

Typewriter
Life is a typewriter
If the writer never stopped
Always clicking, always tapping
Writing the day away

Click Click Click, Ding!
The alarm goes off
Time to move to a new line
This space is completely blank, plenty of time to fill

Tap... Tap... Tap.....
Methodically the weeks pass
The occasional key breaks
The occasional button stalls
Life goes on
Only small hindrances those keys prove to be

Tap..tap..taptap
The keys hit closer now
Suspense is built
The ink that is splattered on the crisp paper
Is the lives of others that are slowly being crushed

taptaptapBOOM
A key is hit too hard
Worlds are sent awry
The ribbon snaps
Now nothing can move
No one can make a mark
Everyone is stuck
No keys to be pressed when we're confined to our homes

If the typewriter is life
Then the typist is fate
Constantly poking and prodding
Pressing the keys
Until we've made our mark on the void of paper
And the void of history