

War, is this cloud, such a plastic fantasy,
Can't escape, not allowed, not a peep from down below it seems.
The corner room is taken, you can curl up underneath.
Read the verge, not mistaken, either way it plays for keeps.
So what is your intention, and why do I have the creeps?

Come, live the dream.
Sorry sight on the horizon.
Keep it short.
Keep explaining.
This inversion coming on
What rapes the face,
of the child in such distaste?
Then puts up for all to see,
slithering to get away.

All is not lost, what is it and will remain.
Shake the fist to put it down,
it will tear but [?]
All shifted lost,
from a state of ill decay.
Be the rock to put it off,
for forever and a day.

Throw, it away.
Never find what's bright and clear.
Burn it up, to slit it out.
Buy it up, to show the fear.

Throw, it away
Left alone, to hit rock bottom.
Get a grip, throw the tip.

Twist the reason,
Generation.

Generation.
Twist the reason.
Generation.