

Theater Dream

"LINES IN THE SAND"

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Sometimes, for a moment of bliss
And the passion, we're craving
There's a message we miss
Sometimes when, the spirits left alone
We must believe in something
To find if we've grown
Tragic reflex, shattered calm
Static progress, senses gone
Numb awareness, Final psalm
Swept away with the tide
Through the holes in my hands
Crown of thorns at my side
Drawing lines in the sand
Sometimes, if you're perfectly still
You can hear the virgin weeping
For the saviour of your will
Sometimes, your castles in the air
And the fantasies you're seeking
Are the crosses that you bear
Sacred conflict, blessed prize
Weeping crosses, stainless eyes

Desperate addict, faith disguised
Swept away with the tide
Through the holes in my hands
Crown of thorns at my side
Drawing lines in the sand
We fabricate our demons
Invite them into our homes
Have supper with the aliens
And fight the war alone
We conjure up our skeletons
Enlist the den of thieves
Frightened from our closets
Then sewn upon our sleeves
In the stream of consciousness
There is a river crying
Living comes much easier
Once we admit
We're dying
Sometimes, in the wreckage of our wake
There's a bitterness we harbour
And hate for hatred's sake
Sometimes we dig an early grave
And crucify our instincts
For the hope we couldn't save
Sometimes a view from sinless eyes

Centers our perspective
And pacifies our cries
Sometimes the anguish we survive
And the mysteries we nurture
Are the fabrics of our lives
Swept away with the tide
Through the holes in my hands
Crown of thorns at my side
Drawing lines in the sand...

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