

# Cannae, Dawn Of Dark Skies

In the dawn of dark skies, a painting of mist spread amongst the air, colored leaves die and then abandon their origin. Flowerless aroma and roots with no chance, earth whisked away by winds of ignorance. A portrait of blindness we all possess, and then the all important clock begins to laugh in all our faces. In the past, not a thought to the future on a sphere that's four billion years old, the sun will burn everything and then it'll go cold, we the people will burn to the bone, death ridden corpse will now mark our home. Boiled seas will abandon shores. Think where we'll be if we don't try to act, the world will go back to it's origin.