

Revel In Flesh

"Poets And Paupers"

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[Words: John Brenner]

A noble pursuit is the search for truth,
But it brings little earthly gain
And the hatred of those who don't dare to be different,
Can freeze the heart with bitter pain

A vile pursuit is the search for wealth,
A status to debase your peers
Green flames burn hot to warm egos,
A rot that grows with the years

A lonely pursuit is the search for love,
Sincerity now so hard to find
But to reap this reward should be our goal,
Forever 'till the ends of time

Some do believe greater wealth is in deeds,
That further the mind, heart, and soul
Yet most can't conceive the true value of self,
Just a minuscule part of the whole

To not blend in with the backdrop of sin,
Brings on the hate of the masses so cruel
Their mediocrity serves to forge the chains,
That bind us drowning in this stagnant pool

Though all of perdition hate the poet,
And the majority omits the poor
Neither can deny our salvation,
Nor close the perennial door

Society's outcasts are those with the truth
Individuals in a world of 'the norm'
Shamed into thinking we have no worth
And useless since the day we were born
They tell me I've accomplished naught
And sometimes I believe it's true
Yet all of my endeavors are justly spent,
If with these words I reach you

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