

101

Watch them all,
Going nowhere
Listen to their screams
As they fall

One hundred and one is where you go
The perfect place made by regimes
As all opponents stop being cargo

It's torture,
They are professionals,
It's painful,
They are good criminals,
It's torment,
They get away with it,
And no one is going to win.

My worst fear,
Is in your smile,
All out in the open,
This is bile

Two plus two has always given you four
You get out when you are broken
After days and weeks you only implore

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