

Blacktop

Being As An Ocean

I drove myself out into the wilderness
Not a forced exile, I'm just searching for bliss
Blood orange crescent moon
Illuminate the blacktop's running lines
Carry my spirit far from the chaos and light
Of the city built upon brute and might
The soul deserves savor
The apple, heavy and over-ripe, on my simple pallet
Sickens the stomach

Blind my eyes with flashing lights
Dull my senses in over-sweet wine
Expose me to all of your grandeur
I'd still long for bitter savor

Egos taught to inflame from a young age
Images and influence twisted to persuade
Our common sensibilities toward entering a race
For which there is no end, no hanging yellow tape
Don't let your intellect be insulted
Don't be taken for a fool
It's in knowledge and experience
Wherein a soul's true fortune is made

So I won't buy what they've always tried to sell me
Give up your passions for that 401k
Put away your true callings
Chase the American dream
I'd rather run into the wild, experience the wind the cold
Than gain the wealth of the world and forfeit my soul
We fight against the tide to retain that spark of life
That's become all too extinguished
The prevailing of time
To never grow old, only become wise
Taking all the suffering and the bite
One breath at a time
Is all it takes to keep on growing, all it takes to stay alive