

Eyedeas, On This I Stand

On this I stand

Two sets of footprints placed ahead of the dirt softened from tear drops

And overlooking the earth as the son of the moon

protected by a forcefield of pure thought.. On this I stand

A rally of unemployed disgruntled words spawned from long journeys through somewhere
somewhere that only causes me pain as I strain my soul crammin it with (light?)

so I could bring some there.

I bleed the blood of a cold stone that roams without a shadow

I'm only deep enough to realize that I'm shallow

My head I keep it up but its hard to keep it straight

when you don't believe in love,

and you just cant cope with hate

Metal rust, leaves turn into dust,

as the difference between love and lust clarifies as trust

if you only had an hour to sum your whole life up

would you spend that hour sayin that an hour ain't enough

I've escaped the shell that bound me to cowardness

now I'm faithful to the wind but compared to it I'm powerless

the first step was made, and it was a fair accomplishment

the pond was sittin still, so I threw a rock in it

and as my reflection rippled it all became clear

the seasons always change so there's no reason for fear

we made an autobiography of our pivotal years

its all I got and I'm giving it you because I care

See, a lot of the time humans as artists exist in a self-projected state of falsehood

were either too close to our image to stay objective in our perception,

or too far away to be subjective in any matter

this only widens the void in social conformity

introduced to our souls at birth and so I write.

I don't write without the intention of objectivity

or attention on the image

but only as an omni directional bridge

between the several (floating, tunnel structured?)

realities present in comprable space and time.

see I don't write for the future,

I write about the future, for the present

I write with my past, about the future, for the present.

On this I stand

The oasis of a limbo adjacent to my generation, facing out the window

waiting for some ventilation, patient while the wind blows

graceful in its demonstration, overall innovation.

On this I stand

A fountain of youth sovereignty, (found in?) syllables more than a pound of flesh

deep breath of achievement, a dream and a wake up call

another haul of the quest.

On this I stand

Another loved civilization.

On this I stand

The purity of creation.

On this I stand

A paradigm for self.

On this I stand

I thank you for your help.

On this I stand

My first born child.

On this I stand

Something for now.

On this I stand

Life, love, death and hate.

On this I stand

An album, glad you could relate. Peace...