

Project Pitchfork, Mine

The sun is shining
It could be a wonderful day
The children play outside
While the birds sing in the sky

A warm breeze moves the grass
And small feet squeeze it
And while a butterfly passes
You hear the children laugh

It's waiting in the dark

A tiny metal bar
Peeps out of the ground
Dew reflects the sunrays
See me
Oh please see me

It's waiting in the dark

A stone is pushed back in the earth
While a small sole pushes the metal bar

A tiny flash
Disappears into the ground
A soft click
And with a hollow sound
Slowly it ejects - irrevocable
With a swirling movement like a butterfly
It's slowly climbing high
It passes the knees
It passes the hands
It passes the chest
Until it reached its high
Another click
And a fireball appears out of a shockwave
The eardrums break
Like deadly insects
A swarm of glowing spikes
Bursts out of the red center
While flying razorblades
Peel the last laugh off the face
Smeared with blood
A firestorm burns down pieces of flesh
On the red colored grass

Stop searching
Hell is already here
Yes we made it happen
Worse than any beast of prey

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