

No One

I Mother Earth

Shades of gray
Hate influence
A constant truth
Put into effect
The question
On a dead friends face
The tragic
Stance he used to fake
Passed away for circumstance

A forced exit out of
Innocence
The right to choose
Stays in her head
Systematic ignorance
A politicians
Hand in your pants
Searching
For what he don't have

Creating new obscenities
Harassed
And broken down and in
An eye towards
Eternity
A passing glance
And half a chance
At sanity
Shows you
Things... they get away

It's all we can do
To ride it on through
No one
Leaves the caravan

Feel the signs
The jazz... the band
Affection
For a certain time
A haze of mid-life
Drunkeness
You're crucified for what
You're art says
If art is
God... true art has left