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## **Slaves**

Breathe in,

The curdled air of this world,

A world fueled by slaves

That toil tirelessly to provide

What we need...against our will,

Defiant slaves they are,

They drone and drudge right through dark,

When light has passed away,

With sole goal in eye to give a life,

To *us*,

A thankless profit,

We use our whips and end their merry existence,

For beauty and land,

A game?

We set them free,

To hunt them down,

It's rather terribly vain,

We trod upon them,  
With our carbon boots,  
A carbon footprint remains.

A path of death.

We kill our slaves.

The air thickens with their demise,

And we are punished,  
To inhale the byproduct of our counterintuitive actions.