Aspirations

Between the Buried and Me

Untried and untested,
One fits nowhere but here in anonymity.
There is no birthright - no innate guidance.
No direction or destination is handed down.
Shackles are the one thing free for all.Dead ends and dead lives abound here,
and failure obscures all but the immediate.
Sweet dreams fall from reach here;
fade from existence - fade from sight.
They merge with the black in decay and neglect.The surroundings here are sparse and desolate,
and life here is grief,
but the path leading here is short and simple-
it is so like these aspirations.There's a better way, that we've made
We can all make this change
There's a better way

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