

Last Perfection

"Match, Lights, Schematics"

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The straight forward stares of nine million empty faces /
/ amputated hands from their wrists so they can never
grab at the sky / and i fucking hate you / the way you
never feel satiation / the mouths are full but the mind is
weak / so please distract with useless toys / like
thousands of tiny little time bombs ticking / the man
with no face onctinues to dig circles around his eyes
that still take no shape / a funeral procession of fake
rubber dolls marches the cirty streets / staring at the
walls / you will take it to the grave / this education /
never live it down this humiliation / educate / humiliate
the simple minds with simple plans / an endless line
that begins at the factory doors / everyone with their
hands cupped / thanking the creator for the little bits
they think they own / unaware that the world is
collapsing all around them / because their only concern
is their self-absorbed Lego kingdoms / and ideas of a
perfect sitcom life / match / light /watch them burn /
and you know the sun could never be bright enough for
you / as long as there are still stars left in the sky for
you to grab / with greedy hands / numb to the burn of
emptiness

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