

Pulley, Reality

this is a little story about a lazy old man.
it's been years and years
and years gone by without a solid plan.
digging deep for motivation,
why it seems so hard to find.
he's been living like this for oh so long,
this way of life stuck in his mind.
a good kick in the ass is what he needs,
no one hears his silent pleas.
although people around him would tend to agree,
a life of living this is a bad disease.
it's a bad disease.
it's a bad disease.
it's a bad disease.
a will for change is a thought desired,
to achieve his goals to take him higher.
in his thoughts he seems to care,
but this laziness lingers in the airs.
a fresh breath not polluted with this disease.
i can hear him screaming saying please...
please...please. help me now,
take me by the hand.
this rut i'm in, makes me so bland.
so used to sitting, sitting on the couch.
feeling like a fucking goddamn slouch,
when will he see the reality?