

# Burn The Priest, Chronic Auditory Hallucination

Picking crumbs from the beards of others,  
futile organisms with no spine.  
Human lice with no spine slips  
into a neural wreck of humanity's rot.  
Trust ripping away, dying.  
Your breed is weak,  
the taste of strength bitter to your palate of doubt.  
A remnant of what was, once left,  
a relic you pissed it away.  
Your breed is weak, a thing so weak.  
Mutual downslide into mediocrity,  
you knew better but you pissed it all away.  
Weak.