

The rage will quiet  
05-16-2000

Fair skinned, the store clerk glares  
He can't get over their darker skin  
The sorrow and hate of his own life flares  
And finds a home in these unknown kin

The woman smooths her business suit  
Declares the realm of her domain  
Exports the rotting lack of competence  
Falls on her staff like acid rain

But me, I guess I'm done with it  
I've grown so tired of little minds  
The nautilus of self served pathways  
The empty nests, the barren pools  
Somewhere up north there is an echo  
Bouncing 'round the pine-spun hills  
Love's the only thing that matters  
The rage will quiet, this fever cools

The father whips a cruel remark  
In earshot of his growing sons  
They breathe his words as molten truth  
Within two weeks they've found his guns

Insecurity's long tentacles  
Knot up inside a weakened heart  
And drain what drops of happiness  
Lay hidden from an infant start

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The senator blooms up in a bluster  
Accusing those who aren't like her  
She knows the rules, and to enforce them  
Her rules, her world, all confer

The billionaire sits on his island  
Watching waves crash on the reefs  
Crashing like his recent lay-offs  
Rationalized to changed beliefs

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