

## 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.