

Harsh Future

Cerebral Turbulency

A last, desperate look remains
When the verdict has been by a brain so bad
The endowment of life becomes dead ashes
Burnt trunks , a glow, dust and smoke
What was created exists nomore
A flower became extinct before someone smellt it
A wise fool build a concrete jungle where once it was green
The last corner which survived on earth
Will be destroyed by the sharp claw of the devil hand as well
A bird's song is deafened by the machine's yell
As if it was a sign of death
When the last tree finds its fate - one that grew there for centuries
Only the dead view for belief in dead days remained
And man by himself - like the pupped of time -
Completes his fate