

Extinction

Nausea

the world is growing weaker
with the passing of each day
riding the westwinds
the fetid stench of decay
resources dwindle into the consumerist machine
as mechanical vultures pick
the carcass of our world clean
extinction
from the rot man has sown
he must now reap the seeds
the fruit of his labor
hunger and disease
we now cling to this dust
like flies, crawling on carrion
whose infertile soils are fit
only to bury in
extinction
as our dying breath is released to the wind
the innocent lie
with those who have sinned
their meaningless lives
have long been forgotten
as the cycle rebirth
starts to begin
a new day will dawn
through the rising of smoke
of civilizations shattered dreams and hopes
new life will rise from mankind's fall
whose corpses will feed
on the barren dead soil.