

# My World

By Robin B Lipinski

Born into hate, innocence only a fairy tale.  
Listening to the protest of complaint.  
Fed the lie of Wall Street and political speech.  
Churning decisions I make, all concerning me.

Religion is for fools, look at those pedophile priests,  
All another lie for the weak.  
If there was a God, where is He?

I'm hungry.  
I'm hot.  
I'm cold.  
I'm broke, give me money.

You there, on the bench, why the smile?  
You're a freak.  
You've got my job.  
I'll show you.  
I'll change your world into misery

The End