

Loss Disguided As Gain

Shelter

So weæ☺e flying down the freeway,
but we donæ☺ know where weæ☺e headed.
Donæ☺ ask for directions, no one knows.
Flying to our destination when weæ☺e there, will we regret it?
Donæ☺ ask all these questions, letæ☺ just go.
Something you just canæ☺ explain.
Get it all but weæ☺e insane.
I see loss disguised as gain.
Yes I want the reason why weæ☺e running æ☺☺ound this earth in
fear of a connection with ourselves.
My greatest fear in life is all Iæ☺³e worked for has no worth.
And not to recognize whatæ☺ my real wealth.
Still our wheels are going round.
My feet never touch the ground.
Am I lost or am I found?
Yes I know I reach things.
That will perish in my hands.
Nothing hereæ☺ forever that I know.
But life is moving quickly ad I cannot comprehend.
Yes I stumble but hope that I grow.