

Lustrous lines obscured by opaque blinds -  
Frozen metacarpals tap tap tap the window glass  
Syncopated staccatos with the broken clock  
Synchronized with my post-traumatic ticks ticks -  
Talking to the space in the room that echoes back indiscernibly  
To my disconnected self/self -  
It's self-consuming, what's ensuing is my undoing -  
The nightly casualty of war.

And it sounds like this: War, endless war

In my endless dance with entropy  
I must rescind my sentience  
The sickness that I know.  
Rearrange the disarray of disintegrated senses -  
Puzzle pieces, spectral splinters of a soldier's worn and tattered soul  
In my endless dance with entropy  
I must rescind my sentience  
The sickness that I know

Machines of air looking down on us -  
The beasts of dust as we grapple heel and hand,  
Mud and sand, (blood red oil)  
The chaff of the harvest  
Converted to currencies of wealthy means  
Stepping stones cut from our perforated bones  
Riches are reaped beside our bodies sown just to be thrown back again  
And forgotten if we stumble in  
Laid inside a homeless nest,  
Stuck with eager dirty needles,  
Shipped to an early steeple where boxes close  
Descend with grace as you defend yourself -  
Both charitable and chaste.  
Praise me for my valor, lay me on a crimson tower -  
Justify my endless terror as my "finest hour."  
Treat me as a token to deceive the child  
Whom we fatten for this scapegoat slaughter.

I learned to fight; I learned to kill;  
I learned to steal; I learned that none of this is real  
None of this is real  
None of this is real  
None of this is real

But there's a war inside my head

Beleaguered by my breathing - choking, screaming, heaving  
Time drags me back to the desert  
This is war:  
A child stumbles from the wreckage holding his salvation -  
The trigger to cessation - to end us all  
I took a life that takes mine  
Every quiet moment we collapse  
Have you forsaken us?  
All the darkness comes alive.  
Take my hand, drag me to the void.