

Gray Fade Dark 08-02-03

I wonder what value the truth really has  
A proper society revolves around lies  
Some are quite harmless, most are contentious  
They hover like songbirds but cluster like flies

What good would exposing one's soul really do  
When such an advantage these others could gain  
Do atheists have any faith in the living  
And do the devoted believe in their pain

Watching the rain gently roll off of the branches  
Down into the ground and absorbed by small stream  
The streams become larger - then rivers, then oceans  
And sun burned again they become the sky's dream

Whatever became of the idea of goddess  
The giver of living and maker of all  
How long can these men keep the stolen light hidden  
How long will we wait 'til we realize the fall

What do I need to fulfill a life's promise  
Can happy occur through abundance of things?  
Does might still succeed as a practical winner –  
Economical circus in one giant ring

Everyone sees their own cross and they bear it  
Escaping through chemicals, A/V and more  
Kindness becomes one more calcified relic  
And rarely appears from its rusty old door

Marrow and bone, wrapped in fat-muscle-skin  
Fluids still pumping, these systems still whole  
Function descends automatic, reactive  
The most basic desire over mind over soul