

The Dripping Sun  
By G. D. Goya

I watch as  
The sun drips down

It melts the  
Sky and the clouds

Rain in the  
Form of hot flame

Men run from  
The mad warm gaze

Wind full of  
Ash and thick smoke

Screams call out,  
We start to choke

God cries out  
From the red sky

He did not  
Cause it this time

All this flame  
That burns the hills

Was made by  
A few men's will

As I sit  
Up on the hill

I try my  
Best to sit still

I watch as  
The sun drips down

The world dies  
And turns dark brown.