

The Porter - A Lament

Disillusion

I could bend the genius' course
Could give wisdom to the blunt
But I doubt they would be grateful

One wish, a breeze to blow over
The shelves and piles of souvenirs

If only they would come to see
Knowing ages pass before a tree
Will spoil us with complexity
They'd be worth a hall of memories

But it's fools I deal with day and night
Fools that only come for short insight
Though all of past hence waits
In sanctity's sweet embrace.

Hear my song of reverence
To the precious gifts that countenance
To clamber high and dig so deep
And seek what everyone should seek.

It's him again - the sullen -
With eyes in envy's mist and woe
Out for refuge in a glimpse of bliss

A short delusion
A frenzy grasp at nothingness
A frenzy grasp at nothingness:

Echoes pound so loud in me
Voices longing for tranquility
A course is set for stormy seas
Leading through the hall of memories

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Though all of past hence waits
In sanctity's sweet embrace.

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But I doubt they would be grateful.