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Apocalypse

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O dear man of wisdom;

Take a pen and paper,

And note these events,

As you will not be saved,

But should pass this for ages.

This; a world of darkness

was a mother of pleasure domes

but begot envious sons

who fight each other for power?

And the sons dug mother's

legs and made palaces to live,

So the tears were halted from falling.

And the daughters chopped her hands

for her needs and pleasure,

So the green garment was pierced.

The snowy mountains were chopped

And the lovely rivers were drained.

But her progeny was not famished:

They drank dyed water and toxic meal.

Now her children are patients

And her over flooded tears is another pain.

It's rain...It's cyclone...

It's erosion...It's flood

It's explosion...It's genocides...

It's disease which can't be diagnosed.

It's apocalypse but not a curse,



It's a result of your life.

O dear learned man,

Inscribe the past and present

So the future can read, regret and rethink.