

A Global Threat, Stuck In The Skull

First entry of the date February 15
Barring unpaid bills displayed on the door the fridge has
Been obsolete for weeks
Two took my shortcut through the switchyard last night
Neither made it past the T
They didn't make the fence so they fed the rats
And I'm surprised it wasn't me
No opportunity, the outside world is an empty space
And when I try to fight I always find I'm put back in my place
Forth entry of the week a grim repeat
Continuation of a eulogy
Belly full of bock, fit to enbalm, don't wanna talk
Or leave this head, let alone this house
Cause past the lunacy there's bravery
At least I think a bit
It all this shit is such a comedy, let me in on the skit
Stick in the skull
Final entry, February 15
Stircrazy in a daze
Home to wake from a dream