

## Waste

Lich King

Living up to nothing and for no one and for naught  
Only moving fast enough to keep from getting caught  
Hell is the horizon but the focus is the same  
Play and turn a blind eye, circumstance will take the blame  
Bills are piling higher and the stream is running dry  
Wallowing in talent yet you're living in a sty  
Cave walls closing in and all the voices are outside  
Excuses and attrition and a failing sense of pride  
Can't recall a thing that people helping you have said  
Invested in, encouraged and then left to rot for dead

Waste

You've been wasted all this time

Waste

Entire adult life lived in

Slime and filth and atrophy, entropic disarray  
Tools are close to hand yet opportunities decay  
Bottom of the barrel and the staves are prison bars  
money is a trickle but the debts are like the stars

Waste

You're a waste of mother's care

Waste

Waste of precious space and air

Life is just a string of instances of deep regret  
Dying old and unloved is an ever present threat  
A line of dull occurrences and passing idly by  
Continuing to breathe but not a soul can tell you why

Human history didn't need you, you weren't wanted and are dismissed

Waste

Walking waste of genes

A pillar of sloth

without a reason to live

Waste

Just waiting to die

You're taking forever

just to pass through the sieve

Just pass through the sieve