

Stream

Arco

sometimes a word emerges
out of the silent stream
that runs beneath opinion
illusion of the waking dream
we are not what we seem

something prevents me looking
it must be for the best
but still the half-heard whisper
reminds me that i've failed the test
to know your own unrest

i know a choice is coming
for peace or honesty
pour concrete on the footprints
from everything that you might be
love will set you free