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BORROWED TIME

We're spinning on borrowed time, burning the world like a fire,
From cities of steel and lights, to rivers turned to wire.
They promise us it's worth it, they say it's all okay,
But what's left for tomorrow if we take it all today?

And it's all there to see, in the air, in the sea,
But we turn our backs, pretend to be free.
We're trading our future for comforts we find,
But the weight of this world is a debt on our mind.

So many just don't want to know, drown it all in noise,
While forests fall, and rivers dry, just background to the toys.
Some say it's just the way, the price for how we live,
But it's our children's lives, it's all we have to give.

And it's all there to see, in the air, in the sea,
But we turn our backs, pretend to be free.
We're trading our future for comforts we find,
But the weight of this world is a debt on our mind.

So here's the choice we've got, it's ours alone to bear,
To stand, to fight, or fade into the shadows of despair.
It's not just black and white, it's a struggle, it's a war,
But the earth cries louder than ever before.

Will we wake from this silence, turn our eyes to the cost,
To see what we've taken and what's already lost?
There's hope if we dare to see, if we find a way to be,
More than just the echoes of greed's history.

And it's all there to see, in the air, in the sea,
But we turn our backs, pretend to be free.

We're trading our future for comforts we find,
But the weight of this world is a debt on our mind.

So stand and choose, let the truth be your guide,
For the children to come, the ones left outside.
It's not just for them; it's our chance to be whole,
To save what we're losing, to regain our souls.

DEMOCRACY IS DYING

Once a land of promise, of hope and liberty,
A beacon in the darkness, where the chained could break free.
They fought the tyrants' armies, their banners held so high,
But now the stars are fading, and truth begins to die.

Promises whispered, sweet lies in the air,
The rich buy the voices, and no one seems to care.
The press bends the story, the truth becomes a sin,
And the land of the free is caged from within.

Oh, democracy's dying, step by step, day by day,
The mask of the righteous is slipping away.
Where billionaires whisper, and powers obey,
The dream turns to ashes, as they tighten the chain.

They sow seeds of hatred, divide us by our name,
While minorities are trampled, and the guilty shift the blame.
Opponents are silenced, their shadows left behind,
And the shameless rise to power with a crooked, hollow mind.

Promises broken, but no one seems to see,
The hand that feeds them poison is the one they call free.
Integrity's forgotten, dishonesty's the creed,
And the people are deluded while the oligarchs feed.

Oh, democracy's dying, step by step, day by day,
The mask of the righteous is slipping away.
Where billionaires whisper, and powers obey,
The dream turns to ashes, as they tighten the chain.

Once, they fought the fascists, the tyrants, the cruel,
Now they wear the same fashion and rewrite the rules.
The land of the brave, the home of the free,
bows to the rich in their oligarchy.

Oh, democracy's dying, step by step, day by day,
The mask of the righteous is slipping away.
Where billionaires whisper, and powers obey,
The dream turns to ashes, as they tighten the chain.

Was it ever so noble, was it ever so true,
Or just a painted facade, now bleeding through?
The mask lies broken, the lie on display,
And the people still cheer as their freedom decays.

RIPPLES IN THE WATER

A stone cast upon the water, a whisper in the breeze,
Each ripple in the stillness, moves beyond what eyes can see.
The world's a woven tapestry, with threads both near and far,
What we touch and what we leave behind becomes part of who we are.

We are ripples in the water, echoes in the sky,
Every thought, every heartbeat, sends waves we can't deny.
We're tied to one another in ways we'll never know,
Through the lives we lead and seeds we sow.

A hand that plants a garden, a word that finds its way,
A flame that lights another, keeps the endless night at bay.
The breeze that bends the forest, the clouds that bring the rain,
Remind us every movement shapes the joy as much as pain.

We are ripples in the water, echoes in the sky,
Every thought, every heartbeat, sends waves we can't deny.
We're tied to one another in ways we'll never see,
Through the paths we walk, the dreams we weave.

