The Hol[ ]y Tape...

The Fall Of Troy

None of this has changed, when we all look the same.
Addicted to the one that left you, we can't forget you.
We colonized in war, predicting many more.
Addicted to the hand that fed you, you can't remember.
Your color. I wonder...
The more trouble that we get in,
The more fun if we don't get caught up in it.
Prefabricate that skin!

Help me find out, if this is all predictable.
Or is your troubled fate, relentless in it's ways,
Destroying all your days?
(These words coincide!!! Self-taught suicide!!!)

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