

Navar

"Walking to hawaii"

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He drifts on
Towards the harsh winter wind
And a constant hail of snowfall

Pale cold skin
The kind that aches all within
Covers all that life's given him

This kid can't be touched
By the leagues of fools
That preach their condescending heap

Of judging tones
And a guild they call their own
His dreams of paradise exceed

Still, his hands shake
Until he takes a drink
A disease that has plagued his blood for years

But on this day
He fights history
With a jones for a tropical release

So on this roadside quest
In the midst of a squall
His mind is warm sunny themes

Cause there he walks along
A cerebral beach
And the waves crash softly in the breeze

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