The Culture of War

Dostoyevsky once said
That fear is only the consequence of every lie
And once you can see that
It opens up your mind

Lies are not just
Little false statements
But planted seeds within
The minds of the populace

These seeds grow to opinions
That shoot up like weeds
And lead to the destruction
Of a Flowering peace

This destruction leads to war
And with it come the consequences
Widows, orphans, poverty
And people's heightened defenses

The culture of war
Isn't hard to be shown
It is a weapon for the government
That only defeats its own

When there is a war raging
There is no “common good”
Far too many are left aching
Their distress is misunderstood
Broken are the people
The landscape left is ruins
The value of life seems forgotten
People no longer feel human

Fear runs like a river
Over the land of the battles
Flowing through the souls
Of the ones whose lives it rattles

The lies of the government
Leave the people without hope
No longer knowing left from right
How do they even cope?

We live in a society
Hardly touched by war
It is something that happens overseas
And never at our doors

But these days we face a threat
That grows by the passing hour
Our enemies are at the door
Warning bells ring from the towers

The culture of war is coming
And we are unprepared
The people must stop at nothing
To see their safety is ensured

**Surpassed By Black**

Every time you step forward
You pull yourself back
Claiming you're stuck in a rut
That you can't get past
You claim nothing can help you
Because nobody understands
Everything you thought you knew
Is slipping through your hands
You'd rather let the flames devour your life
Than crawl out of bed
You're trapped
Listening to the imaginary
Voices in your head
You never took the time
To know any other perspective
You sulked around for ages
Feeling disconnected
If you were given
All you wanted
It would never be enough
It'd just carry on your sadness
Until your time was up
You've grown to detest the skin you're in
Because you feel rejected
But you're blaming everyone else
For your own perception
You ask me how I did it
I don't know the answer that you seek
I just know that I've pulled through
With the holes in my heart
And blistered feet