

Houston Davis Jones

"Antarctica/the End Of A Great Cycle"

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I can't see no shelter
I can't see no place to hide from the storm
Shoreline slowly rising
Dry land getting hard to find

There were these clues
Warnings written on the walls for us to find
Left behind by a people time forgot

What did they know?
How could they see what we were blind to
With all of our research and technology?

Now the time's come to dance in this great ballet
To play our part in this play
The cosmic orchestra is nearing the coda
Let's pray.

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