

mysterious child (oh god!)

mysterious child
walk with your legs so long and loose
not yet reconciled
with a clear and pleasant truth
faith and desire
have no strings to bind them as one
a trailblazing fire
to destroy what you have done

oh god!
you're name is carved along these walls
oh god!
quit making all these prank phone calls

mysterious child
just keep hoping for the best
with time on your side
all your hopes are put to test
an eye for an eye
could not put this all to bed
it's lying awake
with this song burned in it's head

oh god!
i couldn't leave the past alone
oh god!
it's shaking and it's soaked to the bone
oh god!
i hope to find a way back home...

(September, 2005)

heart of creation

i've been knocked down before
by the slam of the door
that was closed by the arms of intention
once you had fled
you were easily led
to the body of someone i mentioned

though i don't curse you're name
i curse just the same
with the foulest tongue of a sinner
how can you confess
every time you undress
in the presence of some cheapened prize winner?

where is the dusk light?
where is the moonlight
that brought me to this highway crossing?
i'm tired and i'm fevered
like some true believer
whose faith is so violently rocking

what is birthed in rejection
with endless projection
will die in a garden of roses
where memories will linger
in the songs of a singer
who ends all his words with "suppose"s

where is the dusk light?...

but this bird is still singing
and frantically winging
towards some desired destination
with winds ever-changing
and thoughts re-arranging
i'll rest in the heart of creation...

(January, 2007)

now is the time

now is the time to be thrifty
now is the time to be spare
though the quietest ground is shifting
now is the time to care

now is the time to be wielding
the sharpest of blades through the air
if called upon to be in your lover's arms
now is the time to be there

the sound, the sound
echoes through the space between friends
the face, your face
scrawled upon a page of amens
never let me know how this ends

now is the time to be taken
now is the time to be free
if love is now the burden that blinds you
now is the time to see

all of the immaculate energies
they now have the time to be shared
if love is now the burden that binds you
now is the time to be spared

the sound, the sound
crawling through the darkest of air
the face, my face
scrawled upon a page of despair
always let me know you are there...

(May, 2007)

wicked love

i saw the monument of wicked love
inside the temple of the flaming dove
the shadows parted into glowing rays
it kept me running 'round for days and days

the current currency of blood and bone
builds up the walls to break up your home
and when they ask you to shut up for awhile
how can you sit there with a crooked smile?

the working men are fighting tooth and nail
to keep you feeling comatose and stale
they fight the urge to hold the loaded gun
they fight the urge to kill the wicked son

whatever happened to the secrecy
that separated them from you and me
is something tugging on your coat and cane?
did you forget about your ball and chain?

it keeps you pinned below the sky above
while you keep searching for a wicked love
and while the dogs are barking from the porch
they see you carrying your stupid torch

our future hidden in a twisted script
with binding torn apart and pages ripped
don't send me roses or a kiss-a-gram
you know me better than the fool i am...

(August, 2007)

human nature

the word is the key that locks up our fate
we hold out for love but i cannot wait
there's something amiss, it's hot on our tail
it's keen on our sighs, it's watching us fail

the valleys and plains hold tight for the crush
we feed off the dirt, we feed off the rush

what holds us in place is bound to cut free
it catches us blind until we can see
