

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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