

Ink Smears

F.O.B.

The place where the wretched lurk
Buried in dens they indwell
Watchfully eye each move we make.

Lurching through the darkened streets
Lined with treacherous two-faced rats
Ruining tomorrow what we create today.

This city is a tomb of ghosts
Crippled and drained of minds
Leaving nothing but shadows of doubts.
Such inheritance is innate
Sins are embedded in thoughts
Flaring horizons are to be passed through

A withered place with empty souls
Neighboring estate vile as morgue
Content too far from being dead
Think of what you've done and you're all set.