

Burst, Juxtaposed

To what do you not drive
Mortal hearts
Accursed hunger for gold?
Cheaply bought, but deadly sold
With new light they shine on through
On fields of shredded goals
Reap crop of clinging hope
Harvest our brave new world
Ancient woe, be gone
Foul illusions of better life
Compared to what, I ask
Does this truth of life coerce?
Juxtaposed they are not
Worth a single glance