

The Roar Of The Masses Could Be Farts

Minutemen

Soft and understanding eyes of the young
Moving with abandon atop the green lawns
Malleable as luck allows faking all the ties

Forced out in time
These expressions met

Improvised inventions
Lost in the way
Absolute the course
Which instinct betrays

Grinding in reversal
Outdo til done
Proper naked self
Solutions surround
In brightness be it real
Blinded and free

Pastel gems hit
Pearlesque in flaw

Spark of the instant
Challenging the time
View the observer's
Plagiarizing hands