

ashes to ashes, dust to dust
once fertile land, now barren crust
a "clear cut" path tread foolishly
into the grasp of industry
listen closely, can you hear
the falling of the tree
deep within the forest heart
where no one's there to see
the raping of an eon's growth
squandered callously
another murdered biosphere
consumed by industry
cry of the seabirds, vanished with time
waves no longer crash the shoreline
the sea is now content to boil
weighted down with heavy oil
corpses cast out from the sea
rot on the shore, amidst debris
their skeletons slowly decompose
no longer sun to bleach the bones.