

Unitopia, Journey's Friend

PART I - 'JOURNIE'S FRIEND'

Lying on a hillside, evening lights are in the sky.
Something reaches deep within my mind and asks me why?
Thoughts are racing through my head,
About a message long thought dead,
I turned around and realised I stand alone on high.

On my way to understanding journey's I must make.
I'm not guaranteed tomorrow, if it shines or if it rains.
Pouring down all over me,
Like liquid questions, set me free.
All the time in the world is not enough for me to see.

Severed from reality I'm waiting for the day,
When I face totality, I hear the people say
The journey's just begun.

Self awareness happens and we're taken by surprise.
Elevated to a place where dark is lifted from our eyes.
We take each moment as it comes,
And treasure all that has been done,
Cause every piece of puzzle fits, that now you realise.

Revelations blow your mind into a million words.
Part of creative grand design, the voices never heard.
It's a rushing symphony,
Heard throughout eternity,
With countless movements, never ending, ever changing chords.

Severed from reality we're waiting for the day,
When we face mortality then all the people pray,
'Cause all good things must end in time and time will ease the pain,
But only if it's mixed with love and trust and faith again,
In the journey's only friend.

PART II - 'THE END OF THE BEGINNING' (Instrumental)

PART III - 'THE NEED'

So I want to believe you
I want to trust you
But why is it so damn hard?
I want to embrace you
Turn around and face you
But I can't seem to let down my guard.
I want to be free,
I want to be free.

It's there for the taking,
No point in forsaking,
All of the providence
Just give in to reason,
Now is the season,
And weigh all the evidence
You need to be free,
You need to be free,
You need to be free

Free from the insanity,
Free from the profanity,
Free from the constant mind-numbing pain.
Free from insecurity,

Free from all impurity,
From the feeling of bashing your head against a wall again and again.

Free from the critical,
Free from the political,
From all the games people constantly play.
Free from limitation,
From cheap imitation,
From the migraine pressure that binds you up, day after day.

PART IV - 'THE MAIN ATTRACTION'

I'm going to join the circus.
I'm running far from home.
I can't take all this pressure,
I want to walk alone.
Hard, from the beginning,
It's the only way that I've known,
You can't stop people winning,
Or taking what they don't own.

Maybe they'll accept me,
If I can toe the line.
Hope they don't reject me,
And treat me like bad wine.
Ahead in the distance,
I see the ringmaster smile.
Arms outstretched toward me,
He's seen me coming for miles and miles.

He tells me I'm the main attraction people come to see.
They've been waiting for years and years, just for me to appear.

PART V - 'THE PATH'

We sometimes wander from the path we rarely tread
Become the searcher even though we know what lies ahead.
The race is still there to be won,
Don't turn your back on the silent sun,
Listen to your heart not all the voices in your head.

You start to open up to other possibilities.
Even though awareness of them spreads like a disease.
Your senses run in overdrive,
Awakening feelings come alive,
Ready for the first new chapter of your destiny.

Now the journey's finally over, it's a brand new day,
Exploding like a supernova, light creates the way.
Hidden deep within your soul your destiny awaits,
Trusting and acceptance at the revelation's gate
Of the journey's only friend.