

some of us eat each other

some of us eat each other,
we're not proud - it's just what we do.
at least we know just what we taste like
which is more than you know about you.

our m.o. is plain and it's simple:
we do what we need to survive.
more often than not we are leery
of just how long we'll be alive.

we lack any ethics or morals.
we live without guilt or regret.
we harbor no sense of a history
no ancestral line as of yet.

the past is the same as the present.
time is a word that means nil.
here at the end of the ocean
time is just something we kill.