

## Industrial Melancholy

Happy Days

Breathing in,  
This so called air,  
Living,  
Is something I cant bare,  
Repeating routines,  
Life is unfair,  
Viewing the obscene,  
That cant be repaired,

Having to conform in order to survive,  
As it becomes painful to stay alive,  
Losing the will to continue to strive,  
Hoping that my end will soon arrive,

The air in my lungs feels more like smog,  
Just weighing me down,  
A thick black smoke that sticks to my lungs once inhaled,  
Until I am no more,  
Each breath makes this day come closer,  
One day I know it'll choke me...