

Ancient Sunlight

Hit The Switch

Applause roars across as all constituents agree in favor of allocating the new stateside.

A means to bring about new hope to each and every lost soul that wish be saved,

A means to get by on faith.

As in the past an ancient proverb leads a marveled crowd,

Their torches light the streets,

What treasures lie beneath one hundred decades worth of sun?

This precious heat now energy preserved,

The plight it brings to all who bath their lives in this black gold,

Your wretched soul won't save you much.

The tribulations put upon the lives in years to come,

Will they take heed in what we have ignored?

When this world's abundance fails mans rising plains of consumption,

Unprecedented change will come.