

Breaking Point

Parkway Drive

Black plagues, line a fading sky.
A dying world stripped to the bone,
Intoxicated by the madness.
Blood weeps from open wounds.

And still the fires rage,
Consumed, now chaos reigns.
Our pride dissolved,
The rise and fall,
The breaking point,
Burned and crossed.

Lost,
Now immune to all the carnage,
We turn upon ourselves.

Within these times of desperation,
We are the virus that has infected,
To its last.

Nothing is sacred,
Nothing shall be saved,
No one shall be spared the horror,
That has yet to come.

Destroy and discard,
This is all that we know.

Blackened flesh, blistered,
Hangs from skeletal frames
Stalking this arid wasteland,
Our minds immune to change.

The shreds of morality,
Fall by the wayside,
As we are left to ponder,
These black box revelations.

In these days to come,
In this,
Our final hour,
We will witness the true depths to which,
Humanity can sink.

Humanity can sink.

We will learn,
To suffer.
We will learn,
To fail.
And before long,
We will beg for the end.

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The rise and fall.

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Burned and crossed.