

Beneath The Massacre, Long Forgotten

Taken from the nest and programmed to obey. No hope. No faith.

Shall penetrate my shell. No hope of awaking a world hardened by centuries of oppression.

Held down. Head under water. Can't breathe. Drowning.

Each step forward brings me two steps back. Finding peace in the statue of employee.

Plastic rewards sometimes leaves me blind. Emancipation through an act of violence.

Held down. Head under water. Can't breathe. Drowning. The dream is dead and now long forgotten