

The Hungry Ghost

If Hope Dies

when man made the choice that production holds more meaning than life
he sentenced our world
to a slow and lingering death
strip the land of all it holds
clear the forests down to the last stone
convert the living to the dead
and lose your life in the process
our civilization can reach no peak
it must continue to ravage the landscape
consume all the riches it has to offer
swallowed down into a stomach
that can never be full just like a parasite
our industries cripple their host
and leave it
too weak to stand we can lay no claim to this land
where did mankind develop his entitlement? to rape this earth and sky
to leave it choking and waiting to die
shows that we have developed
a terrible hatred of life
our culture is too busy
consuming it's dead remains
to see the carnage on either
side of it's face yes, this is a reality
as real as the poisons we eat
it's in everything we touch
we have all been marked for death as our skies turn grey
and our water becomes deadly to drink
we will all perish this will be our end
our desire for production
has doomed us
we cannot defend
our selfish actions
up to this point
how can we stop
this monster that
we've created?
it will never rest
until it's never-ending
hunger has been sated just one more species extinct.

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