

Estradasphere, The Silent Elk of Yesterday

Guns,
Scent destroyers,
Chainsaw,
Timber...

And here I am
destined north from here
to colder climes, where a few might stand
Beyond this ridge I go
In search for fertile land.

Soon you'll feel my pain
because I am your future son
Man and earth as one
or I ride on through your cancer haze.

Blackened days,
thick with shame.

The Master;
"As fluid as melting ice
Receptive as a valley
Clear as a glass of water
Do you have the patience to wait till the mud settles" (2)
"Success is as dangerous as failure
Hope is as hollow as fear." (3)
Victory; is a cluttered home and when
it kills you to step outside!

Tree stands,
Ghost forest,
Carbon,
Red Moon,

Now I lay
Victim of the modern world
underneath I plant three seeds
and giveth my body - decompose
to let grow from soil once more.

In Satan's name
You're exculpated from blame
for your world turning to black
Alas the deer shoot back
before we destroy it all.

The deer shoot back,
White tail attack.

2.(Tao Te Ching. Trans. by Stephen Mitchel, I ch.15)
3.(Tao Te Ching. Trans .by Stephen Mitchel I ch.13)