

Fountain of Innocence

Cathedral

Fountain of youth, lifespirit 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...