

The Truth Is Dead

Mark Morton

Long gone are the days of right and wrong
Complacent overcast
Pried eyes
A fodder feast to glut the minds
Shots fired
Watch the soapbox rise

A forked tongue
A french kiss
In winds blowing blacklists
Left is right
And black is white
Buying face
Selling resourcing coins and cashing checks

Deep states
And surface illusions
Blank space
And buried collisions

Hold my hand
And fill my head
Ring in nose still unopposed
The truth is dead

Blessed bliss
Binary codes
Ignorance and lethal loads
Shield the rich
And kill the sick
Snake oil rigs annointed trust fund pigs duly appointed

Deep states
And surface illusions
Blank space
And buried collisions

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Every wall a window
Every door a lock
Heads in the sand
We peign oblivion
Welcoming landscapes of shadows and fallacies
Total eclipse more appealing than reality

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