

# 2012

## Burnt By The Sun

The weapon was a single projectile charged  
With all the power of the universe  
An incandescent column of smoke and flame  
As bright as the thousand suns rose in all its splendor  
An iron thunderbolt, a gigantic messenger of death  
Which reduced to ashes the entire race  
The corpses were so burned as to be unrecognizable.  
The hair and nails fell out, pottery broke without apparent cause  
And the birds turned white, after a few hours all  
foodstuffs were infected  
To escape from this fire, the soldiers threw themselves in streams  
To wash themselves and their equipment  
The Mahabharata, ancient Indian text  
The past is just the past isn't it?  
Or is there so much more behind history, too old to be told  
Blocks of faith, power and greed could not stand a chance  
Would be taken to their knees  
I've read the accounts of mushroom clouds of four thousand years  
Past and the flight of Viminias and structures placed in such a way  
That just may spell out our fate  
Reduced to tourist sites, so be the maps of civilization  
Watch the sun fall  
The year it ends, watch them all come down  
We won't need our bombs to make the rain fire  
All tongues, all faiths  
Correspond on the fifth sun's fall  
You can't use your greed to buy your way back  
One life, Armageddon comes with a surge to burn and  
purge  
Materialists run with a life all in vain  
But there's no justice like the end of the world

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