

My Counterfeit

Diorama

Your life is like an illusion to me
Never clearing up never taking shape
A secret you're keeping well
A vapid play without audience
Irrational ideas not testable belief
A sequence of misunderstandings

So here's the place you dropped me at
My battle ground my totem pole
My counterfeit
I walk without a single doubt
That even I have weapons too
To join the fight

Your legend is told in an unknown voice
Beyond the wheel of life
I'll always weave myself between your molecules
I've not grown wise in this wide open space
I'm heading for disorder
My inner compass fails to point at my origin

So here's the place you dropped me at
My battle ground my totem pole
My counterfeit
I walk without a single doubt
That even I have weapons too
To join the fight

Too soon too soon
You've had a son to teach
Too soon too soon
You've had a son to teach
Take part I won't ask for more
Just for a day I won't ask for more