

Its Over

Over the incarcerated bodies you stride
The phosphorus bombs are as nothing
Evolution seems incapable of learning anything
And now having produced a final monster
Its all down to him, the Caliban
Who rapes all the Mirandas there are
And still unsatisfied turns on darling earth.
They talk of housing, growth, jobs
And as for sustainability
Over my dead body I decline this word
Dont they see the population rising
Must the sun blot out before their eyes,
Something will snap and then god help us-
More will mean worse
Its over.