Sigh. Head rests, A sore mind behind these red eyes. Watch the television, Sweet escapism, Game shows and racism. Headlines, War crimes behind disguised affection. All for a cause that never was. Call for a voice but all it does is sigh. Inside. Sigh. More or less, There abouts, A young man with so many doubts. I try to learn impersonating, The clever moves but I am facing, The always power-crazed, Middle aged generation. All for a cause that never was. Call for a voice but all it does is sigh. Inside. Sigh. Inside. Sigh. Blood and blame passed on to a neighbour. Continuing the chain. Deadly game of whispers. How am I to grow. The life I love I don't know. Somehow, someway. Blood and blame passed on to a neighbour. Continuing the chain. Deadly game of whispers. How am I to grow. The life I love I don't know. Somehow, someway. Blood and blame passed on to a neighbour. Continuing the chain. Deadly game of whispers.

How am I to grow.

Somehow, someway.

The life I love I don't know.