

Operation Ivy, Sleep Long

Sleep long, sleep well
Only to awake in hell

One day I saw a man asleep
In a doorway on the street
Through walls of sheltered inhibition
I perceived his condition.
Dying of hunger, and exposure
Food and shelter, two blocks over.
Within this place we breed and dwell
We've created living hell.

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City sleeps and pigeons flutter,
Vagrant dies in the gutter
Prideless death somehow befitting
To life spent working on forgetting.
Riding on the bus, I looked outside and thought about death,
Passing cars the only tribute to his gasping final breath.

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Then I went home, to get my mind off things,
I decided to watch television.
Constant subliminal brain immersion
Subconscious death wish coercion.
Buy and consume and want and need
Never fall from the trap of greed.

I thought about the bitter pain
Of jail cells and falling rain,
I thought ahead and I looked away,
What can you do anyway ?
In sheltered youth and our pretension
Avert our eyes to divert attention
Only to see the human victims
Always there to remind us.

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