

## Tools of Greed

Neaera

We are the weeping mass  
Born into emptiness  
Abandoned in the center of your disregard

Tempted by hope to escape from despair  
Naivety led us  
To fall for your charms

Blinded by the light of your false illusions  
We walked in vicious circles  
Into our doom

From a place where nothing is at ease  
We pray for the aftermath  
As we dwell in perpetual gloom

Spirits numb with fear  
These voices laugh no more  
Whispers to deafened ears  
These crying eyes are sore

We are the ruling class  
Your woeful inexistence  
Is the essence of our lies

We turn your hopes to chaos  
With blind precision  
We dissect your minds

Your loss is our gain  
You are tools of our greed  
We turn your seconds to hours

We sacrifice your empty shells  
To our false gods  
Helplessly devoured