

Quasi, Please Do

You never cried, you never froze
And yet how well your garden grows -
You reap the fruits another sows;
I guess that works out well for you.
Suffering has served you well -
It's common but it somehow sells
So sing your little songs of hell and sell.
Hollow hopes and empty dreams
And blind pursuit of worthless schemes -
That's all there is to life, it seems,
unless you prove me wrong - please do!