

Forensick

The Haunted

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At night I listen to the sound of the animals,
I understand now that there are no limits to what you are capable of.
You don't even see it yourselves,
and the news anchor on the TV set talks in a neutral voice about rape,
murder
and this weeks weather without change of tone
It seems that nothing matters as we close in on the turn of the millenium,
violence and commercial breaks has become the opium that used to religion.
Fuck you, mankind.
You're so ugly, so vain.
The language of brutality is all you seem to understand,
bloodlust as long as it's someone elses blood.
To fuck, suck, eat and shit.
Breeding has turned into a pastime,
death as recreation...
You are no better than a pack of hyenas,
the sight and smell of someone elses pain and misery makes you feel good,
ensuring one more day in safety,
decimating the odds that you or someone you love is going to get hurt.
Well don't fucking fool yourself,
you're not safe,
not in this world.
All you are is collateral damage,
presumptive headlines,
expendable meat for the media hounds,
statistics and forensic reports for some brainless fuck to drool over on the
internet. You are royally fucked.

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