Ruination

Job for a Cowboy

The earth slowly rots into a malignant tumor, Breeding no life for the future of the world In wake of a nuclear war bodies rise from the fractured and dec omposing fields of abandonment. Their bodies and faces mutated and disfigured, Still breathing through their brimful lungs They limp and crawl across the ruins they once claimed on a lei surely ongoing march. Their flesh still burns, the skin blackens And embers into the dimming air.