

Reiah Discerns the Times

Atomic Opera

I stopped and asked a strange old man who was looking to the East,
if perchance he knew the time of day.

He looked at me so suddenly and with such a fiercesome gaze,
that I could see the wisdom in his eyes.

"Having eyes to see," said he,

"can you not read the signs that are written in the sky and on your soul?

For now the sky is burning red and there's just one thing left unsaid:

Apocalypse isn't future tense, apocalypse is now.

Apocalypse in the present tense, apocalypse is now."

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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