

# 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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