

# The Hungry Ghost

## If Hope Dies

when man made the choice that production holds more meaning than life  
he sentenced our world  
to a slow and lingering death  
strip the land of all it holds  
clear the forests down to the last stone  
convert the living to the dead  
and lose your life in the process  
our civilization can reach no peak  
it must continue to ravage the landscape  
consume all the riches it has to offer  
swallowed down into a stomach  
that can never be full

just like a parasite  
our industries cripple their host  
and leave it  
too weak to stand

we can lay no claim to this land  
where did mankind develop his entitlement?

to rape this earth and sky  
to leave it choking and waiting to die  
shows that we have developed  
a terrible hatred of life  
our culture is too busy  
consuming it's dead remains  
to see the carnage on either  
side of it's face

yes, this is a reality  
as real as the poisons we eat  
it's in everything we touch  
we have all been marked for death

as our skies turn grey  
and our water becomes deadly to drink  
we will all perish

this will be our end  
our desire for production  
has doomed us  
we cannot defend  
our selfish actions  
up to this point  
how can we stop  
this monster that  
we've created?  
it will never rest  
until it's never-ending  
hunger has been sated

just one more species extinct.