

From A Second Story Window "The Burning Bush"

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Hey there, you are a simple design
I created your lies

Hold on, this is not fair for anyone
They all think they are alive

This is my immaculate design
It's all been planned from the start

Your slipping deeper and deeper
Destroying all you held

Your words are losing their meaning
You choose to receive death

I grow increasingly weary
And I'm tired of this jest

Dear god, what made us all deserve this
There must be some other way

My son, it's far too much to handle
Just know I do this in love

You see, you are a disposable being

Don't fear...life is fake

We all exist in the same space

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