

This is the embodiment of unresolve
Spawned by the negligence of humanities devolve
We won't (we won't) be the ones to sit back and dissolve
An existential crisis that cannot be absolved
A gaze to pierce the fleshy souls, the clouds, and the heavens
Formless in its own essence, an entity stretched across the extent
Only deemed alive as blood flows through their veins and with s
not in their nose
Making their faces contort to challenge the mortal coil they've
meshed with
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Ordained the death of humans from their very inception
The destiny of mankind brought forth by their own ideals
Pustules are slowly beginning to form, and pop from their fucking
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Pop from their fucking skin

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