

# Mattafix, The Means

Sigh.

Head rests,  
A sore mind behind these red eyes.  
Watch the television,  
Sweet escapism,  
Game shows and racism.  
Headlines,  
War crimes behind disguised affection.

All for a cause that never was.  
Call for a voice but all it does is sigh.  
Inside.  
Sigh.

More or less,  
There abouts,  
A young man with so many doubts.  
I try to learn impersonating,  
The clever moves but I am facing,  
The always power-crazed,  
Middle aged generation.

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Call for a voice but all it does is sigh.  
Inside.  
Sigh.  
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Sigh.

Blood and blame passed on to a neighbour.  
Continuing the chain.  
Deadly game of whispers.  
How am I to grow.  
The life I love I don't know.

Somehow, someway.

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