**Oceans Rise**

*November 2, 2012*

Oceans rise. Flood.

Crops bake. No rain.

Seven years draw neigh.

Tears of the Planet fall in Silence of the Lambs.

King President Pope Tyrant Titan of Capital Profit Greed

Pay no Heed to such or Fate of a Serf as Thee or I.

Who may note or weep of this Orb what serves as Home to Man.

The Populace Dance to Tunes of Promise what will feed their Nest and Cocoon.

Or shy in Fear at Tales of Woe and Dread.

While Fiddler of Coin and Fashion Plays.

Truth Howls at the Moon. Reason lies in State.

Blind Cold and Dead.

Factory Fields of Poison Grain churn out their Fruit of Mutant Seed.

Fueled with Thirsty Draft of Oil and Coat of Vicious Herbicide.

Drones Bombs and Guns at Masters Whim

With Dungeons full spread Death while Innocents Pass as Babes starve and Bleed.

A Silent Spring draws Near.

Alas has Life's Music died.

Or Pray Perhaps may Sound in the Wilderness a Cry.

What strikes a Chord in All of Common Bond and Grace.

Yea We are One and Share this Terre Gift

Neath Trackless Space and Endless Sky.

To Nurture such in turn to serve yes

Preserve all Life that blends in Symbiotic Miracle with our Race.