

Parasites

Solar Fake

No faith, no calm, no chase, no fission bomb
No breath, no taste, no meds, no human waste
No time to die, no sign to tag the lie
No breaks, no bounds, no space to run aground

We're not blind

No aim, no fear, no need to interfere
No sex, no drugs, no clue how to fix the bugs

The faults are repeating, we crossed the line
Are we just competing against the humankind
The thoughts we're defeating are redefined
And if we're deleted by parasites, well, we don't give a fuck

No tasks, no blame, no charge, no hall of fame
No hell, no bucks, no bed, no sleep, it sucks
No sense, no life, no omen we could survive
No blood, no grief, no cure for the strong belief