

Almost Gods

Almost gods, decided for all!

We draw the structure of hate
Our hands are strong; divine.
An anthropoid beast dwells inside us

We are a dismal material idea that allows life to appear,
We choose a rancid destiny and an absurd resemblance
Similar to the satisfaction to choose for others.
We will reach beauty while we devour other's flesh.

We are a structure of tenderness and joy,
Giving other lives with a sad gaze the possibility of our happiness;

It's our strong and divine shitty architecture, instincts and passions.
Pretending to fill life and existence with reasons,
We decide how over time.

Food, blood, slaves, love, money, wealth... and territory!

We'll reach divinity while we disguise as monsters.
We only have the time to be eternal tyrants.

Killing this world!
Let it burn!

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