

Joe Santa Maria

"Creation's Crowning Glory"

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Now stare beyond the abyss
Deep into the future's eyes
No scaldic verse will ever
Foretell our lingering demise
The soil suspires resigning
While I solemnly despise
And the copy of a fake oak's
Seed is gonna rise

Throughout the urban canyons
I will send my sonic waves
I call from concrete towers to
All yet unborn slaves
My mind is like a climber
Overgrowing iron gorges
Nerve codes like lianas
Entwine around the forges

So don't you bother
To call me brother
I'm not of your kin
I save my own skin

Just stand in file
Sick and vile
In concrete cells
Where no life dwells

Again I whisper
In the ear of the blind
There's no loophole,
The myth must rewind
Each step is fated
This doom bound am I
The well is dried up
And the hostage will die

Through the ironwood a blight I waft
Necropolitans awake by my draft
Out of scorched earth a giant I craft

Into each crevice life I will graft
An organic form of life I draft
Out of scorched earth a god I craft

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