

# Flowing Tears, Trust

he goes away  
in search of a rose  
in a drowning empty dawn  
a paranoid dreamscape

he goes away  
along all their empty faces  
and all the blinded ears  
no one helps him and no one carries him  
running away....

and he carries a heart in his hand  
a southfruit germ in the northern lands  
drifting and drifting fornever to dwell

he goes away  
a tousand people but alone  
in a touch of misanthrophy  
and a wish to escape  
from this reality