

## Extinction

Nausea

the world is growing weaker  
with the passing of each day  
riding the westwinds  
the fetid stench of decay  
resources dwindle into the consumerist machine  
as mechanical vultures pick  
the carcass of our world clean  
extinction  
from the rot man has sown  
he must now reap the seeds  
the fruit of his labor  
hunger and disease  
we now cling to this dust  
like flies, crawling on carrion  
whose infertile soils are fit  
only to bury in  
extinction  
as our dying breath is released to the wind  
the innocent lie  
with those who have sinned  
their meaningless lives  
have long been forgotten  
as the cycle rebirth  
starts to begin  
a new day will dawn  
through the rising of smoke  
of civilizations shattered dreams and hopes  
new life will rise from mankind's fall  
whose corpses will feed  
on the barren dead soil.