

## Chapter 1

John Reuben

The Boy Vs. The Cynic, Chapter one, page one.

I'll start from the top...

I'll embrace dreams again when I can breath again

And at that point I won't be needing them

It became clear to me that I was fighting a war I couldn't win

You don't make it on your own merit

Only royalty inherits the kingdom

And that's a system good intentions can't help

Your courage is not good here so don't try to excel

What a sad day when you realize nothing can change

The revolution didn't leave you it never came

There will be no parades, no royal balls

Just long days topped off with last calls for alcohol

Go to sleep wake up and repeat the same routine

Smooth skin dressed with wrinkles and brown eyes

With dark rings and entertainers sing of extremes that don't exist for you or me

When real life is reality TV no wonder our youth don't believe in anything

It's all a joke there are no heroes just those of us with high hopes

It's just not that simple

I'm not trying to save it all I just want to create a ripple

And even if one individual is affected it's monumental with an unusual perspective

That's beautiful in essence traditional thinking won't suggest this

Is life really that precious well yes it is

But there will be no celebrations or congratulations

No pat on the back just your mind intact

And the freedom to feel your heart beat at the speed of life

Go to sleep tonight knowing you did it right

And rest easy outside of a system that resents you for not doing what they expect you to do

Psychologically wear you down and then they make the suggestion that you get on a prescription to deal with your depression

Anxious lazy temperamental obese

That's what money makers like to call a disease

And they'll be looking for or creating new problems with profitable solutions

To solve them but you won't get any better you'll just come back for more

Until your medicine drawer is filled with unreliable cures

And that's the way of the beast

And I can't do nothing about it

I could shout it in a room that's crowded but I doubt it'd make a difference

So ignorance will be my disguise cause 21st century America lik

es its witchcraft civilized

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