

Dystopian Nightmares

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Born under black skies, with no expectations,
We crawl through our paralyzing pantomime of life,
Awaiting resurrection, the great unwashed seethe,
In quiet desperation we accept our condition fatally,
Is this the present?
Can we call this life?
And for the future... utopian, dystopian, or death?
Thirty million voices, slogging through the undergrowth,
As islands in prosperity, they fuel it with their blood,
In total separation, they scavenge for their daily bread
Forgotten citizens, a class in themselves lost at sea,
Is this the present?
Can we call this life?
And for the future... utopian, dystopian, or death? What have they worked for
...these dreams in the gutter, unspent?
Desire traded for dearth,
And Hope for destitution?
As eaters and eaten break bread,
They learn their trades in time,
But the teacher must be taught just as well,
And as such this tragedy unfolds...