# Title: Ego Everywhere

## Subtitle: Poetry

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Summary: A poem for the "own your friends" rude people that judge on ap

Where is the love;
Where is a gift from above?
We curse and fight,
We have it right;
We buy and sell,
And then we yell.
We always work for more,
Like some dirty whore;
We don't look within,
Or even at the grin.
So our heart sings like a violin,
As people always take;
So many are so fake.
A world that could have peace,
Or desperately seeks release.
A soul to save,
Or just already in the grave.
So we thank the scum,
Who want to buy everyone;
As we never liked the concept,
And most don't understand inept;
Where other people they don't accept,
As they keep their own precept.
So deleted all have gone,
As would rather sing a song;
Peace and harmony everyone.