

# Majority Rule, The Sin In Grey

no the starving  
know nothing of your chances.  
The trusting have had enough.  
Last breath of a fading few.  
Swell the lies to tease the truth.  
Take this for what it is.  
Before birthdays lose meaning.  
Before the unmoving depression that a stagnant life assures.  
Begins to take form.  
Before I lost patience with hinting  
At your last hope.  
Roll your eyes and run.  
The world will poke them out.  
This is the easy way.  
An empty look at a sober tear has put the  
Hope for you in the unaware.  
Aesthetics hide the sin in grey to keep it there