

Inside, Inside my mind

Feelings thought evolution left behind  
Look out at the shattered weeping billions  
Destroyers of your own civilization

Look out at the dead outside my window

In the hard land of the inner city winter  
The dying, their empty fingers wave  
While riding a world they cannot save

Love the dying

Species slowly disappear  
For the canyons of the concrete frontiers  
All races of the suicidal species  
Drawn faces shine, smile at their babies

Love the dying  
Burnt, stoned, crying