

Mourning Morality

I saw the derelict drive of my generation destroyed
How I mourned our privacy
Now neglect is our conviction

Alternative truth is reality rejected
Who denies not being delighted in delirious descent?

Down
Down
Down into the rabid hole of repent
I stand not alone, empty and spent

So well fed and haughty
while paying the rent

See how the wolf wears a wool coat.
Does the coat make it shiver?
Look! The Dreamers awoke

Fore!
Look at the birdie!
Oh, what a drive
Fear not
for no one
gets out alive

I watched as the pregnant potential of my generation was destroyed
How I mourned the propaganda
Yet, I've forgotten why we stopped laboring
Forgetting is a heavy mist
Forgetting is owning my own true Judas kiss

Does mourning morality still make you shiver?
Does it?
Did it?

Should it?

/fin