

The Fourth Prime

Textures

Seven virtues
And seven sins alike
They represent our own creation
Like seven man made wonders
Glorious in concept

Subjected to our own devastation
We recognize occurrences
And categorize our surroundings
While giving meaning to words

All conceived from the urge to understand
And now used against those who don't

The fourth prime has its story to tell
So much meaning bestowed upon one number
A single word
All because the world has to make sense

Seven fatal flaws
Encouraged by seven continents
Lived by through seven eras of time
All leading to the downfall of man

The question is not how but when?

Signs of adaptation surround us in numbers
Recognized and described by manmade words
Endless theories of mutating evolving revolving spirals

Cannot convince that change should be next in line
Abiding the law of gravity

Hovering into nothingness
Accelerating down the scales of coexistence
Beyond the point where no man lives for himself

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