

## 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.