

Breathe

No Omega

I am one of those children
Who find it hard to breathe
Although sleeping,
Feel it difficult to sleep.

Even if we would return to the wild

Maybe it's just a figment of my imagination
Maybe everything is fine

Everything is a natural product of evolution
Maybe everything is fine

Become the one

Become god
Become competition
Become maladjusted,
Self-inflicting horror that burns,
Tortures and defiles
Plagues and ruins

DESTROYS

Destroys until nothing is left
Everything is theft

Become human