

Android Copulation 6/2008

Presented here, a picture of life with not one but many anti-Christ's, with the
Firm belief that something higher than our physical sphere is in control.
Before us lies a world heaped in a cycle of constant connectivity, but with no
Love lost, only the fear of being lost and alone.

In the chaos of bodied armor and a human's meager attempt to create and be
Divine, all those that have eyes to the uncensored reality of our failure; birthed
From our propaganda and lies. Unveiled is the crumbly tinkling of a metal
Hate put on a face to protect the temple that resides deep inside.

So far deep and so long put to death, our conscious wreaks havoc so that even
Our protective masks begin to rust. And by the only means of intimacy left,
We spread ourselves to thin and wide. None of these intimate means can
Be put right, because of the tangling wrong that is strangling our strife.

BREAK, OH SHATTERED SHELL. TEAR AWAY WHAT IDOLS THAT KEEP US
ADRIFT AND AFAR. LEAN NOT ON ANOTHER BUT REALIZE THE INTANGIBLE GIFT
FAR GREATER THAN A PEAK, WHICH WITH ONE THRUST, CAN QUICKLY DIE.
HOLD FAST TO OUR FREEDOM OF WILL, AND BREAK THE TIES
UNIFORMING OUR FAULTS AND FINERY. REPLACED INSTEAD BY A YOKE OF
PEACE THROUGH OUR INDIVIDUAL EYE.