

Eyedeas & Abilities

"On This I Stand"

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* send corrections to the typist

On this I stand

Two sets of footprints placed ahead of the dirt
softened from tear drops

And overlooking the earth as the son of the moon

protected by a forcefield of pure thought.. On this I
stand

A rally of unemployed disgrunt of words on for long
journeys to somewhere

somewhere that only causes me pain as I strain my
soul crammin into rightness

so I can bring some there,

I bleed the blood of a cold stone that rolls without a
shadow

I'm only deep enough to realize that I'm shallow

My head I keep it up but its hard to keep it straight

when you don't believe in love,

and you just cant cope with hate

Metal rust, leaves turn into dust,

as the difference between love and lust clarifies as
trust

if you only had an hour to sum your whole life up

would you spend that hour sayin that an hour ain't
enough

I've mistaken the shield that bound me a cowardess

now I'm faithful to the wind but compared to it I'm
powerless

the first step was made, and it was a fair
accomplishment

the pond was sittin still, so I threw a rock in it

and as my reflection rippled it all became clear

the seasons always change so there's no reason for
fear

we made an autobiography of our pivotal years

its all I got and I'm giving it you because I care

A lot of the time humans are hard to stay susistent

self-projecting state of falsehood

were either too close to our image to stay objective in
our conception,

or too far away to be subjective in any matter

this only widens our void in social conformity

introduced to our souls at birth and so I write.

I don't write without the intention of objectivity

or attention in the image

but only as an unright directional bridge

between the several flowing tunes scripture

reality is present in countless space and time

see I don't write for the future,

I write about the future, for the present

I write with my past, about the future, for the present.

On this I stand

The oasis of the limbo adjacent to my generation,

facing out the window

waiting for some ventilation, patient while the wind
blows

faceful in its demonstration, overall innovation.

On this I stand

A fountain of youth sovereignty, found in syllables
more than a pound of flesh

deep breath of achievement, a dream and a wake up
call

another haul of the quest.

On this I stand

Another loved civilization.

On this I stand

The purity of creation.

On this I stand

A paradigm for self.

On this I stand

I thank you for your help.

On this I stand

My first born child.

On this I stand

Something for now.

On this I stand

Life, love, death and hate.

On this I stand

And helmwood, glad you could relate. Peace...

