

## Kansas "Portrait / Pinnacle"

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He had a thousand ideas  
You might have heard his name  
He lived alone with his vision  
Not looking for fortune or fame  
Never said too much to speak of  
He was off on another plane  
The words that he said were a mystery  
Nobody's sure he was sane  
But he knew, he knew more than me or you  
No one could see his view  
Oh, where was he going to  
He was in search of an answer  
The nature of what we are  
He was trying to do it a new way  
He was bright as a star  
But nobody understood him  
His numbers are not the way  
He's lost in the deepest enigma  
Which no one's unravelled today  
But he knew, he knew more than me or you  
No one could see his view  
Oh, where was he going to  
And he tried  
But before he could tell us he died  
When he left us the people cried  
Oh, where was he going to?  
He had a different idea  
A glimpse of the master plan  
He could see into the future  
A true visionary man  
But there's something he never told us  
It died when he went away  
If only he could have been with us  
No telling what he might say  
But he knew, he knew more than me or you  
No one could see his view  
Oh, where was he going to  
But he knew  
You could tell by the picture he drew  
It was totally something new  
Oh, where was he going to  
I've so much to say, and yet I cannot speak

Come and do my bidding now for I have grown too  
weak  
My weary eyes have seen all that life can give  
Come to me, O young one, for you I can forgive  
I stood where no man goes, and conquered demon  
foes  
With glory and passion no longer in fashion  
The hero breaks his blade  
Cast this shadow long that I may hide my face  
And in this cloak of darkness the world I will embrace  
In all that I endure, of one thing I am sure  
Knowledge and reason change like the season  
A jester's promenade  
Lying at my feet I see the offering you bring  
The mark of Cain is on our faces, borne of suffering  
O, I long to hear you say it's not been wrong  
I stand before you now, a riddle in my song  
The answer is that sweet refrain  
Unheard it always will remain  
Beyond our reach, beyond our gain  
Trapped in life's parade, a king without a crown  
In this joy of madness, my smile might seem a frown  
With talons wrought of steel, I tore the heart of doom  
And in one gleaming moment I saw beyond the tomb  
I stood where no man goes, above the din I rose  
Life is amusing though we are losing  
Drowned in tears of awe.

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