

Day26

"Whiskey Dick"

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Cold grey is the cement where I lay watching the pig in his uniform take a slug from his coffee He bought with the money that he earns watching making sure that you and I stay on cold grey cement

So serene the inner being stares back at me my eyes forced open the set the sounds the fucking knobs it floods it fills it floods it fills oceans of plain brains washed with bullshit media hatred toward people who stray away refusing to be sedated

Your freedom relies on this fight to exist You buy you buy the price to me is nothing

Guilty am I, I sigh with a smile Of nothing more than being broke A crime with the punishment of a lifetime of you can't and the eternal denial of my freedom

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