous to suffering
Progress that is fueled without purpose
An engine of entropy
Built with detail yet still left heartless
Like a machine
Some accept that there is no point
But we still learn to survive
Death's the only means that we have to move on and
refine

The truth appears to be empty
We face chaos and entropy
The truth appears to be empty
We face chaos and entropy

A seemingly cruel process leaving us with so much
pain
And even one small moment of pleasure is from
countless hours of misery
The invention of hatred

The truth appears to be empty
We face chaos and entropy
The truth appears to be empty
We face chaos and entropy

Am I the invention of hatred?
Or was hatred born in me?
Life delivered by indifference
Callous to suffering
You can remove good and evil
But we're still left with the burden of sorrow
It would be battle if there were even two sides at war
The invention of hatred

The truth appears to be empty
We face chaos and entropy
The truth appears to be empty

We face chaos and entropy

Chaos

Chaos and entropy

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