

I catch it and be fed By Taxpayers Money

Alone again in somebody else's oils
Weep like sap, Heave as a frost boil
Ten fingers, stay intact
The bullet you brought must be exact
Plants picked, sitting as a ptarmigan
The dream of a feast, prys like the the farm again

Has serenest of places become a dread
Way up to where bounding,
I catch it and be fed
Have the lines of society and all sanity
Come to test and stretch my will
Out here, to survive, malignant,
Be a future next to nill

I watch expectations drop like rain
My ego, my worth, I want it in vain
But it halts for a short while
I don't mourn for my old self, but think upon it with disdain
But why do I seek it's comforting spell
In spite of all it wrestles inside, and does not quell

Because it only exists within the streets of man
a dying city where all people are bland
Of the truth of survival, lost in the grave of tradition
We forgot what came before, the sacrifice and omission
The closeness to earth that has given us purpose
we smother ourselves in laughter, a plethora and youtube circus

Some live for a future, some live in the past
Some live in the present and think its a blast
But forcing high doses of change
To a brain concreted in circuits at an age
Survive as we were taught, by our parents, like it or not
As least we can spot it at this stage