Hand of Hope

Morning Again

I am mine, are we so advanced that we'd stum our advancement and we so civilized lust over weaponry. crucify the thieves, as we steal from our children. Thou shalt not kill, we do it three times a day what's the problem? What went wrong? And home becomes a cage. These nine numbers lay seed to rage. We are bound by this modern age. Number rules you. Social insecurity. Turn to non-entities. We are bound by this modern age. I was told too many things Held the small hand of hope. Until it turned to ash in mine. It was spelled out for me form the start. Convenience and disregard mated and there was born my predicament but sometimes longing spits on logic and we proceed blind smiling.

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