

# Thunder's Cannonade

## A Forest of Stars

Our sky, she's full of lights, glinting through all that dark,  
uncaring.

The Rats on the Moon are shielding their eyes, against the cree-  
ping, the crawling...

All that so-called useless DNA.

Sharp colours teased to a gleam...

Doesn't matter?

Refracted inaction...

... remains inaction.

This cursed recursive loop?

Pure comedy.

Soon ye shall be razed in flame.

Ha!

How does that fire feel climbing up your back?

Still grabbing with those thieving little hands?

So we strive to lift up our heads against the nowhere, before y-  
ou blot out Mother's summersphere.

One fist may resolve nothing, but many fists shall knock you f-  
lat.

One projection may be simple refraction, but many, well, they e-  
qual reaction.

Those ears of yours just picked up a sneaky peal of thunder.

Are you ready for the lightning to strike?

Are you?