

Killing The Giants As They Sleep

Panopticon

We wept as we passed through the mountains clothed in July clouds,
under the restraint of power lines, their fury bursting through
the summer haze as ethereal music filled the air.
Nearly conquered by the mountain, I have found such deep respect for what you destroy.
Older than time and cut down by a lesser foe, like thieves in the night mined for coal.
Timeless stone buried beneath, unearthing the secret poisons in to its belly...
You hack at the mountain and scrape away for your simple need what was formed by silent gods on the day the void first burst with sound.
Pulsing with life, you don't see its shimmering green.
You see the deeps hue of coal, grey smoke and black waters in the stream...
Poison the earth, poison the stream, killing the weary giants as they sleep, blackened waters, sand and soot-grinding gears halt serenity.