Project Pitchfork, Precious New World

Earth is given to us as a pledge Our task is to preserve her But we drill into her Like a tapeworm into a dog The poisoning of our planet Grows larger from day to day Death wins without a battle

The earth which feeds us is ruined The ocean becomes a dust heap The air we breathe is filthy

Humanity opens the nuclear can And lives of lended time Procreation and birth Work and sleep In a terminate state In a precious new world

In a precious new world Surrounded by dying nature

The world turns upside down

We have created her in a shape In which the eagles die And the seaweed thrives We are on collision course