

## Trial

### "Reflections"

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The wreckage of humanity has been strewn across the  
land  
And now the hour of desperation is at hand  
We the maggots feed off the dead  
Seeking solace in a bed of broken glass  
We bleed infected water  
Beneath bright skins of polished steel  
Through empty, yearning, starved and frustrated  
hearts  
Which long for risk and reason  
This is a standard and sterile half-life to lead  
Empty facades conceal slow decay  
Within these new dark ages which breed discontent  
To give up all hope to see the dawn  
Reveals a victims face beneath the veneer  
Struggling to show that it's been wronged  
Led astray by the myths of the father  
With ancient wounds often ignored  
Fighting for scraps from the table  
While slowly we rot on the floor  
Struggling for balance amid these unholy lies  
Reflecting terror and chaos  
We are born into suffering  
With constructs, icons, idols and eyes  
Which manifest and forecast our fear of our own  
demise  
But on the eve of the apocalypse  
You can burn these words into my flesh:  
"we are the tortured and insane disillusioned and  
mundane  
Unknown and unnamed desperate and enslaved  
And we want something more"

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