

# The Escapist

## The Streets

All these walls were never really there  
Nor the ceiling or the chair  
I'm eking weeks of peace at the beach  
I see the breezes weave the trees

These walls you'll find are yours and mine  
Defined not by them I  
I'm in times that lie behind my eyelids  
The sunset still the rising silence

I'm not full of fear 'cause I'm not really here  
I'm nowhere near here

There's no rain on roof that grates and beats me  
My favorite tree breaking light to pieces  
Sprinkling, sharded light on me  
Throw a stone as high as you can

And hearing with hand not hear it land  
Nothing taxing dusting sand  
My window world spins and twirls  
The walls then fall, I recall the sort

White clouds white wash faded spotless  
The weighty shadows, ranges of rocks  
The cold is all illusion thought up  
Stroll on the shore, snooze and explore

All possibilities in each new morning  
'Til satisfied reaching out, yawning  
Fish in a big dish, some rice and spice  
Salt over shoulder, never salted so tight

The truth I have told was silence sometimes  
But who's soul does not hide any crimes  
Wrapped in walls, encircled by work  
The walls fall, the story occurs

No barrier, no boundary or 'low us ID's  
The freedom to stay off straight  
Be fiend or friend cause no harm but charm  
The peaceful end

I'm not full of fear 'cause I'm not really here  
I'm nowhere near here  
I'm not full of fear 'cause I'm not really here  
I'm nowhere near here

Pale ancient woods, strew white sandy bays  
This ugly room pales away today  
I'm swimming in the ocean, I sink slow motion  
Fingers, toes, floating

Every year 'til yesterday  
I see the eternal setting sea  
I compare all this to me  
It's all fleeting momentary me

I blink my eyes, this is reminding me  
Life lies in the blink of an eye  
The old die for reasons, new tides for seasons  
New life born is like teasing

All these walls were really never there  
Nor the ceiling or the chair  
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I am not here at all, you are dearly fooled  
I see bristling trees, the shush at the sea  
Mischievous, fluttering seagulls  
No, I'm not trapped in a box, so I am glancing at rocks  
I'm dancing off docks, since this stance began that's where I am

I'm not full of fear 'cause I'm not really here  
I'm nowhere near here  
I'm not full of fear 'cause I'm not really here  
I'm nowhere near here

So done