

Iluvatar

"Savant"

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They promised her a pocketful of fairy tales
an ordinary future through a rain of endless dust
his first felt moments melt themselves into dreams
locked away forever, let the sandman set them free
could he walk as tall as other men?
his tired mind had fallen to a place held in the past

Numbers were like bread to him , a walk in the park on
sunday
a genius in agency
walked the long, thin line between hero and fallacy
taking his words so free

All the while, he's carrying a light along the way
to brighten all around him, though darkness veils the
day
unbeknownst to him he's crawling through the haze

Forty years had come and gone away
temporarily clutching to the colors of blue and gray
keeping records of all he's said and done
an idiot savant in everyone else's eyes

Would you ever pray for me? or carry my bags for me?
I've always been there for you.
I've walked the thin line between hero and fallacy
you've been taking my words so free. would i call for
them?
to follow my road, you'd last not long my friend
could i be wrong?

I'll have the last laugh on you today.
I'll walk on your heels as you're walking away
a long time ago i wouldn't have traveled so far
keep your eyes on the past and watch me walk through
that door
too young to feel , too blind to look the other way
while i had gently fallen, i also thrust myself free
yes, i set myself free. if i could be anywhere, i would be
everywhere
that you could not pelt.

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