

Stun Guns

Stun guns and too much fun.

Contests to see who can stare longer at the sun.

The winners go blind and the losers can see.

So, who really gets the slightest taste of victory?

Nothing is fair in love and war.

With all the secrecy, who's even keeping score?

It's not that I'm an authority on the ethics of the world we're in,

but we're going down in a tailspin.

Slow and steady wins the race, but the fast paced days puts everyone in hazes,

and everybody always feels better in dazes.

Nothing is fair in the battle of god and oil.

The people get shot down once the bigger plans are foiled.

Some say what separates us from the beasts,

is that we don't slaughter each other and feast.

But, that sounds like a brief description

of the new age world we're living in.

The heart has become the underdog of feeling,

as brain and gut descend out of the ceiling.

Mine, mine, mine, and me.

If you're thinking like that so much, who's to say you're free?

The strings of your being are attached to the worthless remnants of gold,

as the feelings of your loved ones are leached from your home.

All of this because you thought riches and fake moral abodes,
would kill the Satan spawn dwelling in your soul.

Pieces

Patterns of printing machines mesmerize me,
as I read books with motives you can't see.

Bike tires and paper fires,
office staplers inspire,
even in places of lost mentality,
even though I know it's not normality.

Cold hands feel warm,
despite that my mind's a storm,
of headache inducing ,
thought producing madmen.

Not much makes sense,
when keys that click to make cents
give motive to your letter coding.

Patterns in everything,
patterns in words,
every sound you hear sounds like a third,
to a whole piece.

The conversations of lives I'll never live bring me peace.

Beige halls and windowless walls don't seem to matter much,

if you're too far out of touch.

Name tags and plastic bags,

in a building of people who nag.

Call this call that,

endless hours you'll never get back.

The reason growing older is scary is because of that.

I'll never amount.

I'll measure accounts.

I'll let everyone down.

All this reading books and reeling hooks I'll never live in.

Reality vs. mentality makes it hard to dividend.

So leave me to my mad house that my mind is sitting in.