

## Epicure

# "Territories"

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Future barren, blinded vision.  
Downhill struggle every day.  
Masses flock, to every wealth.  
Ignore society.  
Alternative economy, that addiction feeds.  
Inner cities hardest hit, multiplying breed.  
Urban terror, growing, spreading.  
Beckoning to all that hide.  
Splitting factions fight for power.  
Enemies divide.  
I had no time for innocence, the streets soon took me  
in.  
Age did not protect me from the hell I lived with.  
There was no choice I had no time to walk my path  
alone.  
Drafted to the ranks of crime, as my history has shown.  
I see no future for myself, I dwell now day by day.  
I live my life for the gangs, to die by their way.  
Six fists fly at me, trail of blows begins.  
Feel the cold encase my mind as pain sets in.  
Ten minutes pass I barely stand my ground.  
Entrance to the streets elite I now have found.  
Averted eyes, to feel the rage.  
Of those that we refuse to see.  
Constant denial, cause the backlash.  
That we know will see.  
Reject the world as meant to be.  
Rule within themselves.  
Ever changing hierarchy.  
Manifests itself.

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