

## Curses Honororum

### If Hope Dies

separated, compartmentalized  
these are the dreary days  
of our lives  
screened out, and filed away  
locked into drawers  
of human decay  
forced to live  
wall to wall  
bodies stacked from  
floor to ceiling  
this is not life but  
subsistence that  
we are feeling  
given barely enough  
so as not to make waves  
convinced to fight  
amongst eachother  
our brothers and sisters  
just to make wage  
these scraps of social progress  
are given to us to fabricate the  
illusion of success  
distractions to eat up  
our time

when slavery wasn't so subtle  
and we didn't have  
american dreams to keep  
us from waking the  
exploitation was more  
plain to see

instead of recognizing the state  
in which we find ourselves  
our attention is diverted  
fingers pointing in  
the wrong directions  
blame has shifted focus from  
the wealthy to those  
struggling alongside us

we are trapped  
in this cage  
convinced we're  
the players  
when we are  
the played

tell yourself it won't change

how much value do values retain  
when the measure of a person  
is his willingness to use violence  
for his own personal gain?

we remain trapped in stasis

masses fight and struggle  
vying for small privilege  
the rich continue to grow fat  
as we carry the weight  
upon our backs

there must be a path more fulfilling  
other than the "choice" we've been given  
between whether to rule or be ruled  
give in to the strain  
and be consumed