

Fit For An Autopsy

"The Juggernaut"

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The harvest of the human seed, the Earth is a corpse
field, collected
On the wagons, catapulted into mass graves. Foul air
corrodes the
Skin. The trumpets sound the alarm of the
overwhelming onslaught. Deep
Gaps do open, devouring the dead. Horribly distorted
faces leaking
Decay. No conflict resolution, no bond to fix the fault
lines. Take
The breath from the Earth. And again and again the
clouds will come.
Split the sky, consume the drowning horizon. Fire red
as it flashes,
But does not thunder. Embrace the hour of devastation.
Bringer of war.
Take the breath from the Earth. Bringer of war. Take
the breath from
The Earth. There will never be peace. we will never be
safe again. No
Conflict resolution, no bond to fix the fault lines. Take
the breath
From the Earth. No history to tell, no legacy to leave
behind, no
Future generation. Take the breath from the Earth.
Funeral for a
Failing race. A mass of graves where the soil bleeds.
Reborn from the
Rotted caskets. This is the harvest of the human seed.
The Earth is a
Corpse field.

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