

All Roads Lead Home

A Loss for Words

I climbed to the top of this mountain
with no fear of tumbling down.
For one brief moment in time
I freed my mind of this town.

Got clear sight of lights on the hills
just outside the city's grip
and just like that, just like that
I let the moment sleep.

Every face seems familiar on these crowded streets,
Sidewalks sway to the beat of my stammering feet,
Lost in a world of handshakes and receipts,
I hear a song it's calling out to me.

The people are aligned on the road like candle pins.
Wobbling above gutters humming old retired hymns.
Can't you see it's all a cavalcade of delusion stares
and just like that, just like that we are prone to disappear.

Every face seems familiar on these crowded streets,
Sidewalks sway to the beat of my stammering feet,
Lost in a world of handshakes and receipts,
I hear a song it's calling out to me.

What's the price that you pay
for living everyday
like a number on a docket,
a dollar to be saved?

What's the price you pay
when you give yourself away
with swollen fists in your pocket,
from the workhouse to your grave?

Let's pray we don't end up this way.