

The Will of the Wisps

Dan Bull

Sometimes the lifeboat to which our hope is tethered
Is but a floating feather
Blown in zephyrs in the soaking weather
The mist and the smoke envelop
A mystery, a missed envelope
An unopened letter
Wrote instead of
Letting these emotions
Go through the motions, ever
Hope is a coping method
Is a mechanism
Letting us get rid of the foreboding peril
Say no to the Devil
To the toad in the hole
That we know can control
On a whole new level
Mill wheel turning
Fear will turn into cheer
Chilled, flowing in vessels
How long have we known each other?
Would you rather go alone instead of
Getting thrown together
With a ghost in a lonesome bed
I bet it goes through your head, huh?
If we won't keep our head up
And we don't keep ahead
I bet we won't keep our head above the ocean
Then and we'll recede to the seas
That are deep below these heavens
Knees trembling

He sees us... Jesus
For a hesitant moment there, I was froze in terror
With a phobic tremor
That stoic heroics never extinguish
Spoken in the most elegant English
Flash! Lightning, fires fade
Ash, rising, sky ablaze
Some of us die and raise to a higher place
Others just lie in wait in a hiding place
With a frightened face
Eyes agape and gazing vacant
Waiting patiently
Pacing aimlessly
To syncopated beats
We need to face the things we hate to see
Embrace the things we hate to say we need
And that's hard to do
How can we start anew?
When it feels like we're just half-way through
The last chapter, the last part, and now we're starting two
But in my heart of hearts I knew
That this is what I've got to do
True. And when I'm in the zone
I'll never be alone with you
You tenderly approach
Your presence is a glow

Put a hand on my shoulder, friend
And hold me, hold me, hold me close
Hold me close
Hold me close
Hold me close
Hold me close
Hold me close
Hold me close