

## **Eyedeia**

# **"On This I Stand"**

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On this I stand  
Two sets of footprints placed ahead of the dirt  
softened from tear drops  
And overlooking the earth as the son of the moon  
Protected by a forcefield of pure thought.. On this I  
stand  
A rally of unemployed disgruntled words spawned  
from long journeys through somewhere  
Somewhere that only causes me pain as I strain my  
soul crammin it with (light?)  
So I could bring some there.  
I bleed the blood of a cold stone that roams without a  
shadow  
I'm only deep enough to realize that I'm shallow  
My head I keep it up but it's hard to keep it straight  
When you don't believe in love,  
And you just can't cope with hate  
Metal rust, leaves turn into dust,  
As the difference between love and lust clarifies as  
trust  
If you only had an hour to sum your whole life up  
Would you spend that hour sayin that an hour ain't  
enough  
I've escaped the shell that bound me to cowardness  
Now I'm faithful to the wind but compared to it I'm  
powerless  
The first step was made, and it was a fair  
accomplishment  
The pond was sittin still, so I threw a rock in it  
And as my reflection rippled it all became clear  
The seasons always change so there's no reason for  
fear  
We made an autobiography of our pivotal years  
Its all I got and I'm giving it you because I care  
See, a lot of the time humans as artists exist in a self-  
projected state of falsehood  
Were either too close to our image to stay objective in  
our perception,  
Or too far away to be subjective in any matter  
This only widens the void in social conformity  
Introduced to our souls at birth and so I write.  
I don't write without the intention of objectivity

Or attention on the image  
But only as an omni directional bridge  
Between the several (floating, tunnel structured?)  
Realities present in comprable space and time.  
See I don't write for the future,  
I write about the future, for the present  
I write with my past, about the future, for the present.  
On this I stand  
The oasis of a limbo adjacent to my generation, facing  
out the window  
Waiting for some ventilation, patient while the wind  
blows  
Graceful in it's demonstration, overall innovation.  
On this I stand  
A fountain of youth sovereignty, (found in?) syllables  
more than a pound of flesh  
Deep breath of achievement, a dream and a wake up  
call  
Another haul of the quest.  
On this I stand  
Another loved civilization.  
On this I stand  
The purity of creation.  
On this I stand  
A paradigm for self.  
On this I stand  
I thank you for your help.  
On this I stand  
My first born child.  
On this I stand  
Something for now.  
On this I stand  
Life, love, death and hate.  
On this I stand  
An album, glad you could relate. Peace...

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