

No Next Generation

Red Harvest

Pulsing, floating, infiltrating,
Something's wrong inside my body -
Emotionless, it burns my flesh,
And I don't feel so good...
This is it, oh I know it, it never crossed my mind,
That it would come to this end, now it's done,
I can't turn time -
But hey! Who said I'd live forever,
Although I thought I had some time to spend,
Yet there will be no more games to play, game's over...

The mutated, highly contagious, man made virus,
No cure to save us!
No conclusion, no illusion, there will be
No next generation!

Yesterday I walked the streets
To find another survivor,
The only sounds are my heels against the pavement,
Cold and rainy...
The neon signs still scream out, buy this, buy that!
But no-one listens -
There's go to be someone out there besides myself,
Can't be that I am the only one left here!
But there's no responding to my cry,
Is there anybody out there!?

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War research - death to earth
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The silence complete now, except for a single bird,
Singing the requiem for a world now eradicated,
The epitaph will read:
This planet's people solved their problems,
Like no-one ever had the guts to think of,
Final solution, total resignation now complete,
A world without people, a world without life...

Behind drawn curtains I close my eyes,
Thinking of all that was and never will be again,
And outside the planet's left alone forever in orbit,
And it's a worthy end...

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No more - no more - no more!