

Verse

"Story Of A Free Man - Chapter Two: The Cold Return"

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Dad came home in a body bag. He never had a chance
to say goodbye. He was
A good man - fooled to believe in a fake ideal. His
veins soon pulsed
With dissent from what he had learned right before he
died. The cold reality
Of the rich sending the poor off to fight a war for the
corporate whores.
"Will we ever see an end to this?" he said. Still stuck
with addiction,
He numbs his mind. He wants to return to the time
when he was young and blind.
"Will we ever see an end to this?" he said. He knew life
would never be the
Same from here on out. He felt those storms coming in
with those dark
Approaching clouds. "Will we ever see an end to this?"
he said. He's homeless now.
He throws his mind away and struggles with thoughts
of suicide at the end
Of days. He wants to see the end of this. This is the
beginning of his concrete
Bed under a bridge. "This is rock bottom. I can only go
up from here. I'm
Looking ahead, and I think I'm ready to face what I've
always feared."
He screams out at the metropolis in front of him. This is
where he learns
To sink or swim. He turns to face a monster in front of
him that is the epitome
Of limiting. He takes the needle from his bed side,
gives it a look for
The last time. It's the last time...

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