

Lamb Of God, 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.