

## 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