

Ocean

"Queen Of The Food Chain"

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You sure know the rules
To turn all heads to your menu
For this is all you show
... For this is all you have to offer
As she grows pale and old
This color was never your own ever since you bought
the security of control
With then feet of soil on your chest to choke any whiff
of animation
Bury all risks forever
Walk on blood-red sands
Soaked with the grief of coveting docile hands
Crushed by your own rocks
And this is what you draw upon:
Feast on the purity of breathing organic matter
No need to cut off her wings:
Your words lay like stones in her stomach
She takes everything
She's the queen of the food-chain
The last one to starve
The first one to bleed into oblivion

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