

Guster, Captain

I've come down with something.
I'm frozen, tied up, cast in lead.
It's simple, so says the captain.
Face forward, move slow, forge ahead.

I'm earning a reputation.

My conscience, mistrust, and regret.
Courageous, just like the captain.
Marching forward, with no doubt in his head.

Onward, Onward, Onward, Onward.