

# Precious New World

## Project Pitchfork

Earth is given to us as a pledge  
Our task is to preserve her  
But we drill into her  
Like a tapeworm into a dog  
The poisoning of our planet  
Grows larger from day to day  
Death wins without a battle

The earth which feeds us is ruined  
The ocean becomes a dusty heap  
The air we breathe is filthy

Humanity opens the nuclear can  
And lives of lended time  
Procreation and birth  
Work and sleep  
In a terminate state  
In a precious new world

Surrounded by dying nature  
The world turns upside down  
We have created her in a shape  
In which the eagles die  
And the seaweed thrives  
We are on collision course

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