

Fields Of Predation

Revocation

Rigid, ordered rows of spikes metal and cold
Extend across the fields
Creating perfection within grid formation
Frigid winds blow; exact a bitter toll
On those unfortunates condemned unto the
Steel fields of predation
Savage is the sentencing when destined to be pierced
For capital offenders this is punishment most fierce
Even a fearless man will weep and plead
At the calling of his name
No escape, the time has come
To plummet onto the plans
Justice, just a relic
In the new world forgotten
Reigning malignancy in splattered steel
The stench arises, rotten
Any will to be free
Is insurgency
Wretched destiny is impalement
Industrial wasteland is all you see;
The poor lie diseased on the pavement