

Cold day in October

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Cloak of your embrace

The cloak of your embrace,
it warmed me from the savagery of the winter's day.
The cloak of your embrace it was covered in your scent,
and it dispelled the smell of the street,
and it filled my nostrils with the scent of flowers,
as if on a summer's day,
and in the cloak of your embrace,
in the cloak of your embrace,
I drifted in my mind thousands of miles away,
yes, and you gave me comfort for in your eyes there is trust,
and your heart is pure and good,
and always true are the words that you say.

We talked

Of our relationship,
we talked and we talked,
but we have brought it to an end,
we talked and we talked, and we argued, and we argued,
but we have brought it to an end,
yes, this reconciliatory trend,
we have brought it to an end,
and we will go our separate ways,
and we will never see each other ever again,
because we have brought it to an end,
and there is nothing left to talk about,
but we leave as "friends",
and it is probably for the best,

because we have been at odds for far too long,
and there is no time left to make amends,
for what is said is said,
and when the understanding and the patience runs out,
what good are words,
because we will both refuse to listen,
and we will end up discussing the same subjects repeatedly,
so quite rightly, quite rightly we have brought it to an end,
an end, and now there is peace for both of us,
and finally, at last we can regain our sanity again.

Sending a message

Sending a message should not be that hard,
but what if all the technology you had had been destroyed,
in an un technological act, now, what a question,
and if chalk pens and paper were eradicated,
and computers too,
would you get frustrated and what would you do,
because sending a message should not be that hard,
and yet, without technology and electricity,
we would have to talk,
and after years of being engrossed in technology,
and upon arriving in the 22nd century,
maybe we will have become telepathic,
so, it will not be as the un technological act,
that deprived us temporarily of our technology,
and of our sanity I am sure,
I am sure after learning telepathy,
we will be quite adept at that.

Of little words

Your gymnastic eloquence is something I will forgive,
for you are of little words and are seldom heard,
so, go ahead kid,
make your mark with a graffiti can where you live.
No, I will not tell anyone,
for it is nice to see freedom of expression,
in your creativity and art,
and though you are of little words,
but in your heart,
you bare your soul, and you speak your mind in pictures,
and that is far better,
far better than selling drugs like the other kids.

I wait for the silence

I wait for the silence, but it never comes.
I hold my arms outstretched.
I wait for the atomic bombs.
I wait for the silence, but it never comes.
I wait for the end of days.
I wait for the explosion of the sun,
and in my nihilism,
I am alone, but I have no time to run.
Yes, I wait for the silence, but it never comes.
Oh, what is the point of life, what is the point of life,
when humanity wages war continuously,
almost killing everyone.
Yes, I may as well end it all now,

oh, if only I had a gun,
I could be at peace for the world is a tortured place,
and I wait here for the end of days,
with my arms outstretched invitingly,
and I long to say goodbye to the world,
and whilst dying I will wish for a better one,
and yes, in my nihilism I am alone,
but I have no time to run,
and as I wait, I look to the sky,
I look to the sky, and I await the atomic bombs,
and with glee in my nihilism,
I await the explosion of the sun.

He is corrupt you know

Apropos of nothing the man at the bar said,
he is corrupt you know,
yes, he lines his pockets,
whilst they stand waiting for bread in the snow,
yes, he is corrupt you know,
and he censors the opposition,
and he has them beaten up,
and he has them tortured,
and he has them sent to prison camps,
in places that they do not know.
Yes, he is corrupt you know,
and he drinks champagne whilst others live in poverty,
and below poverty you know.
Yes, he is corrupt you know, yes, he is a murderer,
yes, he is a genocidal maniac,

yes, he is a dictator with a mind of hate and rage.
yes, we should come up with a plan,
for he is corrupt you know,
and after a few more beers for Dutch courage,
we really should help the people have him overthrown,
and then, the television is turned off,
and we talk about other things,
other things apart from that dictator,
being a genocidal maniac,
a genocidal maniac,
from a country that to which we will probably never go.

Through the years

Through the years you have seen some tears,
and through the years,
how such emotions do form in the blink of an eye,
and oh, how they arrive crashing around inside you,
and whilst you suffer,
they are having the time of their lives,
and whilst you are happy,
they are glad and so are you to be alive,
because they just want to exist,
and to be upon the stage,
and no matter the situation and no matter the mood,
how rapidly they come out to play,
and through the years you have seen some tears,
and you have laughed and cried,
and you have faced death and heartbreak,
and you have had the time of your lives,

and yes, through the years, you have seen some tears,
and what powerful things are they,
and how powerful and how emotional is a mood,
captured in tear drops that fall so rapidly from your eyes,
in moods of joy and dismay.

You philosophize

You philosophize whatever comes before your eyes,
you philosophize anything and everything,
and anything and everything you analyse.
You philosophize but did you achieve anything?
No, not really but I will give you this,
I philosophize that you,
you could be the greatest thinker of our times,
and me, I will probably accomplish more than you,
as you sit there like that Rodin sculpture,
thinking the greatest thoughts,
that will never be written down as you are far too busy,
far too busy thinking all the time.

Counteract

Counteract the waywardness of the world,
with delicate tact,
counteract,
for the world,
it dances in its sensitivities,
and in misunderstanding,
life hangs in the balance,

and in the frustrations,
and in the rage of nations,
the nations are unable to hold themselves back,
back from war and disaster,
back from buying weapons,
back from buying weapons faster and faster,
and by doing so increasing the speed of death,
and in misunderstanding and greed,
civilizations are brought to their knees,
and with destruction,
with destruction it can come ever so quick,
and if we do not learn soon,
maybe,
with nuclear weapons,
humanity will be erased by the explosions,
and from the radiation,
that will make us sick,
and if we do not learn quick,
we will possibly never,
ever again,
as the human race, exist.

The gathering storm

The gathering storm, does arrive before the dawn,
the gathering storm it arrives in the early hours,
and as the darkness hangs there,
the flashes of light appear, and the thunder echoes loudly,
and the lightning bolts warn, do not venture out,
do not venture out for I am rather forlorn,

because I am here to shed my tears but do not fear,
if you stay in bed the sun will soon come up,
and I will have moved on far far from here,
for I am the storm,
I am the storm,
that can take your life away,
so please stay in bed for I have no time,
no time to mourn today.

Realm of your reality

The realm of your reality, it leaves me confused,
Yes, it leaves me confused,
for you live your life surreally, and you seem easily amused,
for in the realm of your reality,
you are happy and oblivious,
and seemingly do not have a clue,
and yes, I envy you, because my life is complicated,
and I wish I could live my life,
I wish I could live my life, as simply as you do.

Love in the twenty first century

There were three people across the road, a rowdy crew,
but it was mostly down to a combination of two.
Loud voices, disagreements as the fists flew,
yes, it was mostly a combination of the two,
yes, a misunderstanding,
a miscomprehending of who wanted to be with who,

yes, it was mostly a combination of the two.
yes, it was jealousy,
yes, it was love but no one could decide,
who wanted to be with who,
and yes, it was mostly a combination of the two,
but then, after such heated arguments,
all were unable to decide, and they went their separate ways,
but that is love these days,
and I am now alone on the street,
and it is much better and much easier to be alone,
and more peaceful it is true.

