

51 – EMERALD

Boy : daddy daddy..is that thing a monster ?

Man : no, no, no baby, that there's the future....

Mostly covered in dirt, now it serves as a barrier.
To protect what's behind, once it was a carrier.
All rusted and worn, it could tell a few stories.
Deep below ground, this cage had its glory.

They were only young men, with nothing to lose.
Who dug up the earth, that they were home to.
How many times, does it take til it's full ?
Forever I guess, cause forever it rolls.

How many times, do we bury its dead.
To return there again, and again, and again, and again.

And Again.....

Now it's all gone, there's nothing to see.
So are the people, but not the disease.
That's all there is to it, it's over and done.
Nothing more to it, he was just 51.

They won't be forgotten, this can't be undone.
Nothing more to it, he was just 51.

Too many times, and so many gone.
We'll return here again, and again, and again, and again.

And Again.....