

At night, awake.
The awkwardness of mindfulness
rattles my world, a quake

haunted by intangible motivations.
No choice, really.
Really, no choice.

All have dreamt.
I was roused from an incessant ringing
to decipher a feeble attempt.

Would've died hearing its siren
cursing this coward
whose crime has never been executed

into reality.
Resigned to let spiral entities
prey with a subtle brutality

with a most creative plague.
Overexposed to crimson mud where
a bed of dead roses await a swimmer.

At day, asleep
striving to press forward
once more out of a deep

daydream of objective opinions.
Really, no choice.
No choice, really.

Veins with innate conviction
flow with not a question
We are here to spread our addiction.

To reflect those ignored
underexposed to stained quills
where rolls of paper await a john.

Suffering from an empty immersion
in times of modern stupidity.
Will you risk this perversion?

Of this our destined turn we have
No choice, really
Really, no choice.