

Falling
Through empty platitudes
And frozen comforts
Drifting
There is no consolation
Obsolescence (sic) surrounds me
Calling
Unheard I scream
A destitute awareness

I had nothing
I have nothing

I watch them all
Smiling
A beautiful dream of ignorance
I see them all
Worshipping (sic)
Waiting for their end

They have nothing
There is nothing
Unheard I scream