Like stars in constellations drawn, we dance in hidden lines,
Each spark of kindness lifted high, each shadow we define.
With every step, with every choice, the world's remade again,
A single stone can change the tide, and hearts find where to begin.

We are ripples in the water, echoes in the sky,
Every thought, every heartbeat, sends waves we can't deny.
We're bound to one another, threads in life's design,
A single breath, a simple smile, could shift the sands of time.

So cast your stone in kindness, let compassion be your guide,
For every ripple that you make can shift the rising tide.

We're woven to each other, from beginning to the end,
In the river's song, in the silent dawn, the message that we send.

NIGHTMARES IN THE GOLDEN CAGE

I live in a house that touches the sky,
In the heart of the city where dreams don't die.
I've got three cars and they sparkle and gleam,
And when winter rolls in, we hit the slopes, the dream.

Kids are laughing, running free,
They're everything I dreamed they'd be.
Friends all around, work pays me well,
Feels like I'm living under some magic spell.

Oh, I'm lucky, yeah, I know it's true,
With the world at my feet and skies so blue.
Everything I wanted, it's all right here,
But there's shadows creeping near.

Three vacations a year, I fly so high,
From the sand to the mountains and endless sky.
Life's a feast, there's no end in sight,
Every day's golden, every star's bright.

But when I sleep, the colors drain,
I'm a poor man, helpless in pain.
I reach out to my kids, they fade away,
The nightmares come, they're here to stay.

Oh, I'm lucky, yeah, I know it's true,
With the world at my feet and skies so blue.
But in the darkness, something's wrong,
These haunting visions are growing strong.

I'm running through camps with nothing to eat,
The ground is burning beneath my feet.
I'm clutching hands as bombs rain down,
And I see their faces, but they don't make a sound.

I try to scream, but the air is dry,
Watching them leave, and I don't know why.
I wake up shaken, a chill in my bones,
In a house so warm, but I feel alone.

Every morning I rise with a sense of dread,
Can't shake the memories of lives I've bled.
The joy that I felt, it's slipping away,
In the shadow of lives lost and gray.

I'm lucky, yes, but am I blind?
These nightmares leave me paralyzed, confined.
I question my world, this gilded cage,
While others fight through endless rage.

Oh, I'm lucky, yeah, I know it's true,
But I can't shake these shades of blue.
How can I sleep when others fight,
When I walk the line of dark and light?

So I'll live with thanks but try to see,
The fortune I have, the lives not free.
Maybe the nightmares are here to remind,
That I could do more, be less blind.

I'm a lucky man, but I can't ignore,
The world outside my golden door.

DOOMED BY NATURE (THE BRIGHTEST FOOLS OF ALL)

We built our towers on borrowed time,
Split the atom, called it divine.
Burning fossils to light the night,
Blind to the shadow that steals our sight.
We're kings of progress, gods of flame,
But the earth's still screaming out our name.

The skies are choking, the oceans rise,
We preach salvation while nature dies.

Are we the brightest fools of all?
Rising high just to watch us fall.
Chasing dreams on a path so thin,
The echoes of the end begin.
Will we learn, or burn it all?
The brightest fools are doomed to fall.

The beasts don't know when the grass is gone,
But we've seen the signs, still we march on.
Evolution etched in bone,
Every gene fights for its throne.
We're slaves to instincts dressed as choice,
Drowning wisdom in selfish noise.

The future whispers, but we don't hear,
Caught in the spiral of greed and fear.

Are we the brightest fools of all?
Rising high just to watch us fall.
Chasing dreams on a path so thin,
The echoes of the end begin.

Will we learn, or burn it all?
The brightest fools are doomed to fall.

Maybe someday, a new dawn will rise,
From the ashes of our goodbyes.
A wiser hand, a stronger will,
To climb the mountain we never could scale.
Or maybe we're the last refrain,
A fleeting spark in evolution's game.

