

Victory Heights

"Being Broken Ain't All It's Cracked Up To Be"

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To the wearer, to the victim:
Forget them, for they will be forgotten.
With anchor and a spade in hand,
I've dug a hole to bury the naysayer.
It's suffocating, so get up and take back your air,
It's the new fashion, every face like every other.
You're not like them, so get up and take back your air,
Let live, or hold your tongue.
After all, I think it was the sound of a broken clock,
And the hateful words of people you don't know.
To the mocker, to the spoiled,
Who now kiss the ground and miss their younger life:
Who are you now? Learn your place.

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