

Circles

Doom

Your days are numbered,
Your life is short.
A clockwork existence is
What you are taught.
Why be a robot,
A cog in their machine?
Why be a robot,
From birth until death?

Escape the circle.

Getting up early to do it again,
Yesterday was shit
And today is the same.
Empty faces in empty rooms-
Clock-watching servants to
Fat laughing masters.