

Track 1: Tedium

Going through the motions, fading day by day. Nine to five until I die, slowly shaving life away. On a lagged trip down this mediocre road. Dormantly, I live as my goals in life corrode.

Atrophy our purpose and our will as we burn away our time. Apathy. Nine to five until we die.

Soulless drifting, day by day. Lather, rinse, repeat. One dimension, wax on, wax off. Grinding away endlessly. Buried deep, struggling to find what I am missing. Variety, the spice of life, mine's so bland, so mild. How can I go on in this Tedium? Reviled.

Getting up everyday, becoming such a chore. Counting all the hours as I hate this more and more.

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Is this my path in life? Is this it for me? I'd rather burn in hell than rot in purgatory.

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Grains of sand keep falling slower. Trudging through this abyss again. Arduously syphoning my soul.

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Track 2: Cryogenesis

Fields of thawing permafrost. Good for science. What's the cost? Melting glaciation, modern species decimation. Science fiction, science fact. Hopelessly buy time, watching past and present interact.

As the glaciers die, ancient pathogens revive. Slumbering 2 million years, awaiting their return.

Cryogenic lifeforms, born of ice. Finally released from their crystalline vice. Locked away for ages, reborn with one mind. Microscopic teeth bared at all of humankind.

Spreading in ferocity with frightening velocity. Cutting down the millions in its way. Cold, sleek, and shrewd. Chaos infused. Greater than or equal to the sum of mankind's woes.

Microbial assimilation, roaming genocide. A ravenous fixation, antigens not on our side. Contagion regains long lost life, spawned from vile strains.

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Imminent contamination cannot be contained. Wiping out the population, permanently stained. Infectious swarm like a fog upon the earth. Cold, voracious warheads primed for their rebirth.

As the glaciers die, ancient pathogens revive. Slumbering 2 million years, awaiting their return.

Cryogenic lifeforms, born of ice. Finally released from their crystalline vice. Locked away for ages, reborn with one mind. Microscopic teeth bared at all of humankind.

Cryogenesis, born of ice. Glaciers bound the instrumentation of our damnation. How did we get to this point? The cards were dealt. Out of our hands now. Accepting the fate we're given.

Track 3: Vicariously Experienced

Watching on, but knowing they're too far gone. Downward spiral. The signs are clear. Sitting on the sidelines. Anxiety to fear. Wanting to help, but greeted with a sneer.

Watching from afar, detrimental extraversion. Anger takes hold, admiration to aversion.

Shaping and molding experience we see. Sculpting who we have chosen to be.

Realize the hard way, their acts are their own. Determined not to do the same. Witness the same mistakes. Never going to repeat. What ever it takes.

Watching from afar, detrimental extraversion. Anger takes hold, admiration to aversion.
Shaping and molding experience we see. Sculpting who we have chosen to be.

Hoping to break the cycle of self-suicide. Idea of more of the same keeps me terrified.
Learning from the lessons written on the wall. Keeping on track, never to reach for a pack.

Watching from afar, detrimental extraversion. Anger takes hold, admiration to aversion.
Shaping and molding experience we see. Sculpting who we have chosen to be.

Track 4: Suspended Animation (Instrumental)

Track 5: Obsessively Aware

I, the extreme. The paths conjoined, constricting. In trepidation, I concern ten steps forward down the line.

I am one with my mind, I cannot let this go. Restlessly, neurotically, with certainty I toil on in time.

On the edge of madness. Beyond help or therapy. I cannot convey how I make it everyday as the pressure eats away at me.

Overthinking, overanalyzing, I return to this again. Unrelenting, uncompromising, in my mind to never end.

Wound so tight, about to break. There's not much more my mind can take. I keep it trapped inside as I try so hard to hide that I'm

Obsessively Aware of my thoughts and surroundings. Toiling away everything everyday. You know how they say not to fret over small things. To my mind it seems there's no other way.

Hypercriticality staining my reality. Minding all illogical conception. Unable to see what is right in front of me. Nothing but a slave to my perception.

Overthinking, overanalyzing, I return to this again. Unrelenting, uncompromising, harboring my one true sin.

Wound so tight, about to break. There's not much more my mind can take. I keep it trapped inside as I try so hard to hide that I'm

Obsessively Aware of my thoughts and surroundings. Toiling away everything everyday. You know how they say not to fret over small things. To my mind it seems there's no other way.

Looking in all directions. Putting out fires on all sides. It's as if there's eyes behind my head. I almost wish that I was fucking dead.

Overthinking, overanalyzing, I return to this again. Unrelenting, uncompromising, in my mind to never end.

Wound so tight, about to break. There's not much more my mind can take. I keep it trapped inside as I try so hard to hide that I'm

Obsessively Aware of my thoughts and surroundings. Toiling away everything everyday. You know how they say not to fret over small things. To my mind it seems there's no other way.

My eyes are filled with horror, my mind consumed by fire. Wired in dismay. Degradation underway. Tortured by the fate that I desire.

Overthinking, overanalyzing, I return to this again. Unrelenting, uncompromising, harboring my one true sin.

Wound so tight, about to break. There's not much more my mind can take. I keep it trapped inside as I try so hard to hide that I'm

Obsessively Aware of my thoughts and surroundings. Toiling away everything everyday. You know how they say not to fret over small things. To my mind it seems there's no other way.

Track 6: Nefarious Entities

Lo and behold, they're on a lying spree. Pulling you into the fold, telling you you're free. This has been and will be till our hairs are brown amongst the greys. Eternally, a one fingered fist my arm will raise.

The bills have changed, their plans have not been rearranged. Callous back door deals evade detection. Damned if we do, damned if we don't. End of the book, that's all she wrote. Bribes, abduction, we go blind to their corruption.

Treachery. They will always have their way. Here to stay.

Lying to your face as they sell your freedom down the river. Unconcerned, you make me shiver. Running wild, rampant, and unrestrained. Their wallets keep growing and what do we gain?

Oh, half the world a fool, seeming not to know what's at stake. Hastily, submissively following along to the word of a salesman of the oil of a snake. Surveyed, measured, rated and scored. Systems put in place, brainwashed to be adored. A nationwide plan set years in

the making. Now to full fruition, not a daunting undertaking. It starts with an inch and ends with a mile. The basic human rights the sovereign scum will defile. The lengths that they will go, if only they are able. This is where we go if those fucks aren't held accountable.

Public servants who the public's forced to serve will slip away to never get what they deserve. We make their paychecks, their debts remain unpaid. They line their pockets off the countries they betrayed.

Mind-bending sleight of hand. Another misdirection. Disregard to shield myself to keep me safe from their "protection." For the greater good you say, just for us to let you in. You can keep your Great Reset and set these nuts upon your chin!

It doesn't have to make sense. It's broken by design. And when disaster strikes, we'll pay the price and they'll be fine. Farcical creation of royal volition. Corporations used to fight their war of attrition.

Treachery. They will always have their way. Here to stay.

Lying to your face as they sell your freedom down the river. Unconcerned, you make me shiver. Running wild, rampant, and unrestrained. Their wallets keep growing and what do we gain?

We know how this will end. Spoonfed a half-baked solution: a word from their televised congregation soaked in more propaganda.