

Franks Enemy, Psychic Pain

Utopian visions of a dream world
Quickly fade into dust
You finally seize the golden prize
And see it's really rust
Obstacles are overcome but followed by another test
Finally settling in the sun still get wracked by stress
Happiness brings on psychic pain
For the darkness surely follows
The sun inevitably sets for each rise on the morrow
Your reality of existence you can't escape
An absurd meaninglessness
Yet you think you reason your inner world
Can't explain why with it you're blessed
Got no way to say who's right or wrong
Takes thirtysomething states to ratify constitution
Hitler pursued his destiny
With approval of public opinion
Cut away from God it is the human condition
No happy endings for the rich
See them languish and die alone
The poor die their absurd deaths
Drugs or aids or starvation
Conformed to the choice conformed to the fall
Sweet breath of Revelation taken as a tale too tall
Saving bitterest tears
For when the Truth hits their eyes
Will God also cry knowing they won't be dried?