

# Dogwood, Great Literature

It's all in the way that I see things that you don't  
It's all in me having a point of view that you can't

Touch or destruct  
Delay or confront  
Understand or construct

If I gave you answers you'd shove them right back in my face  
What is real?  
Face up to the consequence of what will become  
Your thoughts become numb  
I can't wish you there  
Could I make you care?