

# The Human Abstract, The Path

To hit the mark, to bring the rain, to take a climb, the path to fame..  
I sat dreaming alone, then it came out of nowhere,  
an all too familiar voice with a false face, the voice of the jealous.  
Its less than encouraging, the walls have been closing in.  
Though in droves the masses came, years from now they'll say:  
From the way out, fools rushing over the hills, there to watch him fall.  
..and there amidst a sleepless night it came to me.  
Endurance, endurance, it came to me.  
Now nothing can stop me or keep me in line.  
Get out of the way as I take to the sky.  
Its hard to discern all the motives I see.  
One thing's for sure.  
When the crowds have dispersed and forgotten me, and forgotten  
their dreams, I'll still be all that I am. I am more than a clown for you.  
Hear me, and know it to be true.