

8 Foot Sativa, Pirates & Capitalists

like a drunken crew on a sinking ship
we are ill fated and at fault
trampling our brethren
in a self induced stupor of selfishness
panicked and narcissistic
plump faces stricken with terror
regrets bite like the sting of salt in wounds
foretold, mocked and ignored
never has a punishment been so deserved
as the waves lap at your feet
and your breath turns to gasps
a million 'I told you so`s' will weigh upon your shoulders
as the spite drips from my tongue
I will curse your very existence
and as the water fills my lungs
I shall reflect on all
a civilisation founded on dead consciences and hearts to match
the anger seeps from me into the black
sadness consumes as I try to forget
and I will drift beneath the darkness
finally accepting the fate you have decided for us all
and mother earth will lay her head down for the last time
exhausted and defeated
this is the end