

Sunna, Preoccupation

I'd laugh if it weren't for my tears,
Please cry till the water is clear,
Cry your so hard done by,
In fright you leave them to cry.

I laugh to hide from your fear,
And grasp at the light of your peer,
You might if the water were to dry,
In spite you leave them to die.

You earn your preoccupation,
And burn the wrong sensation,
Then stop learning there.
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And burn the wrong sensation,
Then stop learning there.

Maybe in 4 or 5 hundred years,
Will say be a single culture here,
A critical mass will appear,
Your journey like water so clear.

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You me me and you are lost in all we do,
Moving on from where we are,
Evolves from where and who,
Written in the ruins.

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