

Black Ash

Cataract

Counting the grazes, the wounds of this time, scratches and cuts
lie open in the mud
empathy stolen from the ones yet to come, what's left is not more
than a crumb
the flag we're waving is of forward progress
life took us down to the lands of dryness leaving behind wasteland
and trash
left on the stage only black ash
what would belong to them they will never see,
what had to feed them they will never taste
the greatness and vastness - they'll never feel
the flag we're waving, is of forward progress
modernity took us down, to the lands of dryness
leaving behind wasteland and trash left on the stage only black
ash
when our curtain falls, the void they'll see
leaving behind wasteland and trash, left on the stage only black
ash