

# Chemical Imbalance

## Tragedy

Mouths hang agape and drool,  
mumbling incoherent anthems of acceptance and fidelity  
trained by clever men  
Hell, hell is here  
In hidden laboratory backrooms splicing atoms,  
reducing humanity to a study on a slide  
with microscopes staring deeper into eyes glazed over by fear  
and desensitization from injected violence and reruns of cops  
With rods they prod at our culture: scanning for DNA  
and an elusive gene that they can steal bottle  
and sell for profit as the next new thing  
Radiation settles, water turns black with ash and discharge  
Chemical imbalance  
Laden with synthetics, genetically engineered life end sustenan  
ce  
Ingredients unknown  
Chemical imbalance  
Hell, hell is here