

The Funeral Procession

Propagandhi

The funeral procession passed by here today,
Confusion and questions left strewn in its wake,
But I feel like I knew his pain.

A mechanical failure while enduring the norm.
Some of us fracture, others simply deform
And lose their elasticity.

Never to return
To the shape they were.
I wonder which is worse.

I try to keep my composure amidst the insanity,
Resigned to the truth that I will not live to see
The dawn of a better day...

That might wash away
The sadness of this age.
I try to keep the voices calling me at bay.

Desperately clinging to any
Futile lack of human decency.

The voices love to remind me of
My futility sitting on my hands,
Hoping anyone else than
Me will do what should be done.

It's hard not to succumb as they
Call my name.
You gotta keep on trucking anyways.