

## **Wäre ich kreativ hätte ich einen Titel**

When i'm sitting at home, listening along to the voices talking on, I don't feel that I belong.

Don't get me wrong, my roommate next dorm, he's talking like crazy on his phone.

But I feel i need to be somewhere else, a place of joy and disgrace, a place for the disgruntled and loss of face.

I want to indulge in the urge, stop resisting the surge and not look back the place from which I emerged.

A civilized house, trying to surpass the wild crowds, dismembering the flows of passage and shows and onlooking crows.

But whenever i feel the need, the lust for speed, the urge for weed or the greed to lead, I remember the right place to be, is the one where you can do good, and deeds.

Hypocritical for the most, dangerous at worst and a nuisance at best, is how I am seen by the rest.

Neither rhymes nor sense can change the world we face, an indifferent host, who usually beholds and destroys.

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