

Fuck them all to fuck us all.

We forgot what time it was
a minute before midnight.
Then the deafening silence
erupted w/sunlight.

No air for screams,
we choked on our tears.
Even knowing the worst,
playing odds against fears.
Personalized genocide.
Murder amongst friends.
Ghosts of humanity
haunt to offend.
We have all the
hopes & dreams,
thoughts & prayers
For nothing
& for no one
forevermore.

Oblivious convenience.
Complicit in comfort.
This sweet hellscape
distracts us from our fate.
The weather & the ocean
took back the land.
Plans made were broken
w/death at hand.

A force of nature
in a sea of fools.
Bloodred stormclouds
drown the cobalt moon.
Boneyard of shipwrecks
scattered on the shore.
Souvenirs of empires
compelled to moor.
Short-term, shortsighted
ideas were employed.

But when nothing is sacred,
everything will be destroyed.