

Vader, They Live

YES!

We stand not solitary on this world
Old songs drum in our veins
Generations of Man before me
Nod and speak somewhere inside my words
Here they live...

In my blood...

I hear voices in the rich streams of my life
Cries and sobs, warnings and shouts
Whispers that know not of their life
That continues in the corridors of my flesh...
Here they live...

In my blood...

The flash of memory that never happened
Precognition of the pattern yet to come
I see the green breast of new world
The touch of hot sand under my feet
I was not there at the fall of Rome
Yet I taste the sound of the fire
And detect the sadness of the heart
That wept when their life fell apart
Here they live...

In my blood ...