

## Amidst the Ruins

## Deeds of Flesh

Decades have passed since the genesis  
Genesis of the great Virvum harvest  
Covert underground command centers have enabled  
use of satellites  
Transmissions from space disabled  
Technology with the use of pulse attacks  
Cozen pods now litter the Earths sky  
With remains of plans not known to us  
Ornaments hung by an ancient alien breed for victory

Amidst the ruins of the Virvum  
Obsessed concentration camps  
The souls of the fallen speak from harvest burial grounds  
Forever weeping  
Articulating tales of sorrow and loneliness  
Spirits condemned eternally  
To exist between the underworld and this world

Herded and slaughtered for their cosmic force  
Engulfing all the life force from the chosen host  
The skeletal remains of former slaves  
Are chained for eternity to the vacant alien thrones

The temple beacons remain emitting  
Horrorific horrid hypnotic frequencies  
Calling to the unknown  
The structures pulsate  
In an infinite frequencial loop  
Resonating throughout the valleys of space  
For an answered call

Immune to the frequencies of the beacons  
An evolved mankind now immune  
To the hypnotic trance set by the alien beings  
Continue to build the new civilization, human tribes evade  
Militias by trekking off the beaten path  
Embracing all sanctuaries to harbor the remaining bodies  
Rations are growing slim, cannibalism is mandatory  
Chaos and anarchy erupt into rebellious gangs

Rogue tribes scavenge the wasteland  
For survival  
Harvest temple territories are persistently attacked

Battles persist on Earth  
With no knowledge of the pending doom  
Of the pending doom that still awaits from above