

Thou Art Lord

"The Flesh Is Weak"

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On a frozen meadow lake, a breath's exhaled. A Dove. It's head within it's wing. A runny-nosed child Laughs without worry. Post office critics spread gossips Creed. Grandma still wishes she could run. Newspaper Topics "Fear Far Away". Grandma talks so young, when Life was grand.

I will stand on the window ledge. Dandelions in my Hair. Hands raised towards the sky. Dying after all, was a Parents lie.

They feed us war, they feed us poverty. Melt to dust My plastic leaders. Politicians, spinning life's roulette Wheel. Making money worth more than life. Macho-Hero, you better back away. No emotion, yet dreaming Love. Maybe I just hate people as a whole. Once again The God of Life.

A cloud covers my face. I'll take the time to think. The flesh is weak. My hands are clenched until my nails Draw the blood of thought. The flesh is weak.

Rise for war. Children grab guns. Rise to die for a Better America. Seers of the 90s still scream the same Questions. Is there a God? Does the Universe end? What

Is Easter Island? Who built Stonehenge? What is the Truth behind evolution.

Rise for work. Day of responsibility. Rise for dollars To buy peace. Lost again I am upon my window ledge. My dandelions have turned to a halo of thorns. Now I Comprehend why Jesus wept. The human race has been Diseased with indifference.

Pain twists upon my face. I'll take the time to think.

The flesh is weak. My face shuts till my eyes pour the Blood of thought. The flesh is weak.

Of my love you will see that my love is of another Kind. Drenched in blood, sugar coated. My love Destroys. Of my mind you will feel that my hate is of a Better kind. Be it you must, be it you will; the thorns are

Yours.

Filled with despair. On the eleventh floor. With a
Gentle touch, I'm thrown towards the ground. Life's
Glorious end.

This country has lost it's sense of priorities, and I'll
Not support our troops; or any other cheesy Nazi-like
Ad-propaganda bumpersticker dupe. I think Bush
Wasted enough money on parades. A celebrations
that's

Lasted longer than the war. And no goddamn flag gets
in

The back window of my car, it's non-running color
Problems are quite black and white to me. I don't betray
My country, I survive my government.

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