

Thought Industry

"Cycle Of The Streets"

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A boy catches a glimpse of his fate
In the bloodied face of his brother's corpse,
Lying in the alley next to his house
He's on his way to school,
Well he's on his way to somewhere.
Afflicted at the age of 5 with post-war syndrome,
The stress of poverty causes brain damage,
Such that he is robbed of his chance
Of ever having true human relationships,
It's a dog-eat-dog world out there,
And he's been trained well.

Avert your gaze,
As the tragic heroes take the stage,
Else you spy the cycle of the streets work out it's rage.
Cover your eyes before the final bow is exercised.
There's no ovation at the end,
Just a haunting sensation,
That soon it will all happen again.

Change the channel and this time we find
A 7 year-old consequence,
Of a pregnant alcoholic drug abuser.
The effects of her actions on this child,
Have left him with an almost supernatural anger,
A hating desire to inflict pain.
His adopting family is torn between
Their love for him and their fear
That one day he may try to take their lives.
His brain is such that he can never escape,
The fate his poor mother has left him with.
At the age of 7 he already has a criminal record.

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Just a haunting sensation,
That soon it will all happen again.

And it does, again and again and again.
Beware the ghosts that haunt this place!
They are lurid flourishing spectres of fate.

An aggregation of those who means were held,
Beyond the realm where hungry fingers dwell
In the grease slick shine of overpriced suits,
A world unto itself, built for abuse,
Of those! - Who are thrown into it
Of those! - Mentally deficient
Of those! - Who know no life but in it
Of those! - Who are borne unto it!

Avert your gaze,
As the ghosts of poverty lay waste.
The street is littered with fractured futures;
Casualties we've no instrument with which to measure.
Take your seats the lights are dimming now,
The choir mourns as the curtain flees the ground.

But we've seen this all before, we've just chosen to
ignore!

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