Are we the first, or just the next?
The cosmos spins, uncaring, perplexed.
Wisdom fades when strength prevails,
And all our stories are ghostly trails.
The brightest fools, we had it all,
But even stars are doomed to fall.

THE RIDDLE OF TIME

Why ponder the riddle of time so long?
A tune well-worn, a forgotten song.
Time, they say, heals wounds and takes,
A fleeting moment, the past it makes.

A predator creeping, devouring all,
The sand in the hourglass destined to fall.
A skeletal hand guides the clock's chime,
Taking us all when it's our time.

Yet time's not the thief, it's just the stage,
An infinite thread, a finite cage.

The past is a shadow, the future's unknown,
The present's a spark that's barely our own.
Time isn't ours, it's borrowed, it's brief,
A fragile illusion, a sweet, sharp grief.

The modern man, so proud, so bold,
Fears the truth of a tale once told.
No matter the heights, no matter the climb,
All fades away in the hands of time.

Atoms scatter, memories fade,
A whisper lost in the cosmic parade.
Time's no judge, no friend, no foe,
It's the current through which we flow.

A burning fuse, a fleeting flame,
An endless story, yet none can remain.

The past is a shadow, the future's unknown,
The present's a spark that's barely our own.
Time isn't ours, it's borrowed, it's brief,
A fragile illusion, a sweet, sharp grief.

The past is a relic, a memory's art,
The future's a canvas we'll never start.
The present's a shimmer, a fragile thread,
A fleeting glimpse of what lies ahead.

Time has no substance, no weight, no form,
It's the eye of the silence before the storm.
A fiction we live, a dream we weave,
An endless cycle we can't perceive.

The past is a shadow, the future's unknown,
The present's a spark that's barely our own.
Time isn't ours, it's borrowed, it's brief,
A fragile illusion, a sweet, sharp grief.

So live in the spark, embrace the flame,
Life's not a measure of time or fame.
It's the moments, the meaning, the love, the strive,
The threads we weave, the reason we're alive.

Time will pass, as it always must,
But in our hearts, we place our trust.
Not in hours or years, but in what we find—
The beauty of life, the threads of time.

SMARTPHONE ADDICTION

Scrollin' through the endless stream,
A world of faces, a digital dream.
Tied to the glow in the palm of my hand,
A chain so light, I don't understand.

Connections fade, they're paper-thin,
A hollow shell where life begins.
Eyes locked down, the world drifts by,
Trading the real for a virtual high.

Oh, we're chained to the screen, it's a slow decay,
Selling our souls for the games we play.
Every swipe, every click, we're feeding the beast,
Losing ourselves to the digital feast.

Shopping carts fill, desires grow,
The algorithm's the one in control.
Feed the need, it's never enough,
We're wired tight, addicted to the bluff.

Privacy sold, we gave it away,
Big Brother's watchin' every day.
Echo chambers, endless noise,
Drowning out our inner voice.

Oh, we're chained to the screen, it's a slow decay,
Selling our souls for the games we play.
Every swipe, every click, we're feeding the beast,
Losing ourselves to the digital feast.

Once it was TV, then the PC,
Now it's a pocket dystrophy.
We're always online, but we're never here,
The cost of connection has grown so clear.

Where's the love, where's the touch,
When did enough stop being enough?
We're the product, we're the prey,
Trading our lives for the games they play.

Oh, we're chained to the screen, it's a slow decay,
Selling our souls for the games we play.
Every swipe, every click, we're feeding the beast,
Losing ourselves to the digital feast.

Break the chain, look up, breathe in,
Find the world where life begins.
It's not too late to turn away,
Rediscover the light of day.

STONE HEARTS

We wake in our castles, draped in gold and lies,
Live a life of excess, under blinded skies.
While miles away, they're fighting to survive,
We turn our heads, pretending they're alive.
Goods we stack and chances we hoard,
Born to a life they can't afford.
It's comfort, it's chance, and it's cruel, and it's bare,
No merit to claim; it's fate's hollow dare.

