

For Lack Of Perfect Words

Soilent Green

Do me a favor, make it sooner rather than later
Follow me with a sense of pride
A fool's errand held you back
Like it was a place to belong
Nameless for all to forget
Some things never change
Rabid dogs on short chains
At least the end of a phase
Time to conform to this change
A fear feeds back in repeat approach
Locking doors to fears of lonesome times
Encompass our abandonment in works toward mutual conflict
Committed to meet the defense of these counterfeit actions
People never count their own flaws when comparing social status
In grips of frustration work for a goal of satisfying tempers
Days get closer
Time runs dry
Tighter and constricting stress on the brain
Teeth in tongue
Your words unsung
Questioning the devotion of a lifelong choice
Apathetic controversies of the weak for this helpless day
Victims of this self resistance, not standing up to this mistake
Inclination of tradition that instills a shallow taste in life
Out of this abyss of childhood innocence
Psychotic episode of this negligence
Be a man, pull the trigger
Abandonment of self destruction
Murdering beliefs in defiance of freedom
The bonus is far too little to give up blood
Reclaiming what things need to stand for
These apathetic moments, art of deceiving
Tyrant feelings in the turnstiles of consumption
Practice what you preach is such a glutton's term
Ignored all evidence of a declining ambition
Who is the one that should be law?
Would we follow? Would we fall?
Trusting leaders with blind ideas
Feeding this system with our own blood and tears
Absent in this argument
Can't even imagine, truth be told
You'd do it if you had the balls
This choice in your course of action
Like a dog on all fours
Now crawling back for remorse
Use the same conviction with dying lips.