

Hollow "Landscape"

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Gray, and brittle,
Now shunned,
This blasted heath.

Once, fields of green and bountifulness,
Grew, trees and crops, profusely.
Up, in the sky, through the darkness,
Came star of death, unearthly.

Brown, meteor, mound from space,
Wasting away in the air.
Crops started growing again,
But bitter in acid in taste.
Tainted, the water in the well,
Poison, the colour out of space,

Out of space!

Nothing but ash, nothing but death,
Naught but the fear, the people's dread.

Nothing but ash, nothing but death,
It draws people near, and consumes them.

Gray, and brittle,
Now shunned,
This blasted heath,
This blasted heath!

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