

I Saw The Creed Guy Eating Pigeons Last Night In Central Park

Stray from the Path

I realized today,
The roadside has become an endless string of neon lights.
Flashing and buzzing like an epileptic's bad dream.
We are fire stone tires, collapsing at high speeds..depress the
brake.
Strangle the wheel.
Scream as we are dragged for the remainder of this climactic cr
ash and burn.
Heads with rubber necks are glad it wasn't them.

But are we so helpless now?
So willing to kneel before the self-proclaimed kings?
So quick to look away from the slaughter?
When the wolves have gathered please scream.
Scream your f*cking lungs out.
I pity the mute...
The silent are murderers too.