

December 12, 2007

To Whom It May Concern:
(I dare not mention names)

Are you a megalomaniacal dangerous man
Or the next Metrea in line?
Can you do all the things you say you can
Or are you running blind?
I put my faith in stellar goals
You set before my eyes.
For fourteen years, I fought back tears
And banked on living lies.
I lost my youth chasing the truth.
I prayed would set men free.
For all I know, I've naught to show
Except my misery.
Lying in bed, half live, half dead,
I fear new helping hands.
If, as you said, I caused it all,
Then where are all my friends?
It's much too deep, I need to sleep
And dream of better days.
With morphine pills, I'll try to catch
Narcotic nighty nights.
If that don't work, I'll twist and jerk
Till God turns out the lights.