

Triumvirat, Vesuvius 79 A.D.

Almost seventeen years
They had been living in peace
Which made their conscience lazy
Life was happily tuned
To take it easy
Seemed the golden rule

But again they ignored
The tune Vesuvius scored
A scream of raw distortion
Glowing rocks he used as drums and cymbals
And burning lava for his violins

The overture wasn't new
But when they reached section two
He had a special effect
Which didn't look like a gag
He tore Pompeii apart
Crescending into part three
He gave the encore for free

The warning born in unknown skies
Was recognized too late
Pompeii's lights had faded out
The gods had closed their gates

The mountain opened up it's mouth
It's breath was crimson gold

The day Pompeii died
It was the devil's fair
That morbid deal had been fulfilled
Vesuvius raised his hands,
'THOU SHALT NOT KILL!'