

Burn Season

"Ruiner"

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How light could be our darkest hour?
None will be left when they come to collect their blood
debts.
All accounts will run dry, a binary vessel full of nothing
but dust.
A vicious lust for control has turned us into faceless
pawns for faceless kings,
Shedding rivers of blood turned the color of lucre
greed.
Fiscal commandments impel and we will obey blindly.
The fury of the sun has passed into the hands of men
Whose hands were already too full of abused strength
and anger,
Of abused strength and power.
Bio-economics killing again and again.

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