

## A Flock Of Seagulls "Thunder's Cannonade"

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Our sky, she's full of lights, glinting through all that  
dark, uncaring.  
The Rats on the Moon are shielding their eyes, against  
the creeping, the crawling...  
All that so-called useless DNA.  
Sharp colours teased to a gleam...  
Doesn't matter?  
Refracted inaction...  
... remains inaction.  
This cursed recursive loop?  
Pure comedy.  
Soon ye shall be razed in flame.  
Ha!  
How does that fire feel climbing up your back?  
Still grabbing with those thieving little hands?  
So we strive to lift up our heads against the nowhere,  
before you blot out Mother's summersphere.  
One fist may resolve nothing, but many fists shall  
knock you flat.  
One projection may be simple refraction, but many,  
well, they equal reaction.  
Those ears of yours just picked up a sneaky peal of  
thunder.  
Are you ready for the lightning to strike?  
Are you?

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