

Dragged Across a Forest Floor

Woods of Ypres

Another era has come to an end
You'll return to where it began
Wandering at night on Ypres Road
To determine why you walk in the woods alone

A piece of our history I used to honor
They disrespected and disgraced
They took the ground upon which I walked
And rubbed it in my face

To me these woods are but a forest of metaphors
And nothing more
A path through the woods of my past
Where I was dragged across a forest floor

They breathe in the stagnant air
The poison sky shelters them from the sun
No exposure, nothing grows
No one ever wonders what lies beyond

So set in their old ways
They could only hope for change
Instead they flaunt their stubborn pride
Digging their own graves

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A path through the woods of my past
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I see the truth hidden between the trees
These tough woods are but delicate forest
Everyone for themselves in the hallowed name of unity

Finding comfort in their misery
They were doomed beyond the reach of help
Saved only by the unconditional love
Of hate for a place they couldn't live without

All that I hoped to change
Would not be reversed by words alone
It would require all of their efforts
The lack of which was already set in stone

At a time when I could take no more
I was dragged across a forest floor

Sticks and stones
The combined discomfort of hundreds of pains
Thorns and needles
I pull them out of my skin
While walking home

Accept the fact that they've missed your point
Conceal your motives and all your thoughts
Keep your opinions to yourself
Give them exactly what they want

There's no hope for understanding
Our differences would not be solved
For my survival and my sanity
In time I learned to have tolerance for you all

Bite your tongue until it bleeds
Choke down the blood so no one sees
Fight the tears
Let them fall within
While you're here
Never let your weakness show

These woods are full of hope
These woods are where I walk alone

Even at times
When standing still
Strength and speed
Still lie dormant within
You will see me channel the pain
As blood leaves my core and fills my veins

These woods are but a forest of metaphors
And nothing more

The tall trees above
They are the ones that exist
The fallen leaves are those that have fallen to my feet
The trails of broken branches
These are the mistakes you make
The seeds are the ones to be that I push in the earth
With every step I take