

This World is Dying

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The world is dying.

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I'm standing atop a mountain, a calm breeze blowing through my hair, The mountains go far, waterfalls flowing from their tops, I couldn't help but stare, This land is so beautiful, it would seem nothing could hurt it, But nothing stays untouched, not even the very last bit, As I continued to watch the beautiful sunset, I start to gaze at a place beyond the mountains and I become upset, At the edge of these mountains, bulldozers were destroying the trees, And beyond that oil that is spilling into the seas, The world that was once beautiful has turned into dust, There is nothing left, except the top layer of crust, We've mistreated this planet, and now we must face the consequences, How could you destroy something knowing it'll be on your conscious, But that's just life, taking everything for granted, Then when things get hard, everyone gets frantic, So go on with your life, knowing you're destroying this world, Then when the day comes you'll have to face the Lord.

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