

## Initial State "Eclipse"

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Inconceivable it is that somewhere on earth a land  
exists  
untouched by civilization's hand. Try as we might to  
peer  
through the folds of the death grip. The overwhelming  
human tide surging forward smothering everything  
that  
our twisted minds cannot justify as worthy enough  
to take a place in this lie we call progress.

Scourge! Scourge! Scourge! Scourge!

Unwilling to let in the sun unable to escape what's been  
done and our towers built like open wounds on the land

that as each day passes begins to more and more  
resemble  
a vision of hell I had as a child and the droning sounds  
of progress begin to resemble more and more  
the coming of an endless locust swarm.

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