

The welkin disappeared  
There is no horizon  
The sun, the primeval mother, abandoned us  
It despairingly burns behind the shroud  
The pervasive shroud of the deathly ash  
The orphaned nature, the last vital sign  
Fades out in the shadow, burying the old vivid earth  
I knew that even light needs darkness to shine  
But learnt that every darkness always kills the light

Heavy clouds went grey and down  
Crushing lungs with acid air  
This isn't home!  
This is the civilization's grave

This place smells of grimness and fear  
The great vigil of the pending extinction  
Words spat out from the prophet's mouth  
Always tasted so dire, now taste so familiar

Heavy clouds went grey and down  
Crushing lungs with acid air  
This isn't home!  
This is the civilization's grave

Wean off being "human" with every single breath  
We perish in a concrete gas chamber  
Inhaling the self-prepared fate!  
Black visions went real, more real than we'd thought  
We were born as free men but the world we have forged  
Negates the perfect plan and forces us to crawl

Life - death's hybrids slouching around  
Prosopagnosia? Everywhere same blurry faces  
Faces hidden behind the masks - the failed escape  
Masks saving life or just protracting the end!