

2020; Modesty

**Tears fell on the white sheet,
The night was replaced by the day
A lot of confusion, many
Thoughts, a lot of pain, happiness
And they are a lot of hope**

**Attributes of the melancholy poet
In the year of the rat 2020, so must
We rethink our thinking and
Making the best of it; where are
My sisters and brothers only**

**Remained in that juggernaut called
Mercantile civilization and full
The gentlemen are taking advantage
The new creatures of the New Beat,
And so we go into the annals!**