

Voicst**"The Grave Of Civilisation"**

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Relics and dust beneath
My weary feet
All that remains
Of the world I remember
Acrid and fertile the stench of decay
Enters my mind
And writes in my soul
This desolate place, once so alive
Is now dead and cold
I envy the dead
The grave of civilization
It stretches all around me
The silence is painful
It cannot be kept out
I'm left alone with
The sound of emptiness
My footfalls echo off
The monoliths of grey concrete
Relics and dust beneath
My weary feet, all that remains
Of the world I remember
Paint with destruction
Upon canvas of concrete
The proud laid low
Lives are rendered in bone
Where once the hives of man
Strove to pierce the sky
A warren of decay spreads
For mile upon mile
A gentle blanket of ash
Smothers remembrance and grief
But none are left alive
No one still breathing to weep
Ominous mournful clouds
Shroud the ghost of the sun
I wander these ruins alone
And beg for the end to come
Skeletal remains of buildings
Claw at the poisoned sky
Like withered fossilised hands
Of long dead gods

Corpse city shells
Of extinct titan insects
The howl of the restless wind
Through the rusted pipes
An assemblage of melancholy artifice
The arrogant folly
Of mankind's avarice
The swollen red sun sets
For the final time
In a thousand years
The dead glassy earth is growing cold
Filthy snow tumbles
Form a sickly glowing sky
It settles upon the endless
Ruin and bones
There can be no return from this
I envy the dead

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