

## Noel Torres

### "Remnants"

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Wasting your life on the sidewalk,  
When you can be out on the street, dodging cars,  
As they go by, the wind goes right through you.

Life on the edge of a razor,  
Never knowing when you're to fall,  
Sure as hell beats never gambling at all.

Life's too short to just barely exist,  
Wide spread mediocracy,  
Will suck you up, resist,  
Another number on a list.

I don't want it, you can have it,  
You can try, but you won't make me,  
Feel the things you feel,  
I'll take my chances, till I find a better deal,  
I'll take my chances, along with all the rest.

The snail goes over the razor blade,  
The suicide squad of lemmings parade,  
To their kingdom, where they've made reservations.

I have no reservation,  
I don't think my seat's been saved,  
I'll take my chances, here, right.

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