

# The Game

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The purple grass glows  
On the growing wall,  
An obscene world of  
Lights and disillusionment.  
Stop. Stop me  
Before I die,  
Before I flee  
From an obscene world. My soul runs,  
Fleeing fire,  
And falling higher;  
A dying desire. Adrenalin,  
Adrenalin, my one true love,  
As I'm born again.  
A glorious victory for those who survive  
The glowing room.  
Pain is an illusion,  
Death is a dream;  
A cloudy ceiling close to the  
Earth. A cloudy façade.  
What is it worth?  
Freedom is a lost word, filed away and classified  
In an obsolete world,  
In the glowing room.

