

## 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  
Ans as realization takes it`s toll  
A cold feeling overwhelms you  
And you`ve become  
Your own