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Modern Times

Can you hear the sincerity in my voice?

The subjects I bring up the words I spit up, without a choice

Try not getting it wrong it will only cause you the pain

It is wrong but maybe that's where you belong

In the source of anger and exploit try to bring me down

You will only fail and I beg for your sake that you can go on.

See me in the sewer because that's where I'll hide

Away from all pain you cause I lost all my hunger my faith has died

Bring me back to reality when world has changed

And people worship sanity instead of presents deranged.

I drive myself crazy when acting like this

You better embrace me or it will get worse, worse than it already is

Without any sense of control how am I supposed to succeed?

The liberty which given is though why was I freed?

I should have made it clear that I don't suit here

Every day I run in fear of what has become so severe

I'm declined the need of help everywhere

I'm fined for illegal camping in the corner over there

Maybe the solution lies in performing more heavy crimes

Only then I'll be put in a cell where I can sleep in these modern times.

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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