

Culled "Psyches" Lyrics

The Trauma of History

Unearth the genocide
Brutality of days gone by
Can not be justified
Generations suppress the lies

Veracity is ostracized
Subservient glorified
Repress and pacify
Masses just await to die

We feed on despair
We spread disease
Spawn of the barren
Yet we still breed

Wanton is our cruelty
Hate is what we conceive

We feed on hatred
We spread disease
Spawn of the barren
Yet we still breed

Wanton is our cruelty
Hate is what we conceive
Forgotten morality
Corrupted by our only need

Reckless and blind
As we waste our only time
Generations left behind
Longing for excess engorging on our pride

Reckless and blind
As we waste our only time
Generations left behind
Longing for excess engorging on our pride

This is the trauma of history that we live today
Embracing of our misery is why we stay this way

For greed
For our greed
All in the name of greed

Psycles

Synthetic perfection, ingested bliss
The chronic haunting trauma dismissed

Ignore the scars existence
and all the pain they witnessed
Hide!

Numb all the warnings, just get a fix
Dormant causation, does not exist

Embrace the pill's existence
and all the vain indifference
Lie!

Synthetic perfection, ingested bliss
Devoted patron of noxious piss

Dead and Addicted

Coercion

They control through violence
Indoctrinate and lead them in
They're counting on your silence
So get inline proceed to wave them in

They rid the world of science
The talking points are setting in
They're counting on your silence
So step aside and let their voices spin

Society's divided
Disciplined to let them win
They're counting on your silence
So point the blame right at our own kin

Tyranny aborted liberty

Destiny our own hypocrisy
Tortured by what we choose to seed

No excision will ever stop this charade
Cursed position we no longer can evade
Coercion the world's religion

Breathe in the fire
Corrupted hallowed ground
We're not required
Emboldened by golden crown

They control through violence
Indoctrinate and lead them in
They're counting on your silence
So get in line proceed to wave them in

Coercion the world's religion

Halo of Flies

Halo of flies is what crowns us
Society of brutality and blood lust
Primordial dominion compels us
Blind faith is the path of no future
Impending demise of this culture

Lord of the lies will be maintained
The final words of the blind and deranged

Patriarchal cancer
Our pride is just spades in the grave
Patriarchal cancer
The life we lead is just a charade

Halo of flies is what crowns us
Society of brutality and blood lust
Heavy the crown that consumes us
A culture built of one voice and violence

Excision (Lost Cause)

Excision, dominion
Essential to evolution
Slave-bound, Tied down
Eugenics was the future
Contempt, none left
The dream of the ancestors
Tradition, same system
Propagated like there was no crime

Repeat, false speak
Fall prey to their miranda
March on, cause harm
All hope has been abandoned
For fame, no shame
Peacocking for the cameras
Bow down his crown
Demagogue of propaganda

Time has lost all its meaning now
When we're reduced to primal fears
Our end is near
Time has lost all its meaning now
When we're reduced to primal fears

No sympathy
Our history
No empathy
Just misery
Insanity!

Excision
Excision blinds us all

Lost cause

Excision leaves us blind...

Recording Credits

Recorded Oct - Dec 2023 in Edmonton Alberta Canada at Lawless Recordings by Rob Lawless

Additional Engineering by Kyle Cusiatic

Mixed by Jesse Gander at Rain City Recorders

Mastered by Brad Boatright at Audiosiege Mastering

All Songs Written by Culled

All Lyrics by Shane Hawco

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Quotes on "The Trauma of History" & "Excision (Lost Cause)" from Gabor Mate

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