For lack of love

For lack of love, you do what you do,
you dance with the danger that you are attracted to,
yes, you do what you do,
you dance to the flames of hell,
that you seem to know so well,
and because of lack of love, you dance with the devil,
and though you may be happy,
pray tell will it end very well,
because from what I have seen for lack of love,
it spurs you on to try such temptations,
that seem to make you happy,
yes, the gossip, the drugs,
the sex that you know all too well.
And because of lack of love your life,
is an exhilarating thrill,
but as your friend,

I have never seen anyone so close to death,
and I cannot love a corpse,
and I know tears will never be enough,
enough to dispel these thoughts away,
so, please take my hand, and let us put the afterlife aside,
for there are better things to do, than commit suicide,
but anyway, you seemingly have a pact with the devil,
and you, you will never change, you will never change,
and because of lack of love,
you do what you do, and everything remains the same.

To no avail

To no avail did you travail,
in the wind and the rain,
and the snow that did prevail,
for you wanted to go here and there,
but the weather,
the weather it did not play fair,
and you lost your way far from home,
for to seek company you did roam,
and to no avail you did travail,
and you failed on your quest,
because the weather it knew best,
and to no avail you did travail the trails alone,
only to find shelter in defeat,
and far from friends,
friends that you know,
and the weather and its bitterness was determined,
determined to keep you from their happy home.

Push through

Push through,
for in tears there is no shame,
yes, push through,
push through the pain and grin and bare it all,
and defiantly stand and fight it away,
and yes, push through,
push through the pain and never give in,
and fight it with all that you have,
for your physical and mental strength,
belies such a gentle frame,
but I know you,
and I know you never give in anyway,
for you encourage me,
and I will encourage you just the same,
so, push through, push through the pain,
because emotions have such fickle ways,
but no matter the experience,
push through, push through the pain,
and there is no time like today to take your first steps,
and recovery will come in time,
so, persevere at all costs,
and do not be too hard on yourself about wasted days,
because any steps forwards towards recovery is a blessing,
and I will encourage you in every way,
so, push through, push through the pain,
and in time,
in time everything will be okay,
everything will be okay.

In our life

In our life,
and in the infiltration of time,
time,
time, it ticks and it tocks,
and it far too rapidly passes by,
but what would you do with it,
if you could freeze it, freeze it,
in the blink of an eye,
because it ticks and it tocks,
and we spend our lives in anxiety,
panic and fear and distress at the rapid passing of ages,
and in such a state, because of stress,
time, time is the reason why.

We go around

We go around, we go around,
we go around in silence,
and we look left and right,
and we look up and we look down,
for we have not much to say,
because we dreamers do survey the world,
with inquisitive eyes,
and we keep the words mostly to ourselves,
words that mostly describe what we have found,
yes, we go around,
we go around in our own world,
for by aesthetics, we are in enjoyment mostly bound.

She put you upon a pedestal

She put you upon a pedestal to watch you fall,
she put you upon a pedestal,
to feel better about herself,
but in the long run,
she never felt good about herself at all,
and she put you upon a pedestal to watch you fall,
for she was wicked,
she was wicked, vindictive, and cruel,
and in the inequality between the sexes,
she was determined to have her revenge,
and in the vicious cycle,
she was trapped in a constant battle,
and she fought long and hard,
but death for her was the only way to escape,
and to rise above It all,
and she lived a long life,
but she was bitter to the end,
and she made your life hell,
but what is the point of life when you are insecure,
and you have been treated badly,
and you learn nothing at all, and what,
what is the point of life,
when you are insecure, and you have been treated badly,
and you are in such pain,
that you continue to throw such dark shadows about,
and cast such bitter and perpetual spells,
over one and all around.

Beware

Beware,
beware what goes there,
for in the darkness of the night,
a shadowy figure passes,
to who knows where,
yes, beware,
beware, beware its stare,
for it is said that its eyes can pierce your soul,
and steal your heart,
and cast it into the dark,
and take it to who knows where.
Yes, beware, beware,
beware at midnight for the time is right,
the time is right for disappearances,
and devilish is the air,
yes, beware, beware,
beware what goes there upon the path,
through the forest,
for in the wilderness you had better pray,
you find your way home,
for it stalks the forest like a ghost,
and without a warning,
it can appear from anywhere,
so, beware,
beware for thou art an angel,
and the devil and his minions,
for you they do not care,
for you they do not care.

The pool

What else could be, as fine as this could be,
because how great is the beauty,
of the pool by the waterfall,
the waterfall, which flows with such force, and so elegantly,
and what else could be as fine as this can be,
and oh, how great is the beauty of the pool,
the pool where she floats so happily,
yes, what else could be as fine as this can be,
for where she swims,
she is so calm in the tropical climes,
and such gentility,
does set her mind forever free,
forever free to be what she wants to be,
in the pool by the waterfall,
revelling happily in nature's revelry.

Disparate, dramatic, bombastic, fantastic

Disparate and dramatic,
oh, what a life,
oh, what a life you lead,
and so bombastic and fantastic,
for as you bounce up and down,
and all around,
you smile at anything with a glorious grin,
and never let the world get to you,
for that would be a sin,

and your life is disparate and dramatic,
and what a life,
what a life you lead,
and so bombastic and fantastic,
and I applaud you,
because it amazes me,
and yes, with your liveliness and your happiness,
it makes me see how great the world can be,
and with the way you see the world,
and with such joy,
I admire you,
for I wish that is how I could be,
for how disparate,
and dramatic and joyful,
and fantastic and bombastic you are,
and how much better the world is,
with the happiness that you bring to it,
and with the happiness that you bring to me.

Cold day in October

You were drinking and I was sober,
it was a cold day,
a cold day in October,
and as we sat in a restaurant mulling things over,
you were drinking and I was sober,
because our relationship was on the rocks,
and although we tried to be polite,
the looks in our eyes were furtive,
because we had been traveling apart so often,

and we had grown distant in our hearts,
and it was already over,
and yes, there really were no words to make it any better,
and you were drinking, and I was sober,
for it was a cold day,
a cold day in October,
and we both agreed things were not what they used to be,
so, we ended it all and hugged each other goodbye,
feeling such numbness in our hearts and in our minds,
and as I watched you go in the sadness of the time,
and with tears in both our eyes,
it was a cold day,
it was a cold day in October,
and as you walked down the street,
you blew a goodbye kiss to me,
and I drank,
and I drank and I drank,
I drank to forget it was all over,
I drank to forget it was all over.

