

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 longer 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.