

Poison The Well, Obstacle

As the weakened attempt to stand.
The cold wind of progression
causes their downfall.
Taking what was theirs, now you can call it yours.
Your thievery justified by legislation and might.
The control of majority never ceases
To overpower the wounded and unfortunate.
Left for dead without a second thought.
Looking deep into a mirror.
The image frightens you.
What you've become. Your own obstacle.
The burden placed on your shoulders,
Causes guilt to flow.
Through a once deadened soul.
Which took so much, from so many others.
One choice is left. To take from yourself.
What they worked so hard to achieve.
Taken by your hand of disdain.
And as you realize, that mirror doesn't lie.
And the self you imagined is yet another fantasy.
And as realization takes its toll.
A cold feeling overwhelms you.
And you've become your own.