

Static State

Voices clash like shattered glass,
A storm of tongues that never last.
Children fall while leaders stall,
Their echoes vanish down the hall.

They trade power like empty cards,
Counting votes, ignoring scars.
I'm done with watching puppets sway
While blood writes truth across the day.

I cut through all their static hiss,
Through every lie they call politics.
This heart will not be tuned to their noise,
I'm turning now to every silenced voice.

No more echoes dressed as blame,
No more lives that burn in vain.
From ashes rising, raw and stark,
A rebel's fire lights the dark.

Their words are poison, and polished thin,
A varnished mask of fear and sin.
They feed the chaos, and starve the wound,
Then bury grief beneath the news.

I'm done with watching their power spin,
With our grief repackaged, then sold again.
Their noise is deafening with a new disguise,
But I will no longer kneel before their lies.

More empty speeches, more crooked grins,
As their greed and fear repeat their sins.
Now we will cut the signal, break the chain,
We will no longer be shackled by their reign.

Our voice spews fire, heavy, raw and loud,
A reckoning coming inside a faceless crowd.

No more silence, no more shame,
We rise now to end this deadly game.
Let their static choke on the truth set free,
No more stolen breaths will fade into misery,
It's time to crown our victory.