

Paul Janz

"Earthquaker"

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We can't escape from inexorable results
When our thoughts support convection
Honouring the noneage cult,
Draining the fountains of reflection

Feeling the wolves of numbness
All systems seek stasis
We are drunk by feebleness
As we blend this poisonous crisis

The world is out of joint
No return at this point

Shaking the foundation of objects secure,
Peaking every scale
With implored abilities, still trying to move the core
Sending out waves that will derail
The substance that creates us

We are the doom makers
We are the star breakers
We are the earthquakers

This mental landslide seems invisible
From solid to liquid without our attention
Blindfolded in megalomania's tunnel
Until a raging avalanche becomes our latest invention

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