

## UK Subs

### "The Coming Of Genocide"

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Blackness, inside to out  
Like a benign tumor turned terminal  
Here we are at the dawn our conclusion  
Penned, paid for and played out by us all

Seconds slow as we count down to death  
Reflection eclipsed by blame to place

Fingers point in every direction  
While resting on hair triggers  
The gun is our callous indifference  
The bullet is what we have become  
We have fellated fate for far too long  
Taste our infliction, and know that we were wrong

There is a beauty within this violent paradigm  
And that lies with the inevitability of our end

Staring into the abyss of man  
Empty, consumed, ruled by it's dead hand

May the horror of human nature  
Feed the horror of realization

Caskets for empires founded on fault lines  
Caskets for empires

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