

Cannage

"Dawn Of Dark Skies"

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In the dawn of dark skies, a painting of mist spread
amongst the air, colored
leaves die and then abandon their origin. Flowerless
aroma and roots with no
chance, earth whisked away by winds of ignorance. A
portrait of blindness we
all possess, and then the all important clock begins to
laugh in all our
faces. In the past, not a thought to the future on a
sphere that's four
billion years old, the sun will burn everything and then
it'll go cold, we
the people will burn to the bone, death ridden corpse
will now mark our home.
Boiled seas will abandon shores. Think where we'll be if
we don't try to act,
the world will go back to it's origin.

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