What happenstance

What happenstance has brought you here,
amidst the cold and the wet,
where you wait for the coach,
to take you far away from here,
yes, what happenstance has brought you here?
Because you look weary of the world,
and I see a little tear,
what has brought you here,

for you look like you have seen a ghost,
and you look like,
you are haunted by your memories,
and when I look in your eyes, you look numb to me,
so, what happenstance has brought you here,
because your loneliness is overwhelming,
and in the rain as we wait,
with you longing to be anywhere but here,
I sympathize,
and whatever happens,
please go before me my dear,
please go before me, and get on to the coach,
for I am in no rush,
but I feel for you, and may God speed you away,
so far away, from your problems,
so far away to a better life,
and so far away from here.

What is this distraction?

What is this distraction?
What is its attraction?
What will it do for you,
that provides satisfaction,
for I do not see,
what you see in it,
but by the look on your face,
you are fixated in your ways,
and you are sold by it at first sight,
and you will spend all the money,

all the money that you have on it,
with no thought or hesitation,
but to me what is the point,
because every year,
a new one will arrive,
and will demand that you purchase it immediately,
and presume,
that your money comes in,
in a never-ending supply,
but will I do the same?
No, not I, not I, for I have never been materialistic,
but I am glad that you are happy,
and I am happy,
not wasting my life on material things,
because life goes far too quickly past,
and life passes far too rapidly,
as if in the blink of an eye,
and far too quickly for me.

We bear the scars

We bear the scars,
we whose politeness,
has been savaged,
by others remarks,
we bear the scars,
but we carry the light,
we carry the light in our hearts.
Yes, we bear the scars,
but we are better off,

without your dark arts,
for in darkness there is no joyfulness,
and we are joyful,
and we wear our hearts on our sleeves,
and we are more considerate in our parts,
and we walk the Earth,
with a lightness in our step,
and we walk the Earth,
with memories of you,
memories of you,
that we will never forget,
and we will remember you,
and your inconsiderate ways,
as we live out our days,
and whilst we,
we treat others respectfully,
you will continue to suffer,
and continue to dwell in your evil,
and in your malcontented ways.

Separated

We separated in the night,
and we sailed away from each other with broken hearts,
and broken minds,
yes, we separated in the night,
and we barely said goodbye,
yes, I watched you go,
and you I,
and we watched each other in the gloomy winter's night,

you, with tears in your eyes,
and me,
me with my feelings locked up inside,
yes, we separated in the night,
yes, we longed to ease the heartbreak,
but it was such agony from shore to shore,
and I, I never want to return but then again,
I am sure I will pine for you,
and want to see your face once more,
yes, we separated in the night,
and I regret the moment,
the heated moment that our relationship unravelled,
with such bitter words and with such spite,
and such misunderstanding,
and it is a terrible thing when you are in love,
but grow distant.
Oh, how misunderstanding can breed,
such distress over such little things,
for it happens so unexpectedly,
and oh, how the heart is torn,
for in such brutal words that we use,
words that we shout at each other,
and with which we tread on each other's feelings,
words that we say with such viciousness,
and with such ill meaning,
yes, how awful it is,
and in our heart to heart,
and in such destructive times,
there was devastation as we separated in the night,
and as we parted with such sad looks,

in what seemed like a heartbeat of time,
oh, how it pains me now,
how it pains me,
and it probably always will,
because ill is the wind that was bitter in that time,
and I had plans to leave you,
but you had plans to stay with me,
and I was conflicted and selfish and unhappy,
and you,
you thought,
you thought you wanted to be with me,
and I,
I wanted to make you happy,
but it was not to be,
and so, we separated in the night,
but oh, how dark it is now,
because I am beginning to realise that I miss you,
and I missed you greatly,
before you had hardly gone any miles,
and now, I feel alone and then I think of the tears,
the tears that you cried,
and yes, I should be ashamed,
for I was selfish and,
I am to blame because I was the one who ended it all,
when you wanted us together to remain,
and now, now the wind it cries loudly as we depart,
and cover such distances in time,
and with my feelings and my emotions shattered into pieces,
for a long time in pieces,
I am sure that they will remain, and yours too,

for how powerful is the heart,
but how tormenting are loves games,
and how tormenting it is,
when you cannot decide what you want,
but it was my fault and I feel for you still,
and I know that you are in pain,
I know that you are in pain,
and as we separate in the night I look to the rain,
I look to the rain,
and as millions of tears from heaven fall,
you vanish in the distance,
and you and I will never be the same,
and in solemnity,
as the stars and the moon shine down upon my face,
I contemplate what I have done,
and how I left you and I feel ashamed,
I feel ashamed yet again,
for I wanted to please you,
I wanted to please you, but I could not remain,
and though it was cruel of me to leave,
it would have been crueller to remain.
and as we separate in the night,
I wish our fate had been different,
but I will remember our good times,
for in my heart, you no matter what,
will always remain,
and oh, what must you think of me,
oh, what you must think,
for I am the cause of so much pain,
and I, I am ashamed,

I am ashamed and I look to the skies and to the stars,
and the moon,
and my tears begin to fall down my cheeks,
and mingle with the ocean,
and mingle with the rain,
and we depart in the night,
we depart in the night forever changed.

Bemused

Bemused and not amused,
you stare out to sea and are confused,
bemused and not amused,
such destruction in your life,
and of the reason why,
because you told the truth.
Bemused and not amused,
oh, what a world it is,
for it has taken its toll on you,
yes, bemused and not amused,
for no one thinks like you,
yes, bemused and not amused,
oh, why is the world such a fool,
in the way it fails,
it fails continually to solve the problems that it should do.
I am bemused and not amused,
With such frustrations in the mind,
and you,
you tried to make people listen,
but you have failed to continually do,

yes, I am bemused and not amused,
and I am a stranger in the place that you were born,
and you heartbroken and forlorn,
and you are prepared to wander,
wherever you may roam,
yes, you are bemused,
and not amused with your eyes on the horizon,
and your heart,
your heart is not really at home.

Of such an air

She sauntered through the place of such an air,
she walked so elegantly,
and seemingly without a care,
yes, she,
she of good grace and savoir faire,
yes, she sauntered through the place,
and like a hurricane she quickly left,
and headed up the stairs,
headed up the stairs with a handbag,
and in a red dress,
and with such an intense look upon her face,
for her broken heart demanded that she was there,
and on her way,
and on her way to a room with a view,
she took a reflectful moment or two,
and then she sauntered up the stairs,
and when she got there,
she pushed the door open at the top,

and pulled out a gun and she shot a man,
and in the heat of the moment, he was gone,
but it was the wrong man of which she was quickly aware,
and he died rapidly in a pool of blood,
as tears began to run down her cheek,
and she shot herself dead in despair.
Oh, teardrops and blood what is love,
what is love, when love is bitter and one-sided,
and love is no longer there,
what is love, when love is bitter and one-sided,
and when love is no longer there.

Swift on one's feet

Swift on one's feet clambering,
over the rocks in front of the sea,
the sea with its glorious majesty.
So powerful, so powerful it rages back and forth,
and crashes and smashes against a rock,
as you smile in your joyful way,
and in your contentedness,
your hair blows in the wind,
yes, it blows so wild and free,
yes, swift on one's feet,
oh, your elegance how it enamours me,
for your beauty is for my mind,
and my heart such a delicacy,
yes, swift on one's feet you blow me a kiss,
and I am enraptured by you,
and my heart leaps, for your love is as powerful as the sea.

