

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