

Consequence

"Dreamer"

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Can we leave it behind, to be untouchable?
To document with photos and tape?
Can they separate our signatures,
And write new passions on our souls?
They re-write our souls;
Vicarious and careless, are we killing dreams deferred
By the decadence of status, wealth and show.
It seems the straight and narrow pathways are wider
than you know,
All leading to the places where we tie our hopes to
trees,
Resting nameless without epitaphs, resting unmarked
memories.
Can they burn ideals? Can they steal a soul?
Can they bullet the intangible and fit body bags to
hope,
Or does a dream deferred ignite it's fuse and lie in wait
to explode?
Is it suicide, the life I've left behind?
We are the cavalier and cold, keeping thoughts at bay
and sinking ships.
Oh, the liars that we mold! They're only children
anyway.
We never thought that we'd resort to sticks and stones,
When the caliber our weapons wield can only break
bones.
Can we burn ideals? Can we steal a soul?
We are the cavalier and cold, keeping thoughts at bay
and sinking ships.
Oh, the liars that we mold! They're only children
anyway.
Dreams: What confines our motion to mainstream? It's
all we have.
Our purpose is hidden in daydreams, and locked within
our souls.

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