

Salem Hill, Awake (A. The Waking Dead)

but really i'm never alone
even in my deepest room
there's a presence I cannot deny
here within cerebral tombs

why all the suffering
why the pretense
why the lapse in my defense

the faithful are falling
in pain I resign
to a cathartic pause from life

if I awake will you be here
deep down I know
you always are
my tears can't wash
away my pain
but maybe they'll melt
through the charade
to reveal the man I am I

guess they were there all along
the elusive golden rings
but we spend so much time thinking deeply on shallow things

what really matters
what matters most
as a guest I ask the host
meaning to it all
meaning is there none

or is it just thy will be done

the radio exploded
like it never had before
and like morning to the hopeful rose
a thousand open doors