

Obstacle

Poison the Well

As the weakened
Attempt to stand
The cold wind of progression
Causes their downfall
Taken what was theirs
Now you call it yours
Your thievery justified
By legislation and might
The control of majority
Never ceases to overpower
The wounded and the unfortunate
Left for dead without a second thought
Looking deep into a mirror
The image frightens you
What you've become
Your own obstacle
The burden placed
On your shoulders
Causes guilt to flow
Through a once deadend soul
Which took so much
From so many others
One choice is left
To take from yourself
What they worked
So hard to achieve
Taken by your hand of disdain
And as you realize
That the mirror doesn't lie
And the self you imagined
Is yet another fantasy
And as realization takes its toll
A cold feeling overwhelms you
And you've become
Your own