

A Potpourri of anarchy.  
A cold slap in the face.  
Chaos, Armageddon couldn't lively up this place.  
With caffeine in my bloodstream and a blank stare in my eyes,  
I sit back, relax, write facts.  
Or are they, just simply lies?  
Why are we here?  
And what's it all for?  
Are we pawns in the game?  
If so, what's the score?  
With this absence of truth and presence of lies?  
How can you wonder why we can't find some answers?  
You won't find the answers in the books that you've read.  
You're searching for answers, but they're all in side your head  
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You won't find the answers in the words that they've said.  
A textbook designed to confine individuals thinking.  
Social practice revolves around what you've been drinking.  
The masses run like rodents to the scent of the rat trap.  
Seeking instant wisdom but instead their heads get snapped.  
The chorus of a song fading sung one too many times.  
The monotony of hearing that last repeating line.  
The quest for success sucks you in and rips you like the rhyme.

Showing you the right from wrong but narrowing your head.