

Tragedy

"Chemical Imbalance"

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Mouths hang agape and drool,
Mumbling incoherent anthems of acceptance and
fidelity
Trained by clever men
Hell, hell is here
In hidden laboratory backrooms splicing atoms,
Reducing humanity to a study on a slide
With microscopes staring deeper into eyes glazed over
by fear
And desensitization from injected violence and reruns
of cops
With rods they prod at our culture: scanning for DNA
And an elusive gene that they can steal bottle
And sell for profit as the next new thing
Radiation settles, water turns black with ash and
discharge
Chemical imbalance
Laden with synthetics, genetically engineered life end
sustenance
Ingredients unknown
Chemical imbalance
Hell, hell is here

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