

The Burning Bush

From a Second Story Window

Hey there, you are a simple design
I created your liesHold on, this is not fair for anyone
They all think they are aliveThis is my immaculate design
It's all been planned from the startYour slipping deeper and deeper
Destroying all you heldYour words are losing their meaning
You choose to receive deathI grow increasingly weary
And I'm tired of this jestDear god, what made us all deserve this
There must be some other wayMy son, it's far too much to handle
Just know I do this in loveYou see, you are a disposable beingDon't fear...life is fakeWe all exist in the same
space

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