

## 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, others 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 looking  
Strange because it's like, careful observation, the sweetest manipulation  
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 have been through  
I feel happiness, sadness. Remember the places that we have been to  
Push our views and ideas home. Of meeting people who feel alone  
Of seeing anguished faces smile again. An achievement? Well I hope

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 sorrow?  
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 last  
Who followed those, who followed before them? Is there a future  
in the past?