

# Fountain of Innocence

Cathedral

Fountain of youth, lifespirt flows  
into a well of truths, of cold and dim repose.  
I craved to be as high as the pillowy clouds,  
to walk amongst the tall, who used to look back down and frown.

Now here I stand by the wasteland, where our dreams began.  
From these once golden fields our curiosity ran...

I chased the sugar claw through temptation's door,  
the bitterness I found...sweetness I taste no more  
From the play ground to the slayground,  
the sombre middleground absords the emptiness.

Look back across the marble sea of discovery,  
a fountain of innocent flows in juvenescence.

I'm resident in corridors of sentiment.  
I face the wall - discovery terminal,  
but there's no more false truths I wish to discover,  
and I am physically unable, to tread back down those corridors.

Fountain of youth, oh how I bathed in your innocence,  
and now in cold repose, I must face the bitter truth...