

Meathook Seed "Famine Sector"

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A shuttering retired widow,
Overlooks....a land condemned.
Persecuted sun has fled
Eternal midnight banes,
Winter of discontent
Surrounded by haunted rows of brittle dead crops
Farmers perish.
A multitude of children and of women and of men,
An army of none.
The weak will not succeed!
Death Drums Beat.
Uncounted heap....led aimlessly,
Towards a slit in the side of a dune,
Several fall....the way is paved,
With slabs of human flesh,
A flock recoils....
Helpless masses,
Scattered like unborn larvae.
He pulls his terror throttle
A flood of muticoloured shame,
Fills his shallow pit,
Bonfire
Smouldering
Expressionless, emotionless
Expressionless, emotionless
Expressionless, emotionless
Expressionless, emotionless
As he analyzes his mummified treats
As he analyzes his mummified treats
As he analyzes his mummified treats
As he analyzes his mummified treats
The last sunspots of a surrogate dawn.
Famine Sector...
Famine Sector...
Famine Sector...
Famine Sector...
Expressionless, emotionless
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