

## the world without 'L'

we've never known the taste of  
the fruit of God  
obedience is truth, they say  
art is no more  
as it never was  
the garden of thought withers  
now that the mind has gone dry  
compassion is a thing of fiction  
no mercy, no pain  
no hope, no gain  
just emptiness  
in the noise of the universe  
we are ever so quiet  
our heartbeats tick away  
into dying time  
Earth fades  
Death awaits, and at the  
End, as it was to begin, there was  
Nothing