

I Was A Cub Scout "Lucean"

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I know a soul,
That wanders alone.
That can't compute,
Why on earth they would need charm.

I'm a test,
Like the very first book you read,
That you'll shunt aside,
The very first chance you get.

Careful and quiet,
But who would call it cautious?
Our whispers are wild,
We are not just lovers.

I know a soul,
That knows not of love.
That will push their fears,
Onto someone else.

Remembering what was said,
On that sad sad night we met.
When the door closed on us both,
And we met each other's sad sad souls.

Careful and quiet,
But who would call it cautious?
Our whispers are wild,
We are not just lovers.

Careful and quiet,
But who would call it cautious?
Our whispers are wild,
We are not just lovers.

You are young, and afraid,
But you are not all the same,
You can glow, and not gloat,
You cannot do wrong boy, nay.

