

Pseudo Self

Texas in July

Rise, rise, high above the skyline
Grant me a steady view of the horizon
Gusts of vitality, I've felt them in my time
Unquenchable fates become intertwined

Mountains and oceans create the separation
But we know we are all connected.

Am I a man? Am I a son?
Am I a brother to no one?
My day now at its end, what am I left with?

Forced open so I can take it all in,
Reaping what I sow once again,
And now I see with unobstructed vision
What am I left with?

Rise, rise and drive this stake into the earth,
In attempt to keep your place, there is no use
Uprooted from the ground, an ancient connection
Desecrated by a mortal man

Now before I feel all alone
I must understand my skin and bones
This disguise found only in the true moonlight
It will be destroyed before my eyes

Am I a man? Am I a son?
Am I a brother to no one?
My day now at its end, what am I left with?

My legs become rooted, my muscles grow as foundation for life
As the earth supported me, I will hold this weight, strip myself to the core
And rise.

I will rise.