

Gatsbys American Dream, A Manifesto Of Tangible

Eloise sits, this privileged corpse,
A mundane pace offers no struggle
Denny holds tight,
Chrome death kiss on a platter,
He enters like raid to a hive

What do you want to be?
Who do you want to be?
Or would you rather die here tonight?
This is just an empty, sickening mural of cubicles and apparel
Draw business with syringes
A stethoscope can hear the faint ticks, of a 9 to 5
Have you ever seen a life much sadder?
But still you climb, still you climb, still you climb.