

Shad, Question Marks

Whats with this book now?

Looks like any other good brown hardcover book bound,
The type really took down in the libraries destined for dust
That people cant quite put down or brush off
Even though its been labeled hateful,
Abused to validate racial subjugation and justify hatred
It just defies explanation, how pages could be both burned and bashed,
Learned and loved, hated, yet translated into every single tongue.
If this was just some regular book then how come?
And even these divisions it caused is all for proof,
As we find extreme reactions wherever there is truth.
And why have we heard it quoted a billion times?
Could it be more than just some brilliant lines?
A simple tradition to keep men so engaged in the pages,
By something beyond even the statements,
In the way the scribes, from different tribes,
In different places at different times, could all scribble lines.
But without collusion perfectly coincide,
And connect like pieces of a puzzle
Made from parables, and prophecies,
Parallels and paradoxes that seem to unlock the mysteries,
As we watch the history unfold,
Just as it was foretold
The scrolls unrolled to reveal
Words with that strongest trained sense of all things real,
Could it be made up or actually, factually be?
Scholars have tested the historical accuracy,
But beyond science, even intuition attests
To what the book confirms and all of nature suggests.
That there is likely a force behind
That must possess some kind of mind to design the search,
With all complex life intertwined.

But how could we travel through time, to unravel the lines,
And discover the nature of the divine?

Like is he just and kind, compassionate, old, bearded, and vengeful?
Indifferent? Omnipotent? And if so,
He must be some kind of sick old man,
cause the world as we know it is far from blissful.
Now all this goes to say, that most today,
Believe in some kind of God, even hope and pray.
But struggle with religion and faith dont dismay.
Were not destined to decease before we find

The answer to all the question marks, a spot we began to understand.
See, all the questions inside man are like hands
On the internal compass that guides,
As we search for what could make our hearts satisfied.
First we look outside, blind leading blind in succession for success,
But no one ever conquers the questions,
Its the quest which only serves to further evidence,
The irrelevance,
Of human skill and intelligence.
Then we look inside, and find with introspection,
Theres no bearing to define the direction; towards truth,
To navigate the course,
Cause not inside or outside, the questions point to a source.
Like is there more to life than sleep, struggle, and strife?
Just eat, hustle, and fight,
And maybe juggle a wife, kids, and a job.
Why are we here? Is there a God?
If there were no answers, would it not be odd?
Our lives would be nothing but a constant search

For something we cant describe
But swear we must have lost at birth.
Cause on the search we never feel quite home,
Even in large crowds we can often feel alone,
In our own skin trapped like slaves
To behave in ways
That betray our own will, its strange
The inconsistencies and mystery
How we often lament that were not who we wish to be.
Well, for those in this position,
First off youre not alone,
Secondly, in this condition something interesting is shown; the conscience.
But why would it impose such laws that expose such flaws?
There seems no just cause.
But since our conscience is a part of our person,
The mistake that many make is to ignore it in our searching; for happiness,
Which leaves many incomplete.
But this is still just the first step to finding peace,
Cause its not blind devotion to a code of laws,
But a real relationship with the one true God.
Pause.