

i am the broken bureaucracy
of a london borough

seemingly working
seemingly running
running things
at the centre
of my own little
world

to others
is my core
a firey orb
a molten mass
running things
seemingly running
seemingly working
within a solid mantle
a solid man

but i am broken
and theres a good many others
like me
i know them
in the hot workhouse
of the everyday burden
they sweat