

The World Is Their Prize

Jeff Jinx

THE WORLD IS THEIR PRIZE

The world is their prize,
Hostage to a blueprint,
Not yet surmised,

Seductive architects of pain,
Boiling oceans, burning rain,
Pretty-packaged poisoned grain,

With each turn the world,
Entangles inside a madman's dream,
No hero will rise,
It's up to us to end this scene,

On the last day of your life,
Will you be here for the fight?

With each turn the world,
Entangles inside a madman's dream,
No hero will rise,
It's up to us to end this scheme.

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