

The Desperate Poet

Wuthering Heights

If Shakespeare himself be raised from his grave
There'd be no words for the emptiness I feel

I released the beast inside me, but it had gone tame
I rang the churchbells high on the hill, but no one came
I try capturing images, but my camera is blind
And the stars that I reach for
Just the movieset of my mind

Is this pain in vain
That I feel
Or is real art
Made in this fashion
With passion
I don't know

I'm a desperate poet, lost for words and I know it
My ink is dry, though I try, still my words will not fly
I'm a desperate poet, and I know that I owe it to you
To deliver the goods, and I would, if I could
But this tune that I'm destroying
Shows there's nothing more annoying
Than a desperate, desperate poet, so it seems

I sign my name in blood, but it's not binding
I turn every stone, but I'm not finding anything
My pen should be on fire, but it's not igniting
Ready for war, I don't know what I'm fighting for

Is this wordsmith
Worth his salt
Or is it all just
Pages from a phrasebook
Who took the words
Out of my mouth

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I would sing of the loves that we all once knew
And the ones that we ended up with
Of the memories that you've buried so deep in the past
You start to wonder if they're only a myth
I would sing of the strong and all of the wrong
That they've wrought for the weak of the will
Of those who have nothing but a desperate embrace
To hold on to when the night's growing chill
I would sing of the false ones who have taken up rule
And the true ones who were burned at the stake

Of the ones who run free and the ones who enslave
Of an honest day's work and an unmarked grave
Of the Sun and the Earth and of fire and rain
Of longing and of power and of lust and of pain
A symphony of triumph for the day hope returns
Or a soundtrack to insanity when all the world burns!

Flame of creation all but dead
Still it burns however lightly
Would that I could see it burst again
Into a fire shining brightly

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