

Humanity in Fetters

I've always hated life.
I've always hated plastic people.
I've always hated strife.
And its affect on people.

I've never been able to abide.
Injustice. Injustice.
I can never do but cry.
Humanity in fetters.

But what can there be to do,
in a world wrought devoid by distractions?
What can be done, this day,
where Facebook is our interactions?
How can we come together for a better time tomorrow?

I willfully obey.
Morality, distinctly.
No purpose to it at all.
Depravity makes money.

Money is power.
Money makes fame.
Fame is power.
Money buys votes.
Votes are power.
Money gets wives.
The spouses gather power.
Money corrupts.
Vice allows for power.

Money is wrong.
Money is wrong.
Money is wrong!

No solution.

Every fucking day
I feel like I am
Beating my head against a wall
Frustration without release
At a world, actually falling apart
And powerless to effect it.
 And Powerless to effect it.
 And powerless to effect it.

So I wrote a song.