

Unnatural Selection

by ryall *Friday, Aug 2 2013, 3:05pm*

international / poetry / post

there is a star-spangled pestilence
that plagues a peaceful world
it spreads via those that submit to it
or that do not actively resist it

take note of those infected
the carriers of this disease,
they are the first that must be
quarantined or purged
they knowingly expose
themselves to infection
and would happily see the
world stricken with perpetual war
-- a symptom of the vile disease

it was not long ago
minds were strong and healthy,
an avoidable scourge would never
have been tolerated or allowed to
take a foothold
but the plague strikes the feeble first
then slowly infects until complacency
is accepted as the norm,
then it spreads chaos
and destruction

nothing good comes of filth -
it is the harbinger of death,
decay and everything rotten

it delights in killing the innocent
children and simple defenceless
folk going about their day

it revels in unreason and inverts
every good thing to create unrest
instability, chaos and cruelty

natural balance dictates that
the longer a plague persists
the greater the prospect of
natural resistance

already the numbers of immune
increase until a critical point
is reached,
a point where an ineffective disease
becomes irrelevant

Lyrics for 'Unnatural Selection' by MUSE

"Unnatural Selection"

They'll laugh as they watch us fall
The lucky don't care at all
No chance for fate
It's unnatural selection
I want the truth

I'm hungry for some unrest
I want to push this beyond a peaceful protest
I wanna speak in a language that they'll understand

Dedication to a new age
Is this the end of destruction and rampage?
Another chance to erase then repeat it again

Counter balance this commotion
We're not droplets in the ocean
Ocean

They'll laugh as they watch us fall
The lucky don't care at all
No (Hey) chance (Hey) for fate (Hey)
It's unnatural selection
I want the truth

No religion or mind virus
Is there a hope that the facts will ever find us?
Just make sure that you're are looking out for number one

I'm hungry for some unrest
Let's push this beyond a peaceful protest
I wanna speak in a language that you will understand

Counter balance this commotion
We're not droplets in the ocean
Ocean

They'll laugh as they watch us crawl
The lucky don't share at all
No (Hey) hope (Hey) for fate (Hey)
It's a random chance selection
I want the truth

Try to ride out the storm
Whilst they'll make you believe
They are the special ones (We have not been chosen)

Injustice is the norm
You won't be the first
And you know you won't be the last

Counter balance this commotion
We're not droplets in the ocean
Ocean, ocean, ocean

They'll laugh as they watch us fall
And the lucky they don't care at all
No (Hey) chance (Hey) for fate (Hey)
It's unnatural selection
I want the truth, I want the truth
I want the truth, I want the truth

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Jungle Drum Prose/Poetry. <http://jungledrum.lingama.net/news/story-728.html>