

ALMOST DEAD

I don't see the day you see,
The day I see is bleak.
I see bars, well armed guards,
And things that make hearts weak.

I don't see the sun that shines,
I don't see the stars.
I see pain, misery,
And bodies etched with scars.

I don't see the flowers grow,
I don't see the trees.
I see doubt, hopelessness,
And lots of trembling knees.

I don't see the rivers flowing,
I don't see the streams.
I see waste, deficiency,
And men with shattered dreams.

I don't see integrity,
I don't see the truth.
I see men who've lost their mind,
And men who've lost their youth.

I don't see the happiness,
I don't see the pride.
I see doom, suffering,
And men whose souls have died.

I don't see prosperity,
I don't see the life.
I see strain, emptiness,
And faces creased from strife.

I don't see the day you see,
Each day I see I dread.
'Cause every time tomorrow comes,
I know I'm almost dead.

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