

## 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.