

Antique

"Web Of War"

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Still blindly we plunge into the web again.
Our hands still soaked with blood soiled straight
through to the skin.
Turned the soil still wet from last time's shallow graves,
We remain entangled in this web of war we've made.
1999 turned about reads triple 6, but do you pale at the
slightest hint of coincidence?
If so you're bound to play a part in all our destruction.
If we believe the myths we create then we are bound to
live them.
Still many of us, sick and twisted, eagerly await our
turn to die.
We sit obedient after each atrocity, too desensitized to
even cry.
We are bound to what we so foolishly inspected.
Others ensnared by chance into the trap others have
erected.
Are we bound to this vicious cycle of aggression
And then vengeance by some uncontrollable flaw in our
natural human condition?
If we are but wild animals acting on some instinctual
competition
Then why is it leading us onward toward our assured
extinction?
No, this web of war is not a part of nature's vast
creation,
But the product of mankind's fear of self and his
infatuation
With dominance and destruction and the conquest of
all,
He fears himself therefore he will destroy himself in
the end.

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