

Eggshell

Kamchatka

Tainted raindrop.
Chemical blue.
Shapeless grey lid,
close in on you.
Diminishing space
each and every day,
yet increasing a distance
for which the coming shall pay. We live in a time where it means to make sense
for a father to profit at his childrens expense.
To keep draining the earth without putting anything back.
A crust like an eggshell can be easily cracked. Heatwave pounding
a shield grown thin.
Twisted cycles
Empty within.
A legacy left
from generations of sin.
Shameless greed, now, is sucking it in. We live in a time where it means to make sense
for a father to profit at his childrens expense.
To keep draining the earth without putting anything back.
A crust like an eggshell can be easily cracked. We had it but we sold it.

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