

# Michael Nesmith, Elusive Ragings

Elusive ragings of hand over fist  
Darken the half light of dawn,  
Drawing conclusions from out of the mist  
With notions of reason and wrong.

Heartbreaking tumult, the battle it seems  
Lies at the root of it all.  
But somewhere still smiling from canyons serene  
The champion of freedom stands tall.

It's late again, it's straight again  
It's hopeless and it's lost.  
Despair cries, "Retreat!", and then stands to watch.  
Then, cascading, campaigning,  
The bright tones of relief  
Form magic music chords and send for God.

Outside the winds beat unmercifully hard;  
Fear creeps like sand in through the cracks.  
But inside the stillness is consciously formed  
As false goals and egos relax.

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