

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