

Currency

Modern Life Is War

Poverty of spirit. Economy of disappointment.
Laborers of the concrete reservation.
I'm a broken record now. Skipping for a
decade now. Still trying not to drown in
this dead eye sea. Is it real? I don't
know, but I feel like it's surrounding
me. And I will never know if I was
truly seeking shelter from the world
outside. I was looking for my truth maybe
I lost my mind, goddamn you know it
took some time to find a balance to
check myself. Now I face myself, and ask
myself... I know you were there but what
were you there for? Fuck your style, I
wanna know what you bled for, when no one
was watching... When no one would listen..
When passion was the currency when no check
was written. Growing up was confusing. Archives
of shame to show. I might not have made it all
alone so I thank you if you spoke to me or if you
listened when I was face to face with another tough
decision. And if today you are seeking shelter from
the world outside, consider me on your side with
a condition & warning that I won't waste time on
petty politics or bullshit party lines. I've made the same
mistake so many times before, I can't afford to
make them anymore. I wouldn't try to tell you how to
live but believe me when I say..

Your friends are precious & they're slipping away.
Your time is precious & it is slipping away.