

Reality sets into a heart that wishes to read you lies that sit like an open book.

This must stay open, this must stay clear, this must be said for all to hear.

These are living, breathing beings like us.

Going, gone unaddressed, undeniable.

These are living, breathing beings like us.

They don't look the same on a plate.

Are we still fixable?

Drop the dish that could fill the mouth with meat.

To the floor and I've watched it break.

One thousand pieces of that glass equals one thousand days gone past.

And how has technology brought us any further,

when this society is still stuck in its primitive dietary ways?

Only a death trap for both worlds, tomorrow can't be fixed.

When today's crisis is aborted, stop looking ahead!

Are we still fixable?