

Sleeper In Metropolis

[Anne Clark](#)

As a sleeper in metropolis

You are insignificance

Dreams become entangled in the system Environment moves over the sleeper:

Conditioned air

Conditions sedated breathing

The sensation of viscose sheets on naked flesh

Soft and warm

But lonesome in the blackened ocean of night

Confined in the helpless safety of desires and dreams

We fight our insignificance

The harder we fight

The higher the wall Outside the cancerous city spreads

Like an illness

Its symptoms

In cars that cruise to inevitable destinations

Tailed by the silent spotlights

Of society created paranoia No alternative could grow

Where love cannot take root

No shadows will replace

The warmth of your contact

Love is dead in metropolis

All contact through glove or partition

What a waste

The City -

A wasting disease

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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