

the CREATURE

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The Trees are bleeding their darkest blood
While we take a hit off our last bud
The creature she quakes as she follows into the wake of her sisters
Selfish the creature is to take the life of those that gave life to her
Ungrateful is the Creature
The world is falling to hell and she continues to feed the fire
No love no passion
She kills the dove in a careless fashion
Destroying those who do their best to help her live
Always unwilling to be in the right and give
Its just human nature some will say
But human nature will bring unto this world its darkest day
Smoke consumes the skies as the fire gets bigger
The creature says her byes
and throws more to the
flames to whither
Not caring what she's
hurting
Not taking heed to the
cautions of her lesser beings
For they do not matter

The creature's needs come before all others
Completely blind to the greater meaning
She burns and burns and as the fire rages she still
doesn't learn
Not seeing the cost of what is lost all hope strays amiss
She is blinded by her wants and her bliss
Destroying the very thing that procreated her existence
But the creature must get what the creature wants
So the creature kills and the creature hunts
Her less beings in rage fight and rattle their cage
But she is so caught up in her rituals, her immoral
politics, that she fails to see the cause
And because of her blindness and her darkness the fire
gets bigger
All love on this earth will soon begin to wither
The coldness chills the lesser beings
But the creature feels no chills
She cares not for the chills any more
She cares not for her future only about her present

*"She now regrets
her ungrateful
decisions..."*

As she consumes her needs she takes away from everyone else's further adding to the darkness

There are few on the lesser beings side and the darkness begins to take its toll over the mother planet

But the creatures greed for her own filthy needs blind her further

She is driven by her want for power and money and control and it consumes all that she once stood for

Corrupted, her spirit is spent

Corruption, breeding the hatred and immorality, is bringing down its wrath on the mother planet and its inhabitants

The wars toll on the resources consumed and still the creature and her sisters continue to use and abuse what has been given to them

As the trees bleed deeper the smoke gets thicker and the end begins to take its grip

Not knowing, the creature has dug herself a hole that she can now not get out of
She now regrets her ungrateful decisions but it is too late and she can't get back all she has killed

As she looks into the world that she has created she draws in her last breath of air
She looks into the world of ruinous decay, a shaken and torn desolate landscape of nothingness

With her last breath she stares into the flames and whispers
I'm sorry

You Can't Fly By: Kylee Alvarez

