

The Museum of Orphaned Concepts

Free Throw

When I think about the price of admission
And the size of the wait
I would have probably denied this position
Tried to make my escape
But I pressed on frustrated
Pushed through and waded
Past crowds that were so dense
They obstructed my view
(Of the eventual outcome)

Pose me, place me in a glass display
Study every move I make
Watch as my body starts to decay
Will they learn from every mistake I've made?
I hope there's something inside this fucked up brain
Or was it all a waste?

So often I wonder If people still get that
I'm just a real person, not a sample to gawk at
And I know that my own life decisions brought me to this
(My eventual outcome)

Pose me, place me in a glass display
Study every move I make
Watch as my body starts to decay
Will they learn from every mistake I've made?
I hope there's something inside this fucked up brain
Or was it all a waste?

What will be said when I am gone?

I've spent years of my life as a constant exhibit
To be covered in dust
When they turn out the lights and exit the building
Will they be able to match a name to my face

The years add up
Will they care?
Is that enough?

I've been displaying myself in a case
Broadcasting my problems in spades
Just hoping that some one relates
As the years passed by I became
An artifact buried away
To be found at a much later date
Here I am, just have your way

Where's the need?
Dig a hole
Wrap me up
Take your notes
Bury me