

Mourning Maxwell

"A Poet on Pay Day"

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Resistance our spines soften at the thought
Of it would you hand us by our necks
If it meant that you'd benefit
The lives that we decide to touch
Help guide us in our search
For perfect pieces in this puzzle
We try to construct//

Its okay its not your fault
Is that all you're asking of me
I know sometimes we're all lead astray
Until we see all there is to be shown//

Tangled yet brandishing hope
Or examples of such
We're informed and impressed
As we've ever been still we're coexisting
With our demons trailing behind
Chances to repent while our conscience is gagging
Again my eyes can't perceive what your heart
Confides until its shown//

I'd take this on alone if I could but
I'm afraid the end result would suffer
So burry me in sympathy
That's all I need to get ahead of this all.

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