

Plunja

"Thought Police"

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Do I believe all that I'm told?
How will I think if I get old?
Honestly?
I'm sure they're teasing us with lies
Take care my friend!
While we just buy all that we can
While we just smile and
Synthesize
I hear them laughing up above
I'm sorry my friend
Stop me right here right now and
Send me to the thought police
Make me wither and bow 'till
Silence speaks instead of me
Am I all that I want to be?
Is there some hope? Well
Hopefully
There's something that you need to know
I'm angry my friend!
All I want is my space
To sing a song in your face
Question if their truths make
Sense before my bones break
I'm not alone in this place
It's too late
They've come for me
We're running my friends!

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