

Recluse MMX

War from a Harlots Mouth

The more we learn
The less we know
It's a thin line between
Regression and breakthrough

The future is now!
MMX!
Nothing to lose
And nothing to gain

Because it always stays the same
All that glitters - to us it is grey

This is not science fiction anymore
But we're still on the same odyssey
Two millenniums forward and three steps back
Headfirst to the bottom of the downward spiral

The realization is upon thought now
And our hearts are trying to unlearn
We're alone in this world
We're bitter, stay cold

The future is now!

As we suffer, we love
As we sit here, we rot
As we reap, so we sow