

## **Lex Zaleta**

# **"Small Traces Of Truth"**

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We knew it all then,  
Back when men were men;  
When every page turned  
Was another lesson learned.

But time has marched through  
With its steel-toed boots;  
Kicked our dreams aside;  
Left us empty inside.

We knew it all then,  
Back when men were men;  
When every page turned  
Was another lesson learned.

But time has tramped through  
With its steel-toed boots;  
Kicked our dreams to the curb;  
Confiscated our verbs.

Small traces of truth  
Salvaged from our youth,  
Wrapped up in cotton,  
Filed and forgotten.

And I'm sure that you  
Have done the same too.  
Your reality box

Has three or four locks.

If we could go back  
Down another track,  
Time would still find us;  
Strike us down with blindness.

So we stumble on  
Till our strength is gone;  
Cling to our fading youth  
And small traces of truth.

Serpents in the garden,

Demons in the den.  
Seems like all our hard and  
Fast rules die in the end.  
In a world full of lies,  
Sweet innocence cries.

Small traces of truth  
Remain from our youth,  
Wrapped up in cotton,  
Filed and forgotten.

And I'm sure that you  
Have done the same too.  
Your reality box  
Has three or four locks.

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