

Plan Of Execution

Tragedy

a barren landscape of a ravaged world
forgotten remnants of a savage war
vultures scatter, buzzards swarm
darkness descending from the heavens' scorn
the caches of riches mean nothing now
a scalpless skeleton wears the crown
empires fall and all are equal in death
peasant and slaver take their last breath their last breath
hand in hand, time after time, insane despots
execute by design, taking the world down
with them in vain, colors fade into a sea of grey
no in blindness, life stops breathing
no signs of life but the scavengers feasting
no signs of life, no signs of life, no signs of life