

Wave Of Destruction

Ann Beretta

Break the mold from where we're made
cast no stones and to this
day it bowls me over bound and blind
by the lies, empty hands,
empty minds it brings me over
kill the blinds do or die just give
it over little hands broken hands,
will they ever understand?
just knock it over... as
I lay and I wait for the wave of destruction
I lay and
I wait and
I bruise and I break.