

## Night

The night rolls on like bolder  
bolder and bolder  
awakened by the the sound of the shushing wind and shackling chuckles  
it's funny how the night rolls on  
no-one, no-thing truly knows your secrets  
the world spins on  
and heads roll on  
the necks of the squeamish are squashed  
as the night rolls on  
the hearts of lovers are broken  
the will of many lost  
but the night rolls on  
we sleep to the blind thoughts of death, despair, and cruelty  
shhhhhh  
listen, they stalk  
7 weak of men

as the night still rolls on it does not stop to see it has left us in darkness  
we have been cursed  
by the human mentality  
left only to be guided by a new moon's light  
we live in the world of darkness  
where  
the night rolls on

## **Have You Ever**

Steel hits hard  
snakes hiss in your yard  
and my blood runs on  
life goes on

but have you ever stopped  
to hear the wind sing the bee's song  
or heard the roar of the untamed wild grass  
have you ever felt the wet kiss of rushing wind  
or tasted the sweet heart of a sour lemon

have you ever appreciated the caring shade of the old oak  
or have you ever seen the composure of the decomposers  
have you ever seen the future in the youth  
or have you ever noticed how the dead live on  
and how the youths build on  
have you seen the potential of a dulled knife  
or can you see the meaning in my words  
have you ever?  
ever?

## **Eternity**

a man comes with a question

Immortality?

power and strength the route of most

But I 've seen as the years and decades, and centuries erode

the truth is truth? never changing? never molding?

physically mortal

the mortals' truth: an eternal legacy

After long contemplation I can only find the mirror

The secret wish of an ignorant Youth

Now Forever at rest, not even a mortal legacy

## **They Think**

They think we look at them with envy  
but we look at them with pity  
they call me jealous  
but I enjoy because it reminds me that I am human  
they surround themselves with materials  
and call that a gift  
they surround themselves with greedy vultures and call them friends  
as we look at them with pity  
they think people are around them so they are liked

I see through the lies that they call truth  
and I see the true loneliness the "liked" feel  
they think they have the newest materials so they are rich  
but they are poor in love and compassion  
in this world friendships are built of material bonds  
and love is built off of physical appearance  
it seems that through evolution  
humanity has lost it's ability to truly love  
in this world engulfed in the flames of war  
humanity is burning by the torches of hate

I ask you, will you take my hand and search  
search for the light in this dark world

## **Nephew**

This is an account of the first time I held life, light, the future  
For the future he was pretty light  
Now, I've held many Children  
But this, this was different  
I saw so much symbolism in him  
We'll start with his eyes  
eyes black,  
Black as a bottomless pit  
They roamed the room  
Almost like he wanted to  
Find, or was searching for something, something to fill the pit  
But no matter what  
his eyes would be black for life

I swayed back and forth  
And I saw desperation  
His little hand clung to all  
Clung for dear life, as if  
All were failing and his world  
Was falling, about to crash  
If only he knew the earth was moving at 67,000 miles per hour

His heart beats with complete Independence  
but I felt my heart adjusting to his, he slept happily

Finally his feet, his paadalu hadn't  
Even touched the floor, but they were dirty.  
No matter that he made no contact with the floor, they were still dirty  
Then I saw something interesting  
His mother cleaning his feet at the end of the day