

Ancestral Legacy

"Wordless History"

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My entire life's been lived in clouds, in dreams, and in fantasies,
where nothing's what it seems.
Closed eyes conceal an innocent mystery,
lay down to sleep, add this unwritten history.
Awakening to angel's whispering voices,
my fingers gently loosen from all of my choices.
I float along;
I drift away; I fly,
truth is wrong;
heavens shift within the sky.
A soulless song; I drift away and die...
And fall back down to a dreamer's earth,
to hit the ground of a dream's rebirth.
Plant this fertile seed, deep within the dirt,
stand and watch it feed, upon the soil's hurt.
See it sprout and bloom,
grow past the finger drawn line.
Within a sunset's womb, I
hang on tightly to my new mind.
We melt up from the ground,
rise up from the ashes.
Fall into the sundown,
as lighting gently crashes.
And I ride it through the winds violent but still waves.
As it takes me to all ends;
the killers' thrones and prophets' graves.
We flash in and out of time,
minutes weave with hours.
Hanging on to imaginary lines,
drawn by subconscious powers.
Cultivating brand new life,
molding shapes within the air.
We culminate; brand new heights,
holding infinity within our stare.
I put down my heels as we arrive back home,
where everything is real and our location still unknown.
Back upon my cloud I roam it's boundaries
as the powerless king, a crown of thorns,
a staff of fire, with nothing as my everything.
A frightened soul conceals an innocent mystery,

hide inside myself;
write this wordless history... this wordless history...

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