

# Zyklon, Terrordrome

What can be heard of the sentiment of soilent green?  
The B-29 Bomber, Enola Gay; a personified Grim Reaper,  
leaving behind a mushroom-cloud and heavy ground haze,  
a manmade eclipse,creating a constant defunct totality.  
Hell on earth, who's to blame for erasing an entire society?

The crushing shockwave, man's plutonium implosion,  
wounding the surface like a dying prey.  
Black carbonised concrete, distorted metals,  
appearing like deformed burned skeletons.  
Boiling exhalation, melted glass,  
twisted scrap iron as grotesque deadlike trees,  
portraying man's ability to annihilate himself.  
Everything has become nothing in just a moment of time.

What remains is a sight that no man has ever seen.  
A graveyard with not a tombstone standing.  
An inconceivable testimony of human ill-will.  
The greatest deed ever in a world never to rise again.