

## Vacants

No Omega

Somewhere in the deep  
of my own tortured sleep  
i could see your hands reaching  
towards the unknowing  
you were begging them to stop  
but they cut off  
all remaining ties  
to earthly life  
we all hung our heads.  
MOTHER CULTURE IS WHISPERING  
IN MY EAR. TELLING ME DISAPPEAR.  
TELLING ME DO AS THEY SAY.  
STAY IN LINE.  
YOU CAN'T CHOOSE.  
EDUCATE. WORK. CAREER.  
I HAVE TO FIND A WAY.  
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VACANT SMILE  
VACANT EYES  
MY MIND IS OCCUPIED  
I DON'T KNOW WHICH THOUGHTS ARE MINE  
OR WHAT THEY PROGRAMMED ME TO THINK  
we all hung our heads.