

# The Fourth Prime

## Textures

Seven virtues  
And seven sins alike  
They represent our own creation  
Like seven man made wonders  
Glorious in concept

Subjected to our own devastation  
We recognize occurrences  
And categorize our surroundings  
While giving meaning to words

All conceived from the urge to understand  
And now used against those who don't

The fourth prime has its story to tell  
So much meaning bestowed upon one number  
A single word  
All because the world has to make sense

Seven fatal flaws  
Encouraged by seven continents  
Lived by through seven eras of time  
All leading to the downfall of man

The question is not how but when?

Signs of adaptation surround us in numbers  
Recognized and described by manmade words  
Endless theories of mutating evolving revolving spirals

Cannot convince that change should be next in line  
Abiding the law of gravity

Hovering into nothingness  
Accelerating down the scales of coexistence  
Beyond the point where no man lives for himself

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