

Calamity

The Antlers

Who will look after what we leave behind?
Well-hidden waste, out of sight, out of mind
Mountains of metals and slime, hard to find by design
Rotting garden where crud and convenience combine

Over calamity we climb
Sure we'll get this right next time

Who will look after what we leave behind?
Still-burning barrier of smoldering pine
Cover-less creatures confined
Climbing vines, running blind
Seeking shelter and safety in sudden decline

Over calamity we climb
Sure we'll get this right next time