

## **Matt Zane**

### **"Life, Love, Touch"**

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I never really knew who I was 'til I took a little pill;  
Here comes the birth of a mystical giant.  
Does anyone really know my death?  
Looking around to ask- there is no one...  
Do I blame them?  
Who would travel this land by will?  
Some claim but are always gone when the sun falls,  
Even the most powerful will break under this strain and  
become poisoned from the food.  
Losing sanity from lack of life;  
Then, truth reveals who really resides...  
I'm sorry I can't go with you. I live here.  
Apparently, someone must tend this land.  
The most isolated and painful of them all.  
So go on and play the wondrous games of freedom;  
I might catch a glimpse every now and then over the  
hilltops.  
The closest I shall ever come...  
Life, Love, Touch  
I always hear stories of these;  
But do they really exist?

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