

## **Burns Out Bright**

### **"2012"**

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"...(the weapon was) a single projectile charged  
With all the power of the universe.  
An incandescent column of smoke and flame  
As bright as the thousand suns rose in all its  
splendor...  
An iron thunderbolt,  
A gigantic messenger of death,  
Which reduced to ashes the entire race...  
The corpses were so burned As to be unrecognizable.  
The hair and nails fell out; Pottery broke without  
Apparent cause, And the birds turned white...After a  
few  
Hours All foodstuffs were infected...to escape from this  
fire  
The soldiers threw themselves in streams  
To wash themselves and their equipment"  
[-the Mahabharata (ancient Indian text)]

The past is just the past isn't it?  
Or is there so much more behind history  
Too old to be told.  
Blocks of faith, power and greed  
Could not stand a chance,  
Would be taken to their knees.

I've read the accounts of mushroom clouds of 4000  
years  
Past and the flight of Viminias  
And structures placed in such a way  
That just may spell out our fate.  
Reduced to tourist sites...  
So be the maps of civilization.

Watch the sun fall.  
The year it ends, watch them all come down.  
We won't need our bombs  
To make the rain fire.

All tongues, all faiths  
Correspond on the 5th's sun's fall.  
You can't use your greed to buy your way back.

One life.  
Armageddon  
Comes with a surge  
To burn and purge.

Materialists run with a life  
All in vain but  
There's no justice like the end of the world.

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