Scarecrow

I am the everything the all knowing The omnipotent one I watch the fields I do not feel I circumnavigate everyone I am the scarecrow, alone and disconnected You stare right past me undetected I am only here when you expect it And feel a sadness undescribable I hange here motionless holding a bible No revival I died and became apathy Then married vacancy Then moved my children to the tundra of complacency I do not exist in your world I've burned the bridges, I've cut the life line Now all I have left is my mind Which judges all of you Analyzes your dumb philosophies Inwonderment of how you all have ruined your ecology But you do not hear for I am to you only but nothingness And I can't understand why I'm the only one that feels like this It's all piss, I flee Out of all the people that have left me The one I miss most, is me

 $\ensuremath{\mbox{I}}$ am the scarecrow and $\ensuremath{\mbox{I}}$ am so alone

And I've seen thirty years of down time The face of a clown, a stick for a spine From a grandiose small town mind And crows fly all around mine They shit on my shoulder I got no voice, no mobility I get older, heated but colder No yield in my field, fuck my opinion I stare at your houses in the distance Silent persistence at night windows glisten I got nothing to say cause no one would listen anyway So I remain against the grain I've seen sunny days with rain Busted knuckles and pain and never complained Dirt is my domain, my view is plain But I'm invisible, sound mystical Not really, the days are dry the evening chilly The only one who understands is little Billy when he's lonely Make me feel something, make me worth a damn Make me new again, make me a fuckin' man

Seen the rise and fall the high and low the come and go And if you knew what I know, sometimes one does not reap what he sews The wind blows, the moon glows the water flows The rain turns to snow, and the ground is froze And only God knows why that's the way it goes

I am the scarecrow and I am so alone