

## Desert Rat

Cancerslug

No death is not the end  
for we were born of dust  
outside the world of man  
even now time is on our side  
although im just a desert rat  
burning in the sand  
blood blisters from our skin  
cracks begin to form  
but still there is time to mend  
cold winds begins to change  
tide begins to turn  
washing over land  
too late  
rats have learned to swim  
useless to resist  
feeding on all men  
now what you had is ours  
the land again is pure  
and you fertilize the flowers