

# With Honor, In A Bottle

When did life assume the shape of a TV screen,  
A work-horse work week, and commute in between?  
As we masquerade the days we waste,  
Love's stuck on dusty shelves with feelings we forsake.  
Before you know it, they'll be selling us blood to bleed and air to breathe.  
Along with pre-packaged hopes and dreams that always stay an arm's length out of reach.  
I can't help thinking there's more than thoughtless repetition,  
On the porch all night telling stories,  
Outlasting moons when the rain is pouring down.  
Will we fight to take the reigns of our lives and find our own truths?  
Will we die to darker days and break ties with the hells we've walked through?  
It's not too late.