

Future Song

Bang

Flowing softly pinkish foam
Clinging mass of swirling waste
Eyes behold a sight of gloom
Churning flesh come sliding home
Bees and Birds their wings grown old
Their speed has gone their legs deformed
Tiny thoughts that never grew
Are lost among the wetless dew
Smoking rafts are floating high
Reveal the deeds of days gone by
Earth's own shroud now looks of gray
It's seas and trees have turned to hay
Echo's greet the ones who yell
Warring tribes now own the world
Science learning a search for truth
Have slid beneath the roaming puke
Man was great he touched the stars
Now he breeds in rusty cars
Where once stood cities spiraling high
Now hangs death a poisoned sky