

Desert Rat

Cancerslug

No death is not the end
for we were born of dust
outside the world of man
even now time is on our side
although im just a desert rat
burning in the sand
blood blisters from our skin
cracks begin to form
but still there is time to mend
cold winds begins to change
tide begins to turn
washing over land
too late
rats have learned to swim
useless to resist
feeding on all men
now what you had is ours
the land again is pure
and you fertilize the flowers