

IDIOSYNCRASIES & SYNCHRONICITIES

Masquerade Ball

There are masks on the faces I see.
An obscuration of identity.
Not for some noble, superhero's cause,
But to hide from some natural flaws.

They're ignoring the cards that they're holding.
Denying the truth from unfolding.
Bluffing their way through the crowd,
Then ridiculous as this, to be proud!

I think of their choices and replace over faces
Excuses they've pled for excusing their cases.
Masquerade balls are no fun
Unless you actually know you're attending one.

Pudding

Purposely polarizing politics are putting
pressure on the people.
Particularly people polarized by fear.
Understanding what occurs when the lineation blurs
Will help you understand the epoch drawing near.

The darker that the forest is, the brighter any present light.
The longer that you stay in it, the shorter is the longest night.
Hope is found in holding on to what you know inside is true,
Even when the contradiction's standing right in front of you.

It's not that we don't see what's there, it's just that we don't really care
To hear the lies for years that tied us down and turned us into slaves.
We are born for liberty and we are fighting to be free.
We want to hear the word of truth
that ultimately saves.

The world will try and penetrate your inner love, with outer hate.
But there's a way to win if you believe in what is really true.
The truth is that we're loved beyond capacity to understand.
You are the pudding. The proof is in you.

Dunce

Oh, the fun people have
Playing games with your heart.
If it won't fit together,
They tear it apart.

Holding out carrots, like I am a mule.
Making me wear pointy hats on a stool.
Luring me in and then casting me out.
Sometimes, I wonder what it's all about.

Though I'm slow, yet I know,
It's insecurity.
They're projecting their pain
All in vain, onto me.
They're protecting their pride
Because that's what they know.
When it comes to the matters of heart,
They are slow.

I will sit where I am because
That's where I'm set.
But, keep messing with me
And see what you get.

The Runner

I run because it's my escape.
To numb, delay, to get away.
My camouflage, to stay in shape.
I run because my problems stay.

I run because there's too much pain,
A boomerang beneath the sun.
If I escape, it comes again,
And so I run and run and run.

The open road is always there,
It never asks too much from me.
It isn't more than I can bear,
It always lets me just be me.

I'm drained and tired, not so sane.
Exhaustion's surely setting in.
But, I must outrun this pain,
And so today I run again.

Falling

He called me beautiful
And now I am conflicted.
Two times in two days
And not once has he lied.
No duty to feel dutiful
In his calling me beautiful,
And now I'm crumbling to millions
Of pieces inside.

What has gotten into me?
Destiny's been meant to be
Out of reach for such a long time
How it seems to me.
And now with just a word?
My whole brain has gone absurd?
And I'm dizzy in a frightful,
Most delightful sort of way?

I really can't decide whether
To stay or run and hide
From this utterly disorienting
Satisfying grace.
But the foundation has been laid,
And the choice already made,
And I simply cannot help it but
To fall right into place.

My head tells me to run so very, very far away.
But my heart tells me to stay.