

# 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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