

Irrational

Nasty Savage

The color
Of Money
Is the
Color of greed
Grab
What you can
Take
What you need
A wishful
Thinker
Lives
In the past
Climbed on
The world
That went by
Too fast
More temper
Than
Imagination
Portrait of
A losing side
Opinions formed
Without
Taking time
To care

The stone thrower
Broke the windows of his glass house
Thoughtless search
For a
Scapegoat
A human coin
On edge
For a time
Having a fallout
All of his own
Hungry for
Want of gentleness
A carnival story
With absence
Of scenes
Slightly tilt
And left
Of center
He can rum
A four minute mile
Just as long as
He was chasing
A fast buck

Sour man
Sit in the rubble
Of your own making
Feed off your own
Disillusions

When your irrational

It's always a sorrow
A thin line into
The dust

Sour man
Feed off your own
Disillusions
Sit in the rubble
Of your own makings