

Armageddon

By: George Zivan

“Peace! Peace!” they cried, all wanted peace,
But did they want it bad enough?
How did insanity prevail
To bring man’s journey to it’s end
When he has barely learned to crawl?
Could it have been his greed and pride?
How did civilization fall?

Here lies a lesson to be learned,
But who is left to learn it?
Here lies the book, the last page turned.

Drones fly over the fields to see
The remnants of humanity;
I watch with eyes consumed by awe,
The scattered fragments on the ground;
Pieces of someone’s lofty dreams,
Sheer wreckage like no man had seen,
In scattered heaps of steel and stone,
Of tangled limbs and flesh and bone,
Earth is a graveyard, their final home.

(“Armageddon”continued)

Civilization does here lie,
In bloody rivers banked by ash,
Neath sultry clouds in blackened sky.

Scenes like this were everywhere,
Cities in piles of rubble lay,
The final vestiges of man,
The final act, the final play.

“Peace! Peace!” they cried, all wanted peace,
Yet all of them prepared for war,
With faster missiles, bigger bombs,
What did they think would lie in store?

They had life, the greatest gift of all,
What kind of animals were these?
Who knows what they were fighting for?
They never learned to live in peace,
At last, they got their final war.