

Dystopia

2nd Suicide

A senseless mass of forms in blind struggling
Faces blithered, worn, in an effort to remain
A molten dawn breaks in a myriad sick hues
Colorless, ill radiance, chaos, catastrophe

This premonition
World born of fire

An inhuman, foul-breathed gale blows
Burning ash and torn debris scatters in the wind
Like the scream of an anguished black god
Tears through the earth, burnt flesh and shattered bone

We have come this far
Soon - there is no turning back

No turning back

The deeds of past men
Laughing well in their shallow graves
Rise and fall of the infamous wise ape
Obituary of a global scale

So pass the seasons
Indistinct from one another
So unfolds the flow of time
Nihilicity unveiled

Nothing remains