

Indigence and Guilt

Full of Hell

Jaundiced skin pulled taught over bones
Worn as thin as opaque papyrus
Scrap and pull at empty ends as the constant din of static swells
Methadone gasp in bitter silence, unrequited and unbeknownst
Gaping cavern to swollen lymph nodes
Five pounds of flesh to a life of unrest
A goliath, a Judas, a hellion, invidious
Indigent mudlark, cadaverous dweller

C'est la vie, c'est la mort

There's no picking up the pieces when your back is pushed against the wall
No climbing back into the grace of a society with hooded eyes
Rest your head on callous pavement, charity and love are farce
Thousands of eyes gaze right through you, an occulus to their own indifference

C'est la vie, c'est la mort

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