

A Subtle Violence

Daylight Dies

Vacant gazes of the rank and file
Minds in atrophy
Surging numbers of indifference
Do you exist
Or appear to be

All of you
Brimming with this stale life
The dream is over
The dream is dead this time

Your dream is dead this time

Sunken faces, shallow listless lives
Currents of lethargy
Detached masses, in their sleep
Recall the anguish
That once sustained