

The Explosion

"The Colonist"

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Where does the setting sun go to rest? Go to rest? The
darkest days
Come and go, they never seem to end. Inhuman,
inhumane, inane
Existence. Barely existing. Surviving. Reviving a world
that has been
Dead for years. Blood sweat and tears. Disinformation
and fear. We
Carry on like we serve a purpose. Just a decaying gear
in a machine,
Built to destroy itself from the inside out, bleeding
from the mouth,
Calling out your name, carving out your hate. Alone
and breathing, the
Same stagnant air the rats exhale. Pushing through the
waste, the
Shallow graves. hoping to find a cure to cleanse the
filth of the
Human race. Expose the skull. Leave the brain and pray
it never stops
Dreaming. Expose the bone, leave the heart and pray it
never stops
Beating. Failure is not an option, it's the only way out.
How long
Until it crumbles? How much longer can we last? Do we
even have a
Choice? Or do we stand a chance? We place our faith
and trust in the
Hands of heartless fucking liars, so we can sleep at
night. And hope
We never wake up. Never wake up. You can't control us
all. You'll
Never kill us all. Failure is not an option. It's the only
way out.
You can't control us all. You'll never fucking kill us all.

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