

Conflict, A Question Of Priorities

The winds of change are now blowing again,
I can sense it, I can feel it, Like a breath of fresh air.
Thousands upon thousands of words, is our right to reply.
A question of priorities, in a universal role.
Memories surround of bitter times, so don't expect
Too much, as all seems lost,
When the world finally says give up.
From the dark wind wept streets, I see a glimmer of
Light, of hope, a presence of defiance.
I wonder, and I realise that while some wait for miracles,
others may help create them.
From a room that has no view, I gaze from the window
I consider our purpose, the cold stars look down, and
There's a feeling that someone, or something, is
Always looking, strange, 'cos it's, it's like, careful
Observation, the sweetest manipulation, those smiling
Images of love, A confused pattern of trust, a feeble
Structure fleeing, responsibility and feelings, and I
Wonder who, what, why where and when and if in fact
I'm still believing?
In all those moments we've shared.
Of all the things that we have been through.
I feel happiness, sadness, remember the places that we
Have been to push our views and ideas home.
Of meeting people who feel alone.
Of seeing anguished faces smile again,
An achievement? Well I hope.
As we swim from the shore,
I can feel the undercurrent.
I hear songs of hope and glory, but how deep is their
Ocean? We turn and face obsession,
A painful reminder from tomorrow.
The seas a funny shade of blue now,
Do we drown in mistakes sorrow?
A nation remains silent, burn out skulls, blank expressions.
An image of convenience, in reality's succession.
Blind in the one-eyed kingdom, following those who
Followed last, who follow those,
Who followed before them.
Is there a future in the past?