

Process

Less Than Jake

I've always watched the change,
watched without a sound,
and I have to wonder why,
I don't speak a word out loud.
Perhaps the world will stop for me,
and I can't stop for myself,
but I often wonder why the rest,
why they can't see themselves,
the change I have found,
that keeps me bound,
without a sound.

There's a process in the world,
and no one can stop the change.
There's a process all around us,
and things never stay the same.
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