

Mushroom Rings

Svartby

Any human village once finds itself
All surrounded by the brown cloud of spores
After it is gone, at your backyard
Small and strange, mushrooms slowly grow

Next week villagers are happy to get mushroom crop
Wow! Their food problem is now solved
Until the mushrooms have become
Too many and too tough to cut

Trapped and devoured by mushroom rings
Aged, old and dead, vile spores within

When the mushrooms grow tall
Taller than a bell tower
Neither axe nor saw
Can ever chop them

Get used to live in shade
Of the mighty mushroom ring
Can't run and can't escape
The dazing slumber

Things grow old with every minute
Living beings old in hours
Walls and fences rot in few weeks
Inside the glowing mushroom rings

Dead marshes in violet spore clouds
Moldering dust in air and ground