

Better Days (Poem)

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I wrote this poem while thinking about my surroundings, and all the things going on in the world today.

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1 - Better Days

Staying alive, in what society has given
Only to notice that sometimes it isn't worth living
Lives plagued by poverty, greed and vice
In the end none of it matters, we all pay the price
The cost of living was never cheap
Ever notice the urban areas crumbling to a heap?
The media pulls the wool, over the peoples eyes
News about war, politics, and life, all a pack of lies
Religious heretics, preaching the end of it all
Nothing but hypocrits in pews rambling in a southern drawl
Lives are broken like glass upon the stone
For a war that sheds blood upon sand, sea, and snow
Why is it that life is such a drag?
When the point of living is from riches to rags?
Seems the world is on the edge of doom
I'm only waiting, for the next building to go boom
But We can only look forward through lifes hellish raze
And only hope for some better days.