

## upon ghosts let free

There's a roller coaster climbing  
cutting through the wind  
One thrill keeps Jesse moving  
one more keeps him pinned

Through misfit midnight dreaming  
he drifts a way back home  
Where memory chews bitterly  
upon ghosts let free to roam

In dread and desperation  
fog conceals his dawn  
Jesse shouts in despair  
“damned visions now be gone”

Solitude for shelter  
alone yet fortified  
Silence bears her witness  
against a rising tide

There's a roller coaster soaring  
speeding through the wind  
One thrill keeps Jesse moving  
one more keeps him pinned

Crimson bares her battered heart  
leans her back against the rail  
knowing that traps are set  
for sinners and the frail  
Left by ruthless hunters  
who are never keen to share  
offering advise just once  
“you best be taking care”

Sheriff loads his rifles  
posse's charging up their lust  
All that's caught within their sight  
will be returned to dust

There's a roller coaster rushing  
raging through the wind  
One thrill keeps Jesse moving  
one more keeps him pinned

Jesse tries to be strong  
but he's weakening at his knees  
All the newborn angels sing  
"hey! you were born to please"

But pleasure is illusion  
satisfaction's rarely real  
Jesse leans on Crimson  
but finds nothing there to feel

Not knowing how to travel  
every corner has its edge  
Jesse stirs as he sleeps  
ever closer to the ledge

There's a roller coaster rocking  
ripping through the wind  
One thrill keeps Jesse moving  
one more keeps him pinned

Circles leave impressions  
furrows of false grace  
And all that remains of us  
are images out of place

Sighing in acceptance  
devoid of will or want  
Certain of the avenues  
and their images that taunt  
Crimson holds her breath  
beneath a sinking sun  
Thinking there's nothing new  
and that nothing's ever done

There's a roller coaster turning  
cartwheels through the wind  
One thrill keeps Jesse moving  
one more keeps him pinned

Waking from his slumber  
Jesse's startled by the light  
Certain that the tracks we make  
are the sum of our will's might

Crimson says that everything's  
subtracted from what's whole  
And that everything's decided  
by the wheels on which we roll

## 20/20 vision

where once there was a garden  
picket fence and open gate  
now overgrowth abounds  
in weeds of fear and hate

blindfolds are tightly tied upon  
already blinded eyes  
air is thick and heavy  
from the loss of compromise

some of us fold swiftly  
in winds of evil tide  
others drown in floods  
boldly rising from inside

weary is the messenger  
who's constantly at war  
lost within the maps that change  
as quickly as the score

where once there was a garden  
picket fence and open gate  
now overgrowth abounds  
in weeds of fear and hate

comfort loses meaning  
compassion lost to crime  
there's nothing here but history  
echoing in time

merchants on the podium  
sell stocks of loaded dice  
buyers hawk their lives to pay  
the ever rising price

fortune fades to whisper  
cards held behind its back  
illusion deals a crooked deck  
in parlors far off track

where once there was a garden  
picket fence and open gate  
now overgrowth abounds  
in weeds of fear and hate

when lessons are forgotten  
man can't endure the loss  
lush hills will rise from rubble  
and streets to beds of moss

and only then perhaps  
beyond this bursting dam  
peace will come to settle  
between the lion and the lamb

## down in the maze

everything's gone haywire  
nothing makes any sense  
grass grows brown  
on the other side of the fence

but ravens stay nasty  
bats spit on the wall  
somebody said  
a hard rain's gonna fall

choirs stand silent  
no solace to sing  
once trumpets blew kisses  
and hail to the king

dirges are playing  
d minor and doom  
for the bride of misfortune  
and the mask of the groom

in hollows of halls  
in silence of pews  
wild boars linger  
and sparrows sing blues

old folks in the home  
by the coroner's place  
are painting on signs  
praise be and grace

the sick in their cells  
confined in the flood  
poisoned by venoms  
that course through their blood

crowds in the market  
stand thirty feet deep  
lambs to the slaughter  
lost in defeat

the men in the tower  
aiming arrows and bow  
with staff by their side  
and they'll never let go

so do as you're told  
keep towing the line  
life's in the balance  
fat cats have got nine

please give me some  
give me some  
give me some food  
i've got sixteen wives  
and a hungry mean brood  
my lady and i  
hunker down near the floor  
hear the buffalo whisper  
we've been here before

deja vu in its custom  
masquerading again  
says nothing to worry  
its just once upon then

but soldiers are marching  
drones for the fight  
blasting sun's rays  
through holes in our sight

rally the forces  
we'll head for the moon  
reporters all say  
will be back here by noon

captain my captain  
i don't like to complain  
but there's got be someplace  
out of this rain

so they tell you don't worry  
it's a just passing phase  
but it doesn't mean much  
locked down in the maze