

February

The Berzerker

It is february 1998,
with too many mindless bodies,
walking the face of the planet,
and too many mindfull bodies,
without enough motivation,
to do anything constructive with their lives,
I despise these people,
in a way I can not verbally express,
my hatred for humanity
has reached an all time high,
I believe I am a higher power
and a greater being,
than our all too common society

Lately I have asked myself
should I concede defeat
and conform to our commercialist society,
surely it would make my life
on this world easier to bear,
but when i get near my lowest moments,
I remember...

Why, I hate the world,
and everything, that is inside,
i remember why, that I despise
everything that is not I