

The Impossible Of Dreams

Master

I lie awake and think of all the starving
All the senseless dying
The stringent way of excess
To perfect the impossible of dreams
Is there some meaning long forgotten

To suffer, to torture instinctively
Just flexing your muscles and might
Society accepts no diversions
Always prepared for a fight
Sometimes such thoughts are abandoned
And meaningless drivel is discussed
Incriminating, nothing substantial
You people should just get a grip

I lie awake and think of all the starving
All the senseless dying
The stringent way of excess
To perfect the impossible of dreams

Their focus relies upon your hatred,
Thoughts of upheaval, distrust
The dead and the dying unequal
For a limited time in surplus
Sometimes such thoughts are abandoned
And meaningless drivel is discussed
Incriminating, nothing substantial
You people should just get a grip