Great Southern Wasteland

Alchemist

Amongst the virulent and multiplying beauties of this southern land
lies a poison legacy for future generations to withstand.
We are curators of all earthly life, united we must speak our minds.
The toxic byproducts of nuclear activities we can't rewind.
Morning iris at sunrise, awakens to another day.
Your new world ever changing, as you bloom, you decay.
Future descendants of this time will never know a life of purity.
For our mistakes made in the era, we have damned them to obscurity.
First we tear down the forests to retrieve that tainted ore,
then we bury the outcome on an ancient ocean floor.
Wilderness of ancient land, torn open by the greed of man.
Vulnerable tribes silently screaming in pain,
the mining of ancestral soils are the deeds of the insane.
Most dangerous substance known to human, dug up and spread all over the land.
Earth tearing machines, mine sickness from the ground,
now for thousands of years no life will be found.
Once as pristine as creation, now a human induced abomination.

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