

## Plight

## Minutemen

His face is young  
His hands are old  
The past is empty  
Blind and cold

All the sweat  
On his back  
Grabs the dirt  
It stains his shirt

Push all day  
He rests at night  
Do some hobbies  
Drink to forget

A ton of sand at my feet  
Each a speck in a space  
All collecting in a mass  
Pressure changing it's shape, it's direction, it's purpose

As the sea tears it away from the land  
More is pushed back  
Each different  
Each separate

All has changed and nothing has changed  
When the momentum stops, the machine will die  
For some reason we're not alone