

Initial State

"Swarm"

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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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