

A smear of grey across the sky
A warning in the distance
An indecipherable alarm

And there we stood, our mouths agape
The deer caught in the headlights
Our minds adrift and far from harm

Smoke on the horizon
Can the flames be far behind?
We run for cover, but it's too late
We are engulfed, we are
The smoke on the horizon

Nothing ventured, nothing lost
We paid the price, but at what cost?
We sold our future to the past

Accept a necessary doom
Too easily and way too soon
Ignore the wisdom we amassed

A smudge of ash across the ground
An undelivered message
All that remains is memory

A gust of wind across the plains
Carries away the remnants
Into forgotten history