

Burning The Masses, Gerascophobia

Grrrr..

For Generations we mourn
a richness in life, A day by day
different scene, Analysis of,
Information!
Mental memories
project visions to feed on, our
wisdom enhances only to question
and acknowledge your fears!

You Frolic and play when your
young
Rot In your stench as you
grow old
Facing your own
Mortality fills you with
An
Obsinate dread you can't rid
of
The Onset of Disease
Your air
comes with a receipt

Worried
you will die alone, you expect the
crucifix around your neck to save
your soul!
A hint of growing
old, and losing beauty, fear of
impaired mobility, your face
deteriates, as your insides
decompose, your brain lacks
oxygen, a soft whistle spews out
as you choke internally.

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