

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 Vimanas 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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