

# Starvation

Crypta

Weak, nauseated and dazed  
Apathetic, depressed death on its way  
Muscles became cadaveric remains  
Delusional, almost unconscious brain

Infection spreads over my body  
Frail organism, no antibodies  
Hypothermia, constant shivering  
Confused, my motor skills are failing

No escape now!

I should thrive, not die from starvation  
Humanity's worst scourge - starvation

My body eats itself to survive  
Every lasting cell burnt to keep me alive  
My old tactic of sleeping to forget  
Won't work this time, this is my deathbed

I'll eat grass, rocks and sand  
Or whatever at the reach of my hand  
Anything, so my guts won't hurt  
And my heart keeps pumping my impoverished blood

No escape now!

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Just one more in a billion starving like me  
Systematically killed by the system's greed

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