Four Earths

Shai Hulud

One scorched, three burning...
Worlds given to hell and man is helpless amongst the cincers.
How lightly tread we now...Today is the tomorrow that was never to come.
Scourge of six thousand years,
Heap thy flesh upon the scales.
The misdeeds of your empire are epic and grave.
A sum the lives of blamed could never outweigh.These are not ignorant islands unaware of their scars,
Sustaining butchers for six thousand years
Under duress of the hook and pull.
With bones from and to the dust, sod retakes its claim.
Transience is lost,
And petty beasts will now learn how precious little they truly own.To reap amends...
The stench of tresses on hot coats.
Hooves of flame trample man into the embers.
The melting of malformed clay into a molten expanse.Dare you cry for gods...
Cry for the ages of desecration and four disfigured spheres.
These spheres make so your fate.
Shed your tears for our thirsting lakes.We grow weary from the searing heat.Disturb not this sleep.
Distort not this placid sea.
This is the hour of extinction,
A respite in the shedding
Of the weight of life-
Life ebbing away.One scorched, three burning...Worlds given to hell, and man is reduced to cinders.
How lightly tread they now...Never regenerate, we ashen sisters.
Restore and melt again.
That ash in the lungs of arsonists is deathly,
This is the uncreation of man."Mothers, how will we breathe..."

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