

The Berzerker, Reality

The uncreative juices flow from all but a selective few
and even those they tend to be wasted,
you have taken pride in a lifeform that you think you know
but what you do not know is it's rotting,
it is so unfortunate that this is how our world must be
but why must i accept reality, is this reality?
how can i exist amongst you people when i feel this way
when all that seems so wrong is everywhere,
A world without substance feeling so superior
i am discontent with lies and with ineffective lives,
should i grieve for mankind or live out my life
to be free of pain i'll want it back again,
so to be one with man i must be false to myself
any effort's futile for my life is just mine,
i have visions of worlds that are unparalleled
my attempts are in vain to walk this earth without shame,
for being human,
This is my reality and you do not have to accept it
you are only human with excuses and complaints,
couldn't you be something greater come on now you know the answer
you are so absorbed with your own pathetic lives,
why should i feel pity for you i don't think i know the answer,
have you ever thought about opening your closed eyes,
what is it that you're afraid of, don't you want to see yourself,
couldn't bear to see yourself as i see you.