

Tormented Consciousness

Rings Of Saturn

Images forever lingering, only to be recognized by pure absence
Hyperbolic requirements
This is a place where the dead gather to dwell
A hive of tormented consciousness, their own personal hell

Their own personal hell

Mortality, a fundamental human condition
Curiously plucking out the bits of the nervous system
Acting as puppet strings
The fingerprints of god have touched those who are not so vibrant

Tethered to the integration of human will
Contort the flesh, and bend it quickly to instill
The foundation of which a legacy is built
A biological entity, programmed to kill

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