

People Passing By

Pain Of Salvation

A September sun emerges through clouds, chasing across the sky.
Thoughts are evoked behind detached eyes but people are just passing by:

With smiles for protection.

Unable to see

behind the creature that he seems to be.

Once he was a child with burning desires

with hopes and dreams of what was to come.

So he's lost some faith but still there are fires

deep inside that he must drench to numb.

If we could try to share some of his wounds just for a while.

But we're all just people passing by!

He's searching through crowds for one that is gone.

Rejecting the facts one more day.

Talking too loud to silence the glow. Coldness becoming his way

.

Empathy can't reach through all that blame!

Smiles now forgotten, locked in their frames!

Now he's counting time in beggings and bottles

fading away beneath old news.

So he lost a war: "will I be dead very long?"

He can still hear his voice through the coldness!

If we could try to ease some of his pain just for a while.

But we're all just people passing by!

Once he was strong, and filled with visions.

With life ahead he set his aims.

Then things went wrong.

Now his ambitions have turned to smiles conserved in frames.

Still could be strong could be a prophet!

He would teach truth to every man!

He'd see the light through every shadow, but Entropia denies he can!

He's sitting numb while dusk is falling. Alone he whispers his "goodnight"

Turning away, when sleep is calling, from all the people passing by...