

## **Blood Has Been Shed "Mediocrity Syndrome"**

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A steady flow of bane runs through my blood and  
infection boiling seething  
causing a stench to my thoughts those around me  
mindless spineless weak fear  
ridden worthy of a fir of anger never seen before their  
thoughts should be  
destroyed fire consuming burning the flesh cleansing  
this world of its  
inequality the sense and value lost trodden upon tear  
tear tear I will no  
hold back anymore I will not fall victim to a system that  
holds down the  
truth a fine oiled machine which deserves to rust and  
die all to often I  
wake and realize my efforts are in vain nothing  
changes people follow the  
followers to the grave I want to tear my heart out and  
shove it down their  
backbiting throats and let them taste honor let it run  
through their veins  
like acid burning a mark of who I really am someday  
they will wake someday  
they will see and someday they will understand.

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