Where Do We Stand Now

Until the End

These eyes,
See truth,
Through the lies,
Through jealousyWe're killing time
In the worst way
It's not enough that the
Grave has been dug
The worst is that
We refuse to give inI, still recall,
When this was
Much more than a
Show of hands
There was a meaning,
THere was a protest,
There were ideas
That couldn't exist outside,
Of progress, and distress
Was our muse to create,
A little hope
Without the fear of being rejectedWhere do we stand now?

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