

Life's Purpose

The universe is disease ridden of spiritual emptiness
A true and honest, depth defying desolation.
A connection between people
One where in the end
It drives us away from each other

But what is a life of purpose
Existing in the lines
Pretending to be alive
Blinded the statue of your being
Pushing things off
Seconds to minutes
Minutes to hours
Hours and years
Simply disappear
What are you left with
The warm promise, sure and solid.
Death.
A final nothingness

A dull
Meaningless life
Perfect, flawless, boring life.
Identifying the happiness that was never there
Drowning for money to survive
But there is no shallow end to this whirlpool

A life's purpose
To give what you don't have
To make proud a face you've never seen
To conquer the world means to obey by it
Yet to idle in the face of injustice is a crime.
We must speak for those

With the voice stolen from them
Not knowing to appreciate something until standing at the funeral
With a wilting bouquet.
All for what
To better a life that we don't own
To better an existence that is destined to die
For your one goal in life being the grave

Why be worried about death
When it's the only thing promised to you
Why worry about fitting in
When it's just being stuck in oblivion
A cliff leading straight to a well
One that doesn't hold a life source
But one that takes away your ability to live
And in the end
Just exist
“For how we spend our day
Is of course
How we spend our life”