

The Closing Irony

Sacrilege

On the brink of destruction the world trembles in fear,
The madman is screaming, a crumpled corpse lying near,
 The people are fighting for what's left of the mess,
Their minds blown to fragments now blend with the dust.
 The corpses are moving, hungry maggots give life,
 The brave men of the world
 have now fought their last fight,
A mother's last scream as in death she brings life,
 An heir to the world that now wimpers and dies.
 The child is slaughtered as it leaves the womb,
 Fighting for air in this festering tomb.

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