

1080

"The Decay Of Modern Man"

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Eyes opened to a world of flashing lights / Of sleepless nights... in apartments / Playing and telling a sorry tale to a drunken crowd / He can't afford the rent / A book of matches, a cigarette, and a forgotten art / Describes the job, yet his drinks come free of charge / And with each gulp his blurred vision clears...

Putting depressions into lasting impressions / He sees everything and nothing all at once in a windowless vision / Full of liquor and pipe dreams...

His world is found hidden underneath the American Dream / Which peels away revealing scabs that fester and bleed / He can do nothing but provide the soundtrack to lifes more melancholy moments / He dislikes individuality and therefore owns similar suits in which to dress / 99 black and 1 blue, bought in his fleeting moment of weakness...

A gaze into his eyes / Reveals white on white...

Emptiness, Emptiness / And yet the wrinkles on his brow depicts the decay of modern man / That's what he's searching for? / To be the modern man? To be the common man?

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