

A Question of Priorities

Conflict

The winds of change are now blowing again
I can sense it; I can feel it, like a breath of fresh air
Thousands upon thousands of words, is our right to reply
A question of priorities, in a universal role

Memories surround of better times, so don't expect too much
As all seems lost, when the world finally says give up
From the dark wind swept streets, I see a glimmer of light, of
hope, a presence of defiance
I wonder, and I realise that while some wait for miracles, othe
rs may help create them

From a room that has no view, I gaze from the window
I consider our purpose; the cold stars look down
And there's a feeling that someone, or something, is always loo
king
Strange because it's like, careful observation, the sweetest ma
nipulation
Those smiling images of love, a confused pattern of trust
A feeble structure fleeing responsibility and feelings
And I wonder who, what, why, where and when and if in fact I am
still believing?

In all those moments we've shared. Of all the things that we ha
ve been through
I feel happiness, sadness. Remember the places that we have bee
n to
Push our views and ideas home. Of meeting people who feel alone
Of seeing anguished faces smile again. An achievement? Well I h
ope

As we swim from the shore, I can feel the undercurrent
I hear songs of hope and glory, but how deep is their ocean?
We turn and face obsession, a painful reminder from tomorrow
The seas a funny shade of blue now, do we drown in mistakes sor
row?
A nation remains silent, burnt out skulls, blank expressions
An image of convenience in reality's succession
Blind in the one eyed kingdom, following those who followed las
t
Who followed those, who followed before them? Is there a future
in the past?