

Mediocrity Syndrome

Blood Has Been Shed

A steady flow of bane runs through my blood and infection boiling seething
causing a stench to my thoughts those around me mindless spineless weak fear
ridden worthy of a fire of anger never seen before their thoughts should be
destroyed fire consuming burning the flesh cleansing this world of its
inequality the sense and value lost trodden upon tear tear tear
I will no
hold back anymore I will not fall victim to a system that holds down the
truth a fine oiled machine which deserves to rust and die all too often I
wake and realize my efforts are in vain nothing changes people follow the
followers to the grave I want to tear my heart out and shove it down their
backbiting throats and let them taste honor let it run through their veins
like acid burning a mark of who I really am someday they will wake someday
they will see and someday they will understand.