

Angela Ammons, Walking Backwards

Falling snowflakes, melting in the sun
Dead end sweepstakes, heaven's growing numb
Weekend sandman, stealing innocence
Conscious dreaming last line of defense

Why do we walk backwards down a road that never ends
Not knowing where we're going
Just seeing where we've been
Can't find no direction though we try hard to pretend
That we're not walking backwards but we are again and again

Is it too late to change?
Velvet roses, blinded by the heat
Teenage grownups passing on their painted legacies

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Is it too late to change?
Ivory castles all fall down
False religions being crowned
Politicians tied and bound
We have to make a stand today, the time has come for us to change

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