

## **Postmodern Desolation**

The pale sunsets  
Over the ruins  
Of the city. Cast shadows  
Of rusted metals,  
Broken and empty.

Stumbling buildings  
Stripped of the paint and the glass  
Like skeletons ready to collapse

In the endless corridors  
Of the dead city  
Wanders an android  
Paranoid android  
The last of his kind

All lies in ruins and disrepair

The city awaits its finality  
Its only survivor  
Of that golden flame  
A paranoid android  
Now wander  
In the ruined streets  
In the desolation  
Of the post modern age

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