

I think I must be going out of my mind,

My brain's all crazy and God's no-where to find;

So such is life in a big smog filled city,

There's so many people and I'm full of pity.

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Social disorders are out of this world,

And disease of the brain is like the earth being twirled;

They say that science can cure all our problems,

When it's like an interview on which a job stems.

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Most people treat life like water off a duck's back,

But madness has a way of colouring you black;

So I think I shall pray and look to the heavens,

And stay up writing poetry well past the elevens.

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The only way sanity will be right in my life,

Is to establish my heart and find me a wife;

Though I'd rather not bank on that at all,

Not after Adam and Eve and when God allowed the fall.

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No the only hope in this life for me,

Is Jesus Christ and his death on the tree?

Now this worlds a big place and loves hard to find,

Except if your humble and gentle and kind.

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So what of the past and life in the present,

The future will come with the moon in a crescent;

It's not as if this is the end to it all,

But depends on decisions and being on call.

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If God's really out there I must keep my faith,

Or end up insane and undead like a wraith;

No I'm not losing I'll put my foot down,

And choose life in the city and really go to town.

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So what really does God think of people being mad,

It's really just sin and behaving very bad;

Now I'm not going to let it run me into the ground,

I think I'll just look until someone wants me found.

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Signed,

Try to stay sane.