

Punk Rock In The Wrong Hands

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I am a prisoner in a war of idiots. The stomping feet of
waltzing hypocrites pave the way of a brave tomorrow.
Choke the throat of passion and sorrow. Kill my drifting
breeze of thought. I have been captured. I have been
caught. I am a prisoner in a war of scowls, coughing
youth from its bowels. I am doing fine. I am feeling
well, deep inside my dark well cell.