

Walls of Confinement

Napalm Death

Before my eyes I see a wall,
12, 000 miles high,
And the same amount wide.

Within that wall are faces
Of people
To whom I once could relate.

Now communicating seems hard,
When there's an ego barrier to break through.

Opinions of self opinion
Cloud a new horizon,
The vision a mere illusion.

Biased in conclusion,
Trapped in seclusion,
To the outside - exclusion.

When an attitude is so biased,
What can you expect to change?

Banging your head,
But the wall's not moving,
It's enclosing.

Burning so much energy
Enthusiasm burning
Is change the 'real' obsession?

Or with a sense of pretention,
Do you merely strive for credible attention?