

The Means

Mattafix

Sigh.

Head rests,
A sore mind behind these red eyes.
Watch the television,
Sweet escapism,
Game shows and racism.
Headlines,
War crimes behind disguised affection.

All for a cause that never was.
Call for a voice but all it does is sigh.
Inside.
Sigh.

More or less,
There abouts,
A young man with so many doubts.
I try to learn impersonating,
The clever moves but I am facing,
The always power-crazed,
Middle aged generation.

All for a cause that never was.
Call for a voice but all it does is sigh.
Inside.
Sigh.
Inside.
Sigh.

Blood and blame passed on to a neighbour.
Continuing the chain.
Deadly game of whispers.
How am I to grow.
The life I love I don't know.

Somehow, someway.

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