

A Satire Of A Satire Of A Satire Is Tiring

A Lot Like Birds

I'm starting to think that maybe I'm wrong.
It's easy to forget what you're fighting for and what matters more.
But maybe I'm not. What if only time can tell?
Well, until then we'll try this again.
I feel colder without you
but I've learned to embrace the chill about you.
I can't tell if I lost or found you.
Am I making sense or do I confound you?
Oh what to do? Nothing is new.
Now I must deal with my true form of reality.
They like to tax me drastically.
Still learning to fantastically.
Hearing you talk makes me want to shut my mouth.
I wonder who taught you to whisper with a voice so loud.
Oh wow! You've got opinions to share?
So just keep yelling through the door sending your four-letter prayers.
Get lucky once if I care!
Use all your luck if I'm really even there!
I'm so exhausted with noise.
You give me options but don't give me a choice.
"Let's get rich quick," my invitation to the cynics.
"Well, I can't do that. I'm saving up for the day that I get sick.
So run away with your teenage schemes."
What you've got in smarts; I've got ten times in dreams.
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but I've learned to embrace the chill about you.
I can't tell if I lost or found you.
Am I making sense or do I confound you?