

The Pursuit of Happiness

Showbread

The promise of forever, the lie of mortal flesh
and blood the song of Solomon singed by the emotionally stunted
heart of deception
how hard is it to make up your mind?

I love you, I need you only you forever

Then I peel these pages on the calendar off the skin on my chest
is the quest for information providing the experience and the wisdom?
and the ability to say that something is all right?
I spell your name with my incision in your embrace

Opening a heart seems to be an easy thing
still I'm drowning in the memories that make my spirit sing
so why are you out of reach?
when your lips are just out of reach
and your arms are just out of reach
and your heart is just out of reach
why are you just out of reach?

Is there any kind of genuine feeling of the fairy tale?
soiled by our American idealism
these pages that describe my heart
I'm longing for you to mirror me,
but you'll just leave again if I'd look up to the stars it will
be intoxicating
and if I'd find the strength to say:
"Life is not short, life is so long, life is so very long"
instill in me divine presence of everlasting freedom

Because I love you, and I need you only you forever

The beauty screaming up my spinal column

The aching for a return stinging my central nervous system
I spell your name with my incision
and your eyes wonder to someone else one thousand times