Inhumanity to spare

People,
People racing everywhere,
racing everywhere with inhumanity to spare,
people,
people,
racing everywhere,
people looking down their noses,
at the homeless on the streets,
because for them they do not really care,
because it is not their problem,
and they will mostly stare,
yes, people, people, people racing everywhere,
in the rain and the wind and the snow,
quickly passing the homeless people,
as the homeless people they brave the cold and the heat,
with hunger in their bellies, and with barely anyone to care.

Ripped

She wrote something angrily that she did not like,
then ripped the words in two,
because she did not like them and she had regrets,
for they were bitter but true.
Yes, she ripped the words in two,
and rearranged them into something new,
then afterwards, she ripped the words in two,
for the language of love can be harsh and brutal,
and in the heat of the moment,

anger can lead to such discrepancy it is true.
Yes, she ripped the words in two,
for love in the heat of the moment,
can give off such conflicting views.
Yes, she ripped the words in two,
and what was the point that she was trying to make,
for the words that she had written had intensified her state,
but only for a moment or two.
Yes, she ripped the words in two,
and she was calmer, but words were not enough,
and all she wanted was to be in his arms,
and to look into his eyes and at his face,
and to express her sorrowful love,
for so many tears she had cried,
but deep in her heart.
no matter the momentary anger,
their love was true,
and it could not be denied,
it could not be denied.

Assimilated

Purveyed,
assimilated,
advertised,
portrayed and displayed,
a simple method to make money in an easy way,
a way to cheat,
and to copy when you have no creativity of your own.
Oh, what a shame.

what a shame,
a shame that many cannot think for themselves anyway,
but this is the state of many businesses today.
Purveyed.
Assimilated,
advertised,
portrayed and displayed,
a simple method to make money in an easy way.
Oh, what a shame.
What a shame that you cannot use your own brain.
Well, creativity is not your strong point,
but you will probably never change.
Purveyed,
assimilated,
advertised,
portrayed and displayed,
a simple method to make money in an easy way.
But does it make you feel good,
the money probably does,
but about creativity you probably never cared anyway.

Of what do you aspire?

Of what great thoughts and schemes do you have,
from the learning of your times that can take you higher,
and of what do you aspire,
something simple,
something magnificent,
now, from whence do you draw your hopes and dreams,
what drives you,

and does inspire,
for the process of imagination,
catches my fascination,
and in my dreams at night,
I linger in such creative observations,
for imagination,
it fills me with such desire.
Imagination,
such a wondrous thing,
in the day or the night,
and no matter what, in it I delight,
and it is no work to me but a joy,
for it comes to me like I have barely tried,
imagination, creation and contemplation.
Innovation, inspiration,
and in the language of vision,
so magical are the works,
and the possibilities that come,
in the creations of the human mind.

Something is amiss

Something is amiss,
yes,
I miss you,
I miss your lips,
I miss the way you kiss,
I miss you.
I miss you,
like the flowers in the spring.

I miss your smile.
I miss the way that you used to sing,
Yes, I miss your eyes,
and the light from them that shines,
and on seeing them,
my heart it pounds so rapidly,
so rapidly a million times.
Yes, I miss you,
for in your arms,
what an incredible feeling it is,
when I bathe in your charms.
Yes, I miss you,
and I wish you were here,
but sadly, you are not,
for you shuffled off your mortal coil
yes, I miss you,
and so, in memory of you,
I wish upon a shooting star,
and I keep you,
I keep you always inside my heart.

Hello old friend

Hello old friend,
I have not seen you for years.
Time,
time to stick the music on the jukebox again.
Yes, hello old friend,
here have a cigarette and take a seat,
the barman's waiting,

yes, I will get you a gin.
Hello old friend,
hello,
how have you been,
words,
words touched with meaning,
and emptiness and feeling,
words left hanging in the air,
as I look at where you would have been,
yes, hello old friend.
Such thoughts in the silence and the longing,
the longing to see,
a long departed,
and now imaginary friend.
Hello my old friend,
hello,
how I remember you,
and with such fondness,
for you are in my heart, and my mind,
but oh, how my heart it aches to see you again,
how my heart aches to see you again.

Dissipates

The sound dissipates in the air,
and no matter outdoors,
and whether I am here or there,
the sound it dissipates in the air,
for the wind it is everywhere,
and it is faster than me and I wonder,

I wonder where it goes,
and I wonder if it knows why,
and does it care,
yes, the sound, it dissipates in the air,
and the rain begins to fall,
and I follow my heart,
to where there is silence,
and with my imagination,
I am a force of nature,
and creating ideas out of nowhere,
creating ideas,
because I work like the wind,
and my inspiration is all around,
and it comes to me so quick,
yes, like thunder that echoes in the air.
And as fast as lightning bolts,
that flash before my eyes,
inspiration is the same,
and in my mind, I am happiest there,
I am happiest there.

Ego

Ego and the self,
they are such a dangerous thing,
and ignorance is such a malevolent force,
and people are swept up by people with vicious tongues,
that set out to destroy logical thought,
yes, ignorance is such a malevolent force,
and people with machiavellian minds,

they ply people with such sugar-coated lies,
and they,
they spread such negativity,
that spews forth from such evil thoughts,
because ignorance is such a malevolent force,
and oppression it beats the minds of people down,
and goads them into believing a person's lies,
a person who will try to corrupt people's minds,
and sway them with illogicality,
and feed it to them,
feed it to them in the shape of apparent truths,
that victimise others,
and the oppressor holds forth with such angry rhetoric,
and with such belittling words time after time,
words that pervert people's thoughts,
and send them down the wrong road,
that leads to such destruction in society,
the road that wreaks such havoc and bitterness,
and the best example,
the best example is Hitler,
with his despotic and evil mind.

Check please

Check please.
Check for my family.
Check please,
check for my family.
Bureaucratic happiness in simplicity.
Check please.

Check the future,
check the future pills.
Check please.
The regulation of life stood at a desk.
Unhappiness benefits in the shape of a suicide pill.
Unhappiness benefits to balance the population,
and to cure the unhappiness disease.
Check please.
Check for my family.
Check please and then I am free,
I am free.

Fire

Fire has its way of warming your heart.
Fire has its way of causing such destruction,
from a tiny little spark.
Fire it burns so bright,
and it is so captivating as it dances in front of the eyes,
and it can captivate you and at the same time,
it can destroy the mind and the heart,
and in its correct place,
it is the saviour of the world,
from the cold and the wet,
and in the day and the night,
and in the light and the dark,
and through the history of time,
It has kept us warm and alive,
and we sit by it and admire it,
and at other times we are scared of it,

for fire it wields such savagery in its ferocity,
and it destroys many lives.
And in its nature,
it is unpredictable,
both saving us and killing us,
with no rhyme or reason why,
yes, fire,
fire, much to be admired,
and much to be scared of,
when it lights up our lives.

