

Mental baggage-handlers,  
flood prevention scheme,  
stepping on people to get by

- Cruel nature on  
a wide-screen, vacuum-  
packed body organs of  
deceased domestic creature

- Bubble-  
wrapped digital music centre  
with rechargeable low-  
footprint batteries included,  
spitting out the rhymes in  
time to the beat -

Never going nowhere only  
waiting for that moment of  
fame, so that forced  
existence hasn't been wasted

- A mark, a  
scratch, has been left carved  
in the crust plates of a  
galaxy planet -

Petro-chemical uniforms,  
second-hand or new -

We strut around like  
fucking zombies, guessing  
how to feed our hunger -

Fucking to confirm  
we function, this love thing  
probably an alien concept

- Packing in the  
experiences incase tomorrow  
never comes, with no proof  
that there will be any  
recollection -

In this  
afterlife these wise humans  
talk of a promise, some kind  
of God-craft, some hope  
that's greater than 80 years  
of wiping one's ass -

Unable to grasp  
what's right here in front of  
the eye, disappointment  
submits to substances -

Freeze frame, a killer,  
pause with no thought,  
imagination dissolved into a  
sterile package, TV dinner,  
to awake too painful, lost  
potential -

No  
connection, reception fuzzy  
- Static living,  
still-birth, walking dead -

The end/fin.

