

The Tragedy Of Modern Ages

Revocation

Silence, the hymn to the somber lands,
As nuclear winter descends,
Wraiths of past nations linger and loom.
In the shadows of history's death.
An unsustainable standard of affluence.
Has decimated the makings of man.
And commodity's gaping influence.
Has distorted and defiled all the land.
Written in a timeless script,
The tragedy of modern ages.
Cries forth the dismal fate of man.
In bloodied, tear-stained pages.
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Trapped within a fabricated world. Of Gods encased in metal beams,
Subsumed and enveloped in synthetic dreams.
Evolution holds a cunning trap - The misfortunes of the human.
Are his works, though brilliant they may be, they've led him to
his ruin.
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