

A Day In Difference

Vanishing Point

A day, a day of difference.
A day is a gift to us.
Scars remind us the past is real.
The warmest touch can numb your skin.
A day, a day of difference.

"Life as it is?
I've lived for over forty years,
And I've seen life as it is!
Pain. Misery. Cruelty beyond belief!
I've heard all the voices Of God's noblest creature:
moans from bundles of Filth in the streets!
I've been a soldier and a slave.
I've seen my Comrades fall in battle or die more slowly
under The lash in Africa.
I've held them at the last Moment.
These were men who saw life as it is,
But they died despairing!
No glory; no brave Last words.
Only their eyes filled with Confusion, questioning
'Why?'"

A day, a day of difference.
A day is a gift to us.
A day, a day of difference.

If we can learn to understand.
This language without words.
We can learn to understand, a better world.

"I do not think they were asking why they were Dying,
but why they had ever lived!
Life itself seems lunatic!
Who knows where the Madness lies? Perhaps to be too
practical is Madness!
To surrender dreams; this is surely Madness. Too much
sanity may be madness.
But maddest of all: to see life as it is, and Not as it
should be!"

A day, a day of difference.
A day is a gift to us.
Scars remind us of the past.
The warmest touch will always last.