

Atlas Volt

"Mother Nature's Infanticide"

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The end of man won't be the end of the world
Mother Nature's Infanticide
Mother Nature's Infanticide

We can see it coming

She's been
Cheated
Mistreated
Her resources are depleted
She's bruised
Abused and confused
Now she must choose
To get rid of the fruits
She carried in her womb
Our existence is doomed
We're gonna get
What we deserve

She's all worn-out
With more than she can bear
Unbalanced, tilting and spinning in despair
Suffocating trying to breathe some air
Wondering why life is so unfair

We pumped the essence of her past
In our vision of the future
She's longing to be free at last
Burden of motherhood is torture

Open wounds in the atmosphere
Modern warfare in both hemispheres
Her choice is made we need to disappear
Our dear Biosphere will not shed a tear

Bipolar meltdown
She'll watch us drown
Her distress is profound
She'll think her crime is justified
It's assisted suicide

Sheâ€™ll choke us down
We wonâ€™t be found
Sheâ€™ll bury us all, deep in the ground
Her parasites will all subside
Mother Natureâ€™s Infanticide

This song is no prophecy
Itâ€™s a cautionary tale
Written in the skies and the seas
Or measured on the Richter scale

Are these gigantic eruptions
Caused by some mantle disruptions?
Or is the sacrifice of her prized possession
Nothing but a crime of compassion?

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