The War On Drugs -OR- Drunk On Petroleum

The world has never been beyond

a certain age; rising from the ashes.

a phoenix, seeking glorious vengeance and reprieve

from what preceded.

An empire, built, burned, built, burned.

Each with toys greater than the last,

to no avail.

from each; to each;

his own,

now theirs.

a utopian vision, burning: beauty, love, passion; principle of times lost flowing. without remorse; without damnation. but with confessed vengeance, a time by and gone, forgotten. paradise is curse. inherent. the soul cannot forget, nor can it fathom. only rupture. fracture. spilling. its windows glowing, blood flowing. burning. a summer's day to which once compared now a hellish nightmare. a cascade. fire dimming, descending with the moon. the world, the wind, left

fragmented, ashen, a waste-

land. the innocent senses sullied and defiled; a future now unthinkable.

in vino veritas.

blood mixing with the wine.

the plump grapes long before crushed, left to the fading memory of the too long lost. another empire. Another soul, a new victim. a brave new willing world. dank. the stench of Death, the billowing cloak of judgement with the accompanying hammer smothering each and all. transgressor. nonthe bottomless gaze of the divinity burrowing deep into the fires of one's soul. resurgent. the strength of ages failing. each bottle hollow, swept aside by a cool breeze. dulled senses, ignorance. a dream realised, and torn. a vanity incomparable, a seething hatred unimagined, a beauty to delay even his cold grasp. a radiance to stay the hand of Judgement and inevitable damnation, if but for a fleeting moment.

an apex, once formed, to be lost.

hoist by the dual weapons of love and arrogance.

crumbling without foundation;

free without foundation