

Tricky "Terminus"

Visit "[Terminus](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Neglected, the last few exist, defeatist to every last
shimmer of hope,
Genuflected, with misty pallid eyes, a procession of
survivors invoke,
Their own euthanistic last rites, the postulation of
eternal rest unscathing,
In a benevolent subhuman conduct, they leave
themselves hung as a warning,
Our future if now, our future is never, our future is
dead,
Paralytic, suspended in the harsh winds above the once
soaring edifices, now razed,
The remains floating in a hadean paradise, laying in
the once fecund soil,
The foundations that bore the weight of a past
assiduous mankind,
Could not support that which we became, an industrial
biotic machine,
Crushing all mother nature has sheltered from us,
drawing on
Everything she found strength for,
Pulling the fear of God into humanity, oppressing the
ever broadening populace,
With her metaphysical cataclysms,
Our future is now, our future is never, our future is
dead,
The aeon of recession has stricken,
And will reduce mankind to mourning,
Torching stramping, drowning, asphyxiating,
And humanities mindless abolishment, a force has
been bred,
Rapidly escalating, enveloping us, carnivorously
putting itself to perpetual end,
Merciless is the lord reigning in his sky,
Watching as humanity scrapes it's way to die,
The scornful eye of providence fucks us into I'll being,
Expatriated into hate from a balanced state of pity,
The last remaining city will be immolated,
Our future is now, our future is never, our future is
dead.

Visit [Tricky](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.