



Dread-mass

When shops engorge their creaking shelves
And we creep up to that time of dread
When the tinsel-tastic lights abound
And adverts constantly pound your head

Whichever way you turn your face
To avoid the false glittery view
You can't escape the crap and tack
It's a season to make me spew

Commercialism, at its expert worst
It's the most seedy, greedy time of all
Force fed bull and all the seasonal joys
Regardless of your need or spiritual call

While others buy into the seasons mirth
Sorry I cannot abide the falsely festive
A hijacked time of prayer and faith
The spirit is lost from my perspective

☹️ *..sorry for being a party pooper..*