

Locust Swarm

Falconer

There's a sigh from the barren soil.
Dysfunctional ecology.
Cycles soon in turmoil.
Tomorrow's promises die
by an ancient golden diety.
Udders one by one dry.

Another concience join to the funeral feast.
Another sacrifice thrown to the beast.
Hearken to the tolling bell
of a worn out world's last yell.

Who is the bringer of the coming storm?
Who is the last victim that we now condemn?
Who is the demon there in human form?
That's kneeling down in worship to the requiem
for the locust swarm.

There's a rotten smell to the mound.
A bitter taste to mortality.
Fertility gone unsound.
The recipie to our grave.
Unnecessary necessities.
Human kind now enslaved.

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Who is the bringer of the coming storm?
Who is the last victim that we now condemn?
Who is the demon there in human form?
That's kneeling down in worship to the requiem...

Who is the serpent of the paradise?
Who is the snake tongue that now joins the requiem
for the locust swarm?