

The Formative Years

Atheist

In the short time
That I have spent
In this ghastly plane
I've come to find
There are so many things
That should be changed
Like the relationship
Between the elder and the youth
It lights the fuse that leads
To all our problems
And that's the truth
Ambition, floods our hearts
In a world in which
We must succeed
If it's only in our eyes
Connoisseur of Opportunity
Release your stubborn nature
Don't electrify the seed
Rectify the need
We know you speak with them
Your close but very far
Communication is essential
Like the light to stars
No need to tell them no
No need to slap their hands
These are the formative years
You would not understand