

Everyone Is Robbing The Dead

Fuck the Facts

Everything has just shut off.
I try to call someone.
Why bother? Silence.
I know it has begun.
The world has just drifted.
And I will
survive it.
In the pitch black dark,
all I can hear
is the sound of panic.
Standing out with the rest of them.
Everyone is grabbing an escape for themselves.
Everyone is robbing the dead.
It could be me
No way to see where I'm going. It is not coming back on.
How can I stay here?
I will eventually die.
Leave, do what you can
The only thing that's left to me
is the choice of how I will be dying.
Tomorrow