

Me, me and me

by oohdear

Greed, sleeping, too stupid to care, oh no wait, too brain washed to care

Me

Chapter 1 of 1

Greed, sleeping, too stupid to care, oh no wait, too brain washed to care

why do you ask the state of us lost souls
those separated from our being
we know that the name of a few colors is art
when we lost the value of love, we started putting a price on pictures
we found the value of millions
but could not find the heart of a single soul
oh how has destiny written our fortune
in just a few lines of our hand
fortune was not ever our ally
devious thinking we could never do
our brains did not explode
our ears did not go deaf
we heard the lament of life
and we carried on, nonetheless
you will listen to my songs
and you will call me a non believer
i called my pain a church

i called my agony a god

then

why do you ask the state of us lost souls?

A poem by Shiv Kumar Batalvi

This translation does no justice to his poetry.