All the money in the world

With all the money,
and the all the power in the world,
what good is it,
when the world's happiness is unresolved,
with all the money in the world,
what good is it,
because the majority of it in the hands of the few,
and in the hands of religion,
when morals are but lip service,
and for thousands of years, it has been the same,
and greed, rape, torture, and murder,
and the failure to solve world problems,
causes such misery,
and it continues and sadly,
throughout human history,
it has never really changed.

Creatures of habit

We are creatures of habit us human beings,
yes, we are stuck in a rut,
we are destructive in our ways,
yes, we are creatures of habit us human beings,
yes, we are greedy, and we wage war repeatedly,
but what are wishing for?
For we create such destructive weapons,
that can eradicate us from the planet,
and we kill each other, again and again,
and in so many ways,
for we are creatures of habit us human beings,
and we do not learn, and are fixed in our ways,
yes, we are creatures of habit us human beings,
because we persevere.
now what will save us, from the vicious cycle,
possibly only the sun when it explodes, I fear.

Marches on

This country it marches on,
through the thick and the thin in a world gone wrong,
this country it marches on in the history of our times,
improving and improving with education,
moving from out of the darkness into the light,
moving through disasters and tragedies,
and with our democracy and with good intent,
we try to improve and achieve success and happiness,
and to achieve it, we will fight, and we will fight,

and we will never surrender until our last breath,
and we will listen, and we will learn,
and we are open to suggestions for we are free,
we are free to complain, and we are free to choose,
and we are free to vote,
and we are free to live as we please,
for we live in a civilised society,
and we are lucky that democracy,
is given to us at birth,
and it is our right which is as it should be.

Void

I stare out into the void,
now will anything ever be the same?
For such anguish has brought me low,
and tortured me,
and brought me such mental pain,
and tears fill my eyes,
and I linger a while,
and I ponder such thoughts of despair that remain,
because I have suffered such hurt,
that you cannot possibly imagine,
and I have lost more than I can ever regain,
and I stare into the void,
for I am in pieces at the loss of you,
and though I try to remember,
though I try to remember your smile,
and your happiness,
in pieces I will always remain.

Weather

So complex in its ways is the weather,
and in its variety and in its mood,
it shapes the day,
for it plays in the air and the sky with its mood,
and it fluctuates in so many ways,
and it entices us,
sometimes with the sun,
and with the rain, sometimes it scares us away,
for the weather brings great happiness,
and the weather brings great dismay,
but whatever the weather,
it shapes our lives,
and we are subject to it, through all our days,
and if it was not for the sun and the rain,
how would the Earth be filled with such great variety,
that the world does contain,
that the world does contain.

Happiness

The sound of people's voices carry up from below.
The sound of happiness,
and I am happy for them,
for happiness reflects upon us all and upon the soul,
and how much better is the world,
when we bathe in its glow,
ah yes, what great sound,
the sound of people's happy voices that carry up from below,

from people that I do not know,
and the sound of laughter,
it dissipates the dark,
and the world is a better place for warmth,
and joy of any kind,
yes, it creates such wonderment,
that dispels negativity,
and any darkness that is sown in the mind.

Disrobed of ignorance

In the moment that you were caught,
disrobed of ignorance,
by intellectual thought,
how the light it blinded you,
in the aftermath of the moment,
that you opened your mouth,
and to an intellectual reply,
you tried to speak,
but no words came out,
and as realization spread across your face,
that the system was a failure,
and should never have been put in place,
you were shaken,
for you for far too long,
had been told who to follow,
and which ways to do things,
and that now is destroyed,
and consigned to the bin of history,
where it should have been all along,

and I am sure when you think of it,
you will realise for years,
you could not think for yourself,
for you were helpless, and conditioned, and fed untruths,
but after the shell shock has gone,
educate yourself better,
and you will understand,
why the world suffered,
because of ignorance,
and the lack of clarity of thought,
and you will understand,
why people were mistreated,
and why people mistreated each other,
and problems were left unsolved,
for you were misguided,
and lead by peer pressure,
and by people with silver tongues,
people who accomplished nothing,
now isn't it time,
isn't it time to right the wrongs?

Violins

The violins do in sympathy play for thee,
for your tears reflect the sadness,
and the failures of the world,
and you carry the world's problems,
upon your shoulders with gravitas and openly,
yes, the violins do play for thee,
for you are of such a heart,

and your passion is clear for all to see.
Yes, the violins do play for thee,
and you fight and you fight for what you believe in,
and you never surrender,
and your words are a call to arms,
for they stir the soul as beautifully as a symphony,
as beautifully as a symphony.

On aching feet

On aching feet, I survey the land,
I take in the scenery,
I take in the trees,
and the rivers and the streams,
and the air that envelopes me where I stand,
and on aching feet such visions in my eyes do fill my mind,
for I have ambled,
and rambled across the fields,
and gently trod the earth,
the glorious Earth and how beautiful it is,
the creator of nature,
the creator of man and of all time and worth,
and yes, I am bombarded with magical vision,
and my senses are overloaded,
and filled with such lightness of mood,
lightness of mood,
that in my mind creates such sparks.
And no matter on aching feet when I explore,
I feel and sense,
and feel so many things,

That there really is no struggle to be happy,
for it is a joy to be upon the earth,
and to exist,
for in every precious second and in every minute,
and in every hour and in every day,
every week, every month and year that we are alive,
it is a wonder,
and no matter, whether on aching feet,
I am grateful to be here in all weathers,
and both day and night,
and in all weathers, and under the clouds and the skies,
how great life is with such inspiration,
that thrills us and that captures our hearts,
and bring smiles and tears to our eyes.

What is that feeling

What is that feeling, a funny feeling.
That feeling betwixt such a place,
yes, what is that feeling of the chemical reaction,
where decisions are to be made.
What is that feeling of indecisive ways.
What is that feeling that consumes the mind,
that torments the brains of even the wisest of the wise,
in its nefarious ways.
And how do you define it for overwhelming it is,
and oh, how it does cloud the mind,
for the thoughts are dispelled,
by the storms of the disposition that it casts,
in such negative ways upon humankind.

Psychology

The man sits at the table with his hands on his head,
and with tired eyes and a vacant stare,
because he has listened to everyone's problems,
and he fights the tide,
but every day he faces the same questions,
will they listen and will they care,
yes, the man sits at the table, for he has good intentions,
but psychology and self-help is not always applied,
when in denial,
and no matter how good the words,
the man can try to help people,
but most of it will be wasted,
and people can talk all they want,
but in reality,
psychology is only any good when listened to and applied,
and many people are not ready, and do not wish to change,
and cannot find the strength inside,
and I admire the man,
and anyone who has tried to save human life,
and anyone who tries and tries,
and yes, I will praise them,
I will praise anyone person who has saved a life,
I will praise them to the end of my days,
because saving someone takes such suffering,
away from the individual and their family,
and that feat is the most wondrous thing,
for precious is life and saving it is a miracle,
and it is a blessing upon humankind.