Stone hearts, we hide what we know,
Drowning in riches, we reap what we sow.
But deep in the night, we can't silence the sound,
The cries of a world that's breaking us down.
We're trapped in a cycle of privilege and shame,
Turning blind eyes to the fire and flame.

We're lost in the spoils, blind to the cost,
Clinging to comfort, our empathy lost.
This velvet cage, a prison we've made,
Walls of our wants, our voices delayed.
It haunts us, it taunts us, yet here we stay,
Can't live with the guilt but won't walk away.
Bound by what fortune blindly bestowed,
Weighed down by the ease of the roads we rode.

Stone hearts, we hide what we know,
Drowning in riches, we reap what we sow.
But deep in the night, we can't silence the sound,
The cries of a world that's breaking us down.

We're trapped in a cycle of privilege and shame,
Turning blind eyes to the fire and flame.

If we shed our layers, bare to the bone,
Would we still hold onto this throne?
Could we step aside, make room to share,
Or are we too lost in the comfort of care?
These walls we've built, can we break them apart?
Or are we too hardened, too cold at heart?

Stone hearts, we hide what we know,
Drowning in riches, we reap what we sow.
But deep in the night, we can't silence the sound,
The cries of a world that's breaking us down.
We're trapped in a cycle of privilege and shame,
Turning blind eyes to the fire and flame.

We could change, but we're frozen in fear,
Held back by comfort, year after year.
With stone hearts in cages of silver and gold,
Living this lie till we're bitter and old.
Deep down, we know, and it tears us apart,
The weight of the world on our cold, stone heart.

DIGITIZED HAZE

Once upon a time, we rode the train,
Bought tickets with cash—oh, what a pain!
Now we swipe and tap, need an app to ride,
But first, the Wi-Fi must coincide.

My coffee maker's got a screen,
With menus longer than I've ever seen.
Your toaster's smarter than Einstein's brain,
But crashes like Windows—oh, what a pain.

Welcome to the digital age, my friend,
Where simplicity's met its bitter end.
Every app's a maze, every gadget a curse,
but there's always an update to make things worse.
So here we are, in this tech-driven maze,
Spending our lives in a digital haze.

Banking's a thrill, online's the key,
Forget your password? That'll cost a fee.
Oh, the bank won't see me, they said go online,
But my account is locked, so I'm stuck in a bind.

Yeah, there's thirty apps on my phone,
Messenger updates won't leave me alone.
TikTok, Instagram, Telegram, Snap,
Who's got time for this tech overlap?

Welcome to the digital age, my friend,
Where simplicity's met its bitter end.
Every app's a maze, every gadget a curse,
but there's always an update to make it worse.

So here we are, in this tech-driven maze,
Spending our lives in a digital haze.

Broadcast gone, it's all on demand,
But buffering's the devil with a heavy hand.
Log in, sign up, connect to the stream,
But the internet's down—guess we'll just dream.

And in my smart car, I feel so cowed,
with screens and menus – that can't be allowed?
With assistants and alerts that won't quit,
I just want to drive - but am lost in a starship.

Smart home, smart car, smart toilet too,
“Smart” just means it's harder for you.
And just when I've learned how the system behaves,
They upgrade and dig new digital graves.

Now even my bike has a chip, a brain,
To ride to the bakery, the brain will explain:
"First sync your account and update the gear,"
then I'm late, bread's out, and I shed a tear.

Welcome to the digital age, my friend,
Where simplicity's met its bitter end.
Every app's a maze, every gadget a curse,
but there's always an update to make it worse.
So here we are, in this tech-driven maze,
Spending our lives in a digital haze.

So here's to the progress that promise us ease,
Instead we've got headaches and lost warranties.
Life with computers goes faster, they say,
But it takes twice as long at the end of the day.

ABOUT

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