

Ceschi, End Of Skies

(Icon the Mic King)

how do you run from the sky when it falls on you?
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I thought the last days was a catch phrase
someone made it to the finish line in the rat race
that may collapse a wall in this glass maze
its artistry is largely seen as pass
really it's right as rain on this token hero
time is finished when sky's the limit...approaching zero
behold a pale trojan horse the form of a vaccine
silent weapon, quiet war of the world of the banshee
and we touch the stars in a literal sense
while our dystopia's crushed to a minuscule myth
woe is me throwing these stones - no religious defense
see me at the crossroads still tryna sit on the fence

(David Ramos)

It's a self imposed massacre
when the heavens turn to flames
and the petroleum rain drops fuel the fires
fleeing on top of the mountains away from the waters
attempting to swallow
us alive
must survive
trust in CHRIST
or whatever exotic particle composition product of your imagination
that you believe in
rely on something greater than yourself
when yourself is helpless
it's when the sycophants turn to JESUS
defeated fetuses
drowning in ocean crevices
sub-aquatic tumbled tunnels
turn to defective fallopian tubes
it's the wrath of greed
the act of Gods
2012

(Shoshin)

When the Colossus comes, crashing through a sky on fire
The Earth will quake and mark the end of the Prophet's run
The burst and break of the surface will certainly service
The birth of opaque, pestilent smoke to block the lungs
We knew we'd perish in this future furnace
After all the truest prophecies are told by those who mold the outcome
A solid mix of dollar mints and talcum tinted tentacles
Exalt the Chaplain of the ashen chasm!
Our policy of never reevaluating our policies
Will give rise to pandemic damages
White lies and red death for the brandishing
A revolution of stillness; the marching of the mannequins
A twisted vision that mimics movements of crippled pigeons
Folding \$20's till trees imitate smoke from bombarded buildings
In a fallout shelter future, extinction will scream from silos
The blood of man will run, red will flood the land
So say your prayers ridden with false hopes
because the plague prevails and chokes with a grip that grabs ghosts
Yes! Hark the herald Angel of Death!
The peril will mangle and spread
Until "Life" is just a new name for the dead

(Ceschi)
no clouds..
it wasn't white...
there were no angels flying around
no fire..
it wasn't red...
there was no anti-christ nor christ
and the night did not ignite
into a fiery pit of dogfights and demonic delight
instead it was quite like a slight ray of light
flashing in seconds
barely attainable by sight
in the end human life felt so damn trife
as if there was never a plight or a war
a knife or a sword
delight or abhor
no glory
no delusions of grandeur
no more
how do you run from the sky when there's none left
how do you run from the sky when it swallows you
how do you run from the sky when you're stuck on a treadmill floating
in thin air that leads to nowhere