

A Place We Shouldn't
Belong



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The rape of Africa
Sinful & senseless

An Accord unbecoming of its justification
In hell we live though we tell ourselves different
Making the most of this as no simple choice is given
Crying isn't enough and the relief is less than satisfactory
Hostility is plentiful but the aid is out of balance
When the wall of least resistance suffers the greatest breach
And the blood of innocence is the currency of our time
Nothing more can be expected from a history of violence
In an existence where we are yet to evolve passed our
ignorance

Maybe the slaughter of masses is the medicine
Maybe the skeleton key through the door of escapism is death
Maybe those who end without reason are the better off
Relieved of this life and its demands
Freed into the deathless, freed into the ether

