

Fault line

Humanity is dying, all with these weapons that create ache.

Unwanted and then killed, all they have to do is aim.

Mankind never takes a break, from this excruciating pain...

Alike yet unaccepted, but why? We all bleed the same.

No one ever listens to those who grew up in the wrong lane.

Kids in a household that might as well have been a hurricane. The ones who are broken, they aren't heard; people who now do things in vain.

Ignored and then neglected why can't humans do things in vain, all everyone cares about is the unnecessary fame.

Nor does anyone care about those who cry in the dark. Their silent cries that went unheard, those are people who can no longer be claimed.

Dark thoughts that spin through their head. The deaths that occur. This life is no longer together. It is now a war game, forever.