

Fountainhead

Hands Like Houses

Here I am. The hammer strikes one, two, three.
I'm impatiently tapping my feet
In a murmuring room full of critics and fakers, all waiting to
take their seat.

The focus of the room, all bating breath,
Waiting on a single word that could spill from my mouth
That would give them a reason to take me for all I'm worth.

I took the oath to tell the truth, so freely I'll tell you this
.
My path's my own and mine alone.

You won't understand. You want what I am,
Forgetting the man inside.
I'm calling you out, so try take me down.

I took infinity from the sky and I made it my own,
But not for you to turn into your personal property.
I will outlast the turning of time, but I know that you're scar
ed of me
And what I can achieve, but I won't be waiting.

I don't use your lungs to breathe, your feet can't walk for me.
So tell me where you take your right to my mind.
Brought the sky down on our heads, never mine to claim, you sai
d.
So tell me where you take your right to my freedom,
My cause for creation, my mind, my direction, my life?

Unlock and engage. Everyone's equal but no-one's the same.
We give what we choose, but we give what we want to, not to be
used.

I'm the one who lit the fuse. I'm the one who pulled it out fro
m under you.
I'm the one who wears the consequence.
I'm the one who will stay true to myself, so I'll wish you all
well.
But I'll take my ideas with me.