

All This Good Intention Wasted In The Wake Of Apathy

Soilent Green

Consider your breathing in a perfect circle
No notion of the effect on the aftermath
We all conceive one day our graces fall
Sour times and this cycle of beaten ideas
Have this last thought
Only to be the kid that was always left out
It's all fun and games until someone wakes up with a nosebleed again
Declining a civilized sense of accomplishment
Promises spewing from your broken tongue
Lost actions define the decline of man
Determining factor that is left undone
Weighing out words
Suffocating secrets
Hope is an indulgence
Honest to my faults
Lesson in understatements through the end solution of these traitor ways
Follow up to this requiem in the source of death from a backbone of blades
Wasted wishes on the effortless
Unforgiveness in this self obedience
Let's see if the honesty shows
Smashed head and a broken nose
Artistic profession of false words for naive ears to digest into mixed meaning
Authorities have no regret for betrayal towards the misunderstanding of this hope
The fact of the matter stands on hallowed ground
Harsh reality of ideas that you never speak about
Simply forcing this taste of discomfort to push onward past a senseless partnership
Conscious distraction, characterized irritation
This hindrance of achieving the unresolved
Time has made a liar of us all
These actions never spoke correct
Introduction in a bathroom stall
These addictions have the same effect
A mouth plagued by teeth in tongue
Harsh words from the loaded gun
Another promise you could not keep
A broken man with shattered feet
Desensitized emotions have been strangled of the final feeling
Loss of consciousness through emptiness
Extinction of this judgement as evidence
High school and prison, one and the same
Punishment is so much more enforced
When you have been the one to blame
Remedial idea to keep us less exposed
Give me this secret to smear you with when you are crawling on knees of shame
Another berating session to air out other's dirty issues to evade the fact

In time our mistakes will lend this bleeding truth to our commitment
Waiting for times to change
Will we face the last mistake?
Tension of the final truth.