

## 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.