

The Great Western Cliff-Hanger

8 Foot Sativa

Diamond white versus charcoal black
A thousand faceless souls worth less than one soulless face
This is our daily standard
And it makes me sick to my stomach
Forgetting all we have learnt
This is a new dawn
The bitch of things to come
Something have got to give and this time I think it should be you
As you sit there mouth agape
Shocked by this pixelated distant reality
The press of a button to erase them all
The fecal pacifier in the mouth of the drooling infant
I won't swallow this shit
Mere dollars for the fortune teller
To tell them they are worthless
But given the chance
For less I will give them a gun and your signed confession
Uh oh, looks like you are shit out of luck