

Inner Surge "Backlash"

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May I proceed now, Your Honor?
His eyes were wide open but his heart was closed
His mind looked down; Unexposed
Taught to believe anything but the Truth
Dogma's old age has taken his youth
Thank you. Your Honor

Feel this and get up. Feel this and run.

I question your knowledge
Your honors from college
Suggest you may have something that others do not
But what you've learned is dogmatic
Turned into an addict
Always talking but you're not saying a lot
You think that you know the people.
You're kissing their ears.
You've studied precisely what they want to hear
But as you read off lists of fake promises
The ones behind you; They are waiting.
They are living in fear
Because
We see each other through these eyes of sand
Pull away our hearts but we offer our hands
Such is the state of the people of late
They abuse the trust some of us fight to create
All concepts
Wilting flowers
No such thing as worldly power

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