

Rust of Coming Ages

Serenity

Behind the artifacts of old
You never saw their virgin glance
Held in creating hands unknown
Exposed to oxidation, slow disintegration leaving trace
(Corroding for all days)

Anything shining bright today
Will undergo this certain decay

How many ages have to come and go until we know
All we create has to fade
When the never still assembly line subsides to shine
What will remain

Now it is the same old tale again
The egoistic fail to see it's not their private history
Once caught by this seduction
Follows destruction of our world (and millions lie unheard)

Anything breathing light today
Will undergo this certain decay

No machinery (we pave)
And no HDD (our way)
Was ever built to spin eternally (liquid crystal dismay)
In the tombs of stone (beyond)
Any servant drone (below)
Is just a remnant found beneath the bone