

# Reality Dreams



Heavy footed running  
from danger situation.  
My dreams  
are my nightmares  
are my life  
for I no longer have control,

I drift from shadow to shadow  
scene to scene  
I hardly think.

All actions  
trance-like  
Slow,  
A paralysed man  
powerless in life's face.

Puppet string human,  
Controlled,  
A robotic extension,  
cold metal heart  
Unthinking, uncaring  
a forgotten parasite  
devoid of love,  
I can't even  
hate the way I want.  
I don't care what waits  
for this shell of me.

HELL! Hell?

