Tired Eyes

The Trophy Fire

grey town square with towering walls where exit seems like something in a tale in a factory where machines push and pull and you stand there silent with your hands at your side
masquerade hide your face tired eyes
at the pub downtown where solace seems tied so tightly to the bottom of your glass you ask yourself is work the measure of a man? is there color to have, to hold?
masquerade hide your face tired eyes
stuck against the rails your spirits frail tired eyes

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