

Curses Honororum

If Hope Dies

separated, compartmentalized
these are the dreary days
of our lives
screened out, and filed away
locked into drawers
of human decay
forced to live
wall to wall
bodies stacked from
floor to ceiling
this is not life but
subsistence that
we are feeling
given barely enough
so as not to make waves
convinced to fight
amongst eachother
our brothers and sisters
just to make wage
these scraps of social progress
are given to us to fabricate the
illusion of success
distractions to eat up
our time

when slavery wasn't so subtle
and we didn't have
american dreams to keep
us from waking the
exploitation was more
plain to see

instead of recognizing the state
in which we find ourselves
our attention is diverted
fingers pointing in
the wrong directions
blame has shifted focus from
the wealthy to those
struggling alongside us

we are trapped
in this cage
convinced we're
the players
when we are
the played

tell yourself it won't change

how much value do values retain
when the measure of a person
is his willingness to use violence
for his own personal gain?

we remain trapped in stasis

masses fight and struggle
vying for small priviledge
the rich continue to grow fat
as we carry the weight
upon our backs

there must be a path more fullfilling
other than the "choice" we've been given
between whether to rule or be ruled
give in to the strain
and be consumed