

Amidst the Ruins

Deeds of Flesh

Decades have passed since the genesis
Genesis of the great Virvum harvest
Covert underground command centers have enabled
use of satellites
Transmissions from space disabled
Technology with the use of pulse attacks
Cozen pods now litter the Earths sky
With remains of plans not known to us
Ornaments hung by an ancient alien breed for victory

Amidst the ruins of the Virvum
Obsessed concentration camps
The souls of the fallen speak from harvest burial grounds
Forever weeping
Articulating tales of sorrow and loneliness
Spirits condemned eternally
To exist between the underworld and this world

Herded and slaughtered for their cosmic force
Engulfing all the life force from the chosen host
The skeletal remains of former slaves
Are chained for eternity to the vacant alien thrones

The temple beacons remain emitting
Horrorific horrid hypnotic frequencies
Calling to the unknown
The structures pulsate
In an infinite frequencial loop
Resonating throughout the valleys of space
For an answered call

Immune to the frequencies of the beacons
An evolved mankind now immune
To the hypnotic trance set by the alien beings
Continue to build the new civilization, human tribes evade
Militias by trekking off the beaten path
Embracing all sanctuaries to harbor the remaining bodies
Rations are growing slim, cannibalism is mandatory
Chaos and anarchy erupt into rebellious gangs

Rogue tribes scavenge the wasteland
For survival
Harvest temple territories are persistently attacked

Battles persist on Earth
With no knowledge of the pending doom
Of the pending doom that still awaits from above