

The narrow road
Is all I know
No map to guide us,
No compass beside us
The narrow road,
The great unknown,
The greater sacrifice
Grants the greatest gift in life

No more assembly lines of aspirations
Connecting carbon copy clones,
Every artifact is matching,
Like commodities of flesh and bone

The consistency of our censored thoughts,
Tread a static course

Ordinary people:
Your outlook is lethal

Chiseling away imperfections,
Until rough edges are same and smooth
The tools have now become too blunt,
To break any of the rules

Post-modern minds,
Bleached blank and clean
Drawing pixelated lines,
In duller shades than my eyes have ever seen

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We're not defined by a blueprint if we re-write the plans,
So will you paint Paradise with the stroke of an Artist's hand?