

# The Silent Elk Of Yesterday

Estradasphere

Guns,  
Scent destroyers,  
Chainsaw,  
Timber...

And here I am  
Destined north from here  
To colder climes, where a few might stand  
Beyond this ridge I go  
In search for fertile land.

Soon you'll feel my pain  
Because I am your future son  
Man and earth as one  
Or I ride on through your cancer haze.

Blackened days,  
Thick with shame.

The Master;  
"As fluid as melting ice  
Receptive as a valley  
Clear as a glass of water  
Do you have the patience to wait till the mud settles"  
"Success is as dangerous as failure  
Hope is as hollow as fear."  
Victory; is a cluttered home and when  
It kills you to step outside!

Tree stands,  
Ghost forest,  
Carbon,  
Red Moon,

Now I lay  
Victim of the modern world  
Underneath I plant three seeds  
And giveth my body - decompose  
To let grow from soil once more.

In Satan's name  
You're exculpated from blame  
For your world turning to black  
Alas the deer shoot back  
Before we destroy it all.

The deer shoot back,  
White tail attack.