I wanted it all

I wanted it all,
but it was never enough,
I wanted it all and I gave all,
I had but at such a cost,
I wanted it all, but greed is never-ending,
and with it comes such frustration and lust,
because it goads and it destroys your soul,
and you turn into the devil,
and find yourself ever so easily trapped,
and so easily wrapped up in materialism,
with its despicable cost,
and yes, it grabs you,
and if you are not careful you can find yourself forever lost,
you can find yourself forever lost.

Where is the winter

Where is the winter?
Where is the winter for it cools the mind,
where is the summer that heats you up,
that slows the pace down,
that allows such genteel thought, that clarifies life.
Yes, where is the destination,
and what is its reason and rhyme,
yes, do not overthink it,
just be in the here and the now,
for it will come to you and all in good time,
all in good time.

Sartorial

Such sartorial elegance is rarely seen,
In such hell as this weather,
where the rain and the snow disturbs my vision,
where, I see you and in magic I believe,
for in your slender frame,
and under your hat,
you keep the languages of the world contained,
and you,
you call to me with your beautiful eyes,
and you reach out your arm to me,
and when I walk with you.
it is as if a vision of another world and time,
a place filled with beauty,
and the birds they sing as through the forest we go,
with you like an angel as the snow on the ground melts,
in the rain so rapidly,
and as we talk of the journey,
and we talk of the things to be,
you with a rose on your white coat and me in black,
as the words from your tongue burst forth,
and your hot breath spews such an elegant evocation,
of white that displays upon the air so wonderfully to me,
and oh, how beautifully you tell me that you love me,
for the first time unexpectedly, and I am taken aback,
yes, and for the first time my heart it pounds,
as if a butterfly's wings upon its rounds,
to wherever it chooses to be,
and before to me you were of little words,

but slowly in my eyes,
and in my heart and in my vision,
your love has crept in,
as warm as the glow of the fire,
for I met you a long time ago,
and in my mind,
and in the glances that you gave,
yes, they encouraged me,
for your beauty at first filled me with lust,
but you were so knowledgeable,
and caring and gentle,
and beguiled me,
and then enveloped me,
and I felt transcended from my body,
with my eyes burning bright,
in the happiness,
as I began to understand you,
and you began to understand me,
and your pure heart,
it captured me like the snow,
for you were so cool,
and so fresh and invigorating,
yet, as burning and as passionate as fire,
and as raging as the sea.
and when we walk,
when we walk on in our joyous mood,
that broke our previous solitude,
what a wonder this world is,
and what a wonder you are to me,
what a wonder you are to me.

In the wilderness

In the wilderness of such a heart,
you shine bright,
you shine bright in thine eyes,
for they are lit up by the thoughts,
that take you beyond distant shores,
that the imagination does inspire,
for how powerful is the mind,
and how powerful is the stirring of the heart,
and when you are looking for inspiration,
and seeking the actual spark,
that captures your imagination,
what beautiful great light,
that bursts inside,
and that flashes,
and that suddenly fills the mind,
inspiration that works its way on in,
from out of nowhere,
with a burst of vision,
and light and what great works of description,
of which you can write the feelings,
and the experiences upon the page of your times,
and of the times of your life,
because bounteous is imagination,
and in endless fascination,
oh, what greatness is creation that grows,
from such little things,
as captured by the sound,
and the visions in one's mind.

Mountains

Mountains,
I stand before them,
but they can see further than me.
Yes, they with their lofty heights,
that lie above the horizon,
looking to distant places and hailing the clouds,
the sky and the sea, and me,
I stand here obscured by their view,
as I look at the white snow,
that lays at such great great heights,
snow that sparkles so beckoningly,
and oh, how it captivates me,
and now what I would not give,
to climb to such heights,
and to touch such pristine beauty,
for it inspires me but I leave it be,
because I am in a hurry,
but the mountains they continue to stand on guard,
and protect themselves from nature's works in the rain,
and the monsoon that scatters all,
wherever they may be,
and the mountain,
it cruelly sends its water so far away,
to the valley where it torments humanity,
where it torments humanity with its floods,
and the mountain is proud,
and it says you may come,
but no one will truly conquer me.

In the solemnity of our times

In the solemnity of the times,
and with death all around us,
what strength it takes not to break,
and shatter in the wake of the moments,
where dark shadows are cast over humankind,
and in the solemnity of the times what tears are cried,
oh, what tears are cried in the solemnity of the times,
and what great hardships are faced,
and what emotional states do shake us,
and break us in the lives that we live,
where death has redefined our lives,
in the solemnity of the times, how fiercely we battle,
battle with our emotions,
memories and loss of loved ones,
for death it cuts at us, and it belittles us,
as we try to repair shattered,
and fragmented hearts and minds.

Find what you need

Find what you need,
amongst the books,
upon the dusty shelves,
find what you need,
of the many subjects,
in the languages,
that reveal the world,

in its complexities,
find what you need in the guides,
and the travel books,
and the maps that inspire you,
and that encourage you,
to meet and greet,
the many people across the world,
of all nationalities,
find what you need,
and feed yourself,
and your mind,
for with your inspiration,
what better a time,
than now can there be,
yes, find what you need,
for learning is love,
and learning to love the world,
where we live,
will lead to a more compassionate,
and caring society and happier minds.

Of such talents

Of such talents you are made,
for you twist the words of such bitter feelings,
into a subtlety that suits the mood of your day.
yes, you, yes, you, with your machiavellian crusade,
yes you,
you turn everything into such a destructive force,
for you are filled with such malcontent,

that utters forth from your mouth,
and your words are as futile,
as the charging of the light Brigade.
and you,
yes you,
you on your machiavellian crusade,
you are doomed to failure,
and are hell-bent on warping,
whoever comes your way.
And you, yes you, you are doomed to talk,
such utter rubbish that spews forth,
from your unhappiness,
and that belittles and traumatizes in every way,
and the cause of your unhappiness,
is formed in the crucible of your mind,
formed from the failures of your choices in life,
that eat away at you,
oh, malcontent it leaves you bitter and blind,
and you, you are as dark,
as the night on the sunniest of days,
and I, I have no wish to have a conversation with you,
for you are of such machiavellian ways,
And I will not walk in your footsteps,
along paths where you may lead me astray,
because in the words that you speak, I see no charm,
and your attempts to lead I dismiss so easily,
for it is an evil quality in you,
and you,
you with your Machiavellian ways,
you should be ashamed.

Behold that star

Behold that star,
behold that light,
what great distance,
it carries into your eyes,
yes, behold that star,
behold that light,
the light that fills your heart,
and that inspires the mind.
Behold that star,
behold that light,
let it envelope you as it pushes away the night.
Behold that star,
behold that light,
for from light we are made,
and we grow in its heavenly beauty,
and we look to it,
and are filled and nurtured,
in our jubilant and ebullient hearts and minds.
Yes, behold that star,
and behold that light,
for what great works of art and thought,
and improvements in the world,
by such inspiration can be brought,
and from such a bounty of wonder and warmth,
what great things it inspires,
and what imaginings that flow,
out of the heavens,
in the wonder of our times.

