

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