

# The Juggernaut

## Fit For An Autopsy

The harvest of the human seed, the Earth is a corpse field, collected  
On the wagons, catapulted into mass graves. Foul air corrodes the  
Skin. The trumpets sound the alarm of the overwhelming onslaught.  
Deep  
Gaps do open, devouring the dead. Horribly distorted faces leaking  
Decay. No conflict resolution, no bond to fix the fault lines.  
Take  
The breath from the Earth. And again and again the clouds will  
come.  
Split the sky, consume the drowning horizon. Fire red as it flashes,  
But does not thunder. Embrace the hour of devastation. Bringer  
of war.  
Take the breath from the Earth. Bringer of war. Take the breath  
from  
The Earth. There will never be peace. we will never be safe again. No  
Conflict resolution, no bond to fix the fault lines. Take the breath  
From the Earth. No history to tell, no legacy to leave behind,  
no  
Future generation. Take the breath from the Earth. Funeral for  
a  
Failing race. A mass of graves where the soil bleeds. Reborn from the  
Rotted caskets. This is the harvest of the human seed. The Earth is a  
Corpse field.