Time

City skyline lights tall and bright,
city skyscrapers under the moon and the stars,
where the nocturnal people live and work,
through the night,
sat behind their desks,
with copious amounts of coffee,
to keep their eyes awake,
and for far too long they stare at the screens,
and their computers burn their retinas,
and their minds,
but it is not for me,
and I am asleep in the office,
in the office of my mind.
and I dream, I dream of things to be,
yes, and I have visions of the future,
and the stories that I create,
I hope to remember them,
and for them to become reality,
but there is as much chance of that,
as monkeys typing the works of Shakespeare,
and when I awake,
as much chance of them handing them to me.
For I dream to live, and I live to dream,
for time it slips away,
as grains of sand in the palm of one's hand,
but we seize what we can,
and time it shapes us,
and time it sails away,

and we race to define us and our lives as we wish them to be,
and against the clock and the hours of the day,
I live to dream, and I dream to live,
and I will never surrender,
to time for my mind will not let it be,
so, I stop the clock and I look away,
and I do not bother time,
and time does not bother me.

The wind

The wind,
it whips through me as cold as ice,
and as cold as the sea,
and the wind it travels so viciously,
seeking destruction,
and urging on the raging sea,
and the wind, it tries to knock me off my feet,
as I stand upon the hill between the trees,
but the wind it pays barely any mind to me in its urgency,
and the wind,
it winds its way through the hills to the villages,
to the towns and the cities,
and dances through the streets in its rapidity.
And the wind, the wind it knows not where it goes,
but amongst nature,
it shakes the world with an elemental force,
and no one will capture it,
for it plays upon the earth,
so wild and free as a child can be.

We the billions who are lost

We the billions who are lost, we who are buried in the Earth,
do you think of us and wonder what of the cost,
because we died for you and we fought for you,
and our lives were cut short, but it was all for naught,
because humanity continues to wage war,
and to slaughter, and to brutalise and torture,
those of opposing wants and thoughts.
And we the billions who are lost,
we turn in our graves, with the memories of our days,
and as humanity mostly learns nothing,
except how to be greedier than before,
and except how to kill more efficiently than before,
and humanities education so often,
is filled with a library of war,
and you revisit the horrors in pictures,
and videos and in the photographs and on the television,
but still you persevere, you persevere,
determined to kill your enemy's year after bloody year.

So many shapes

There are so many shapes,
amongst the clouds that do pass on by,
so many moods that take us,
and envelope our hearts and our minds.
So many as can be glimpsed at,
and peered at, and formed into things that we recognize.

So many shapes amongst the clouds,
that my mind wanders so loftily, as they fly on by.
Yes, so many shapes amongst the clouds,
that beguile the eyes,
so many shapes amongst the clouds,
that take me around the world,
for their parts, they are part of me,
and I am part of them,
no matter whether we part company,
yes, so many shapes amongst the clouds that do pass on by,
so many shapes that I follow,
in my vision and in my heart,
and how gloriously I am lifted up,
by such lightness of mood,
that when they greet me,
I rise in spirit,
and at the touch of them in my sight,
oh, such a glorious thing, of many shades they are,
clouds, that nature does espouse,
upon the breeze of ever-shifting time.

Streams of consciousness

Streams of Consciousness, streams of thought,
and ways of thinking, moulded by the world,
and lessened by oppression,
and by the wrong paths, down which humanity is lead,
and taken off course,
streams of consciousness,
streams of thought,

streams of thought,
like butterflies upon the air,
so colourful and bright,
so colourful and bright,
before the conditioning of human minds,
down by which they are brought,
yes, streams of consciousness,
streams of thought,
and such fragmented things,
in the modern societies where we live,
that shatter from the pressure from bureaucracy,
and materialism,
that eats away at our lives,
that eats away at our lives,
with such viciousness where we live,
and yet without it,
we would otherwise,
so unencumbered be,
and have more time to be ourselves,
and yes,
with more clarity of thought,
and the ability to properly see,
how much more could be accomplished,
and how much easier and freer,
would our lives upon this beautiful Earth be?
Because we could change the world,
with less stress,
and the rigidity,
and the over-planning,
of such suffocating modern bureaucracy.

We counted

We counted and counted everything that we own,
we counted and counted its material value,
for we have been told it was of value, by those in the know,
and we, we counted and counted,
but the cost of it to us was over inflated,
and the price we were given,
when we we are trying to sell left us,
deflated because the value was worthless,
according to those in the know,
and materialism is subjective and we want a good price,
but others they will deny all knowledge of value,
because materialism means more to them,
than apparently to us,
and how often people short-change us,
they short-change us to get everything that we own.

Valiant hearts and minds

We of valiant hearts and minds, we do not suffer fools,
for life is far too short to deal,
and their hypocrisy, and the immorality that comes,
from their discombobulated minds.
Yes, we of valiant hearts and minds,
we can only listen and be compassionate, unlike those fools,
unlike those fools, who try to mislead the blind,
yes, we of valiant hearts and minds,
we persevere and we achieve great things,
whilst the fools they only waste their time.

Soldier of thought

I am a soldier of thought in the battlefield of the mind,
for I walk the Earth with the visions in my mind.
Yes, I am a soldier of thought in the battlefield of the mind,
and I float as if rising out of my body,
with such visions and imaginations that I conjure in my time,
and I am a soldier of thought with my head in the clouds,
and in the heavens and in the skies,
and no place else would I rather be than in such creativity,
that comes from the battlefield of the mind,
and yes, I am a soldier of thought and in my thoughts,
I am truly, truly alive.

Hold your fist in anger to the sky

Hold your fist in anger to the sky,
and ask why oh why, ask why oh God,
have you not solved the problems of the world,
for apparently you took your time to create the universe,
and we have asked where you are,
and we have asked if you are there,
but you have never replied,
so, hold your fist in anger to the sky,
because God has never arrived in our times,
and I for one do not know why,
and I wish he would because I care about the Earth,
and surely if he cared, he would arrive quickly,
quickly to solve the world's problems in the blink of an eye.

She felt her way

She felt her way in the dark,
yes, her with the broken heart.
She felt her way in the dark,
blinded by the love that she used to feel,
and blinded by the emotions,
that she continued to hold that tore her apart,
and as her tears fell from her eyes at such a rapid pace,
and she was bled dry by her emotions,
that left her in such a devastated state,
and as she felt her way in the dark,
yes, her with the broken heart,
she ranted, and she raged,
and she screamed at the night and at the day,
and she cursed his name as she walked down the path,
and feeling so alone she felt her way uneasily in the dark,
and she was in such pain,
for it had worked its way on in like a knife,
that quickly stabs at the heart,
and he had left her for another with no warning,
and what a wicked thing is such jealousy,
but she was wronged,
and in her mind, she was planning revenge,
revenge upon the world of men,
who were solely responsible,
for being so evil and breaking her heart,
and of their lack of gallantry and chivalry,
soon they would curse their part,
for so bitter is betrayal,

that the ending of love,
can result in the loss of life and in the loss of blood,
and in the ending of love,
she walks in the shadows and knows not where she goes,
but she knows she will have her revenge,
for her heart is shattered and black,
and men will fear her,
for she was savaged by them,
through their cruel emotions,
and oh,
how she will savage them back.

