

The Final Overture

Anubis Gate

Exhausted and frail is my mind
At the end of my tether I find
This burning sign
A tale from ancient times
When we used to dream
Of eliminating crimes

Annoying as it seems
We had it all and more
Regardless of winters
We can't ignore

The Earth is due for closure
The final overture
Will destroy the break of day
And we've no prayers left to say
Predictable and sure
The final overture
Ominous and obscure
The final overture

The well of resources ran dry
As we celebrated
Loudly to drown out the cry
Dread it or be dead

Thought-obsessed we thought
In a future scene
We might bring ourselves to naught
In this God-made guillotine

It's too late to rectify
This grand exploitation
We can't deny

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And there's no prayer left to say
Bye...