

Slave

Indecision

a slave to impulse
set your desire on fire
can't take your eyes off the flame
and all you dream of is fame
bleed the eyes that victimize - a cannibal, an animal
your feigned compassion slips with every word that passes your
lips
where then where will we be when there's nothing left to heed
you are not your compassion - so much thought with such little
action
how does it feel to know that everything you can do
has been done before so many times before
how does it feel to know that everything you can say
has been said before so many times before