I draw the line at midnight

I draw the line at midnight and at the end of the day.
I draw the line at the end of time.
And in wonder I see out the night and the day.
I draw the line at midnight.
I draw the line at the end of the day,
and I exist in the moment,
for precious is our time upon the earth,
and I try not to take it for granted for I am gifted it,
and life is far too often far too cruelly taken away,
and so, I draw the line at midnight,
I draw the line at midday.
and I treasure every second,
for I am lucky to be alive,
and life is filled with chances,
and life, it gambles with my life every day.

Come here and see

Come here and see what the world has done to me,
come here and see, what the world has done to me,
for oh woe is me and my problems are many,
and my self-pity and my hurt and my pain are so great,
I want all to see, so, come see me on the chat show,
baring my soul on TV for a fee.
Yes, come here and see what the world has done to me.
Yes, come here and see.
Yes, me, me, me.

She finds whatever she finds

She finds whatever she finds,
she combs the beach, to the crashing of the waves,
and in her silence, she crosses the pebbles loudly,
but she is lost in her own mind,
and she finds whatever she finds,
and in her thoughts, she whiles away the time,
passing the seconds and minutes and the hours,
whilst gathering her thoughts,
for she has a vision of the future of her life to define,
and she finds whatever she finds.
And the search externally, does not matter,
but her inner feelings, they mean so much more,
and they shape the way that she is in the world,
for in her emotions, they define her more than anything else,
for she is a sensitive kind,

and she walks the beach under the gathering clouds,
dispelling the negativity from her mind,
and she finds whatever she finds,
and in the grey, she finds her way forwards in a daze,
and colours her future self in such brightness,
and in it and on her path, it is clearer because of it,
for from the thoughts, she has in these precious times,
and in the future, she will find what she will find,
for she lives in the moment,
and she will see what she will see, for the past it sets her free,
and she will be as happy as she can be.

Upon the ground

Upon the ground there lays a special mark,
where your romance did start,
yes, upon the ground there lays a special mark,
a special mark that marked the night,
that you met under the stars.
where you stood in anticipation and with such nerves,
and upon the ground there lays a special mark,
where our eyes met and the sparks did start,
yes, upon the ground there lays a special mark,
and it is where chance did seize you,
and where it did deliver you into my arms,
and into the arms of love,
and love, love it worked its magic upon you,
with such looks and attraction,
and words that enraptured you,
in its magnificent works of art.

In the ground below

In the ground below,
my sleeping friend,
you lay, you lay as my sorrow flows,
for it has not been that long,
and I am in pain,
that you had to go,
and I wish it was not so,
and as my tears they fall to the Earth,
my heart aches and I am broken by the loss of you,
for the shock is still palpable to me,
and intense and as difficult it is to deal with,
and as difficult as anything that I know,
and as you lay my sleeping friend,
in the ground below,
oh, how my sorrow flows,
and it always will,
it always will I know,
for I can never replace you,
and in my heart and in my mind,
you will be remembered forever more,
for you meant more to me,
than you will ever know,
so, rest well my sleeping friend,
and I will keep a candle lit for you,
burning bright inside me,
and I will never forget you,
and I will never let you go,
I will never let you go.

Try to be kind

You try to be kind, you try to be kind,
but in the face of such brutal words,
placating someone so angry is a hard task any time,
and you try to be kind, and you try to set them straight,
but they will talk until they are blue in the face,
for you are constantly checking your watch,
whilst they give you a piece of their mind,
and yes, you try to be kind, you try to be kind,
but it is not easy, and the seasons will pass,
and they will still be unchanged, and stuck in their ways,
yet you, you are willing to listen,
and are open to the world,
and you walk the earth with a clearer mind.

You took what you could

You took what you could,
you took what you needed,
and when you left,
you disappeared over the horizon,
and I was left bereft,
but I did not know why you had gone,
and there are so many questions unanswered,
and they are as long as the day is long,
and I wish I had known that something was wrong,
but you never showed it upon your face,
and in your eyes for nothing seemed amiss,
but now I am alone,

and wondering what I had done wrong,
for I loved you like the sun,
because you brought such warmth to me,
and then without warning,
you vanished and now I feel cold in this winter,
because snows have so badly frozen my heart,
and I pine for you like I have never done,
and with my shattered heart so brittle and filled with icicles,
I try my best to carry on,
and with such tears in my eyes,
how cruel love is sometimes,
how cruel,
and when you vanished without a warning over the horizon,
how heartbroken was I,
and now my world is shattered,
and how bitter the loss is now that your love has gone.

Your perspective

Your perspective on things, is not what it should be,
you with your jaded ways,
you fail to see clearly through your hurt,
and through being so jaded you are in captivity,
for your perspective on things is skewed by your choices,
and through the tragedy of your history,
for you used to be happy,
but now you are as bitter as an icy wind,
and you cut right through the heart of me,
and I will try my best to leave you be,
for how you are now, is no good to me.

Maintain your course

Maintain your course and do not fear.
Maintain your course and persevere,
for there can be no progress,
if you are afraid of challenging anything,
and if you are afraid of challenging anything,
it will never change anything my dear,
and walking away from the problem,
will not solve anything, so, maintain your course,
and be brave and courageous and do not fear,
for forwards, is the only way to achieve anything,
but you can only move forwards, by looking at the past,
and by learning from history,
so, maintain your course, and be courageous and brave,
and you will eventually get there my dear.

Such stillness in the night

Such stillness in the night,
a delicate light,
the moon in the sky,
shining so bright,
and the stars hanging there in the heavens,
twinkling in the eyes,
oh, such stillness in the night,
a cool breeze,
a cool breeze that brings such refreshments,
as you look up and wonder,
how distant they are,

and how many there are,
but oh, how great is the light,
the light that travels in time, oh,
such stillness in the night,
so elegant and effervescent and colourful,
and in their billions,
how magical they are,
and how powerful,
in the universe,
for from nothingness,
they were thrust into being,
to enchant our eyes,
and there is such stillness in the night,
and with magic on our minds,
and in the fresh air,
how incredible they are,
the shooting stars,
as they pass on by,
and oh, how beautiful it is,
the stillness of the night,
a night to remember in our dreams,
and in our minds,
and a night to remember of such creation,
and oh, what a wondrous work of art,
in its spectacularity so fine,
spectacularity,
that the universe has created,
and revealed,
in the uniqueness of nature,
and in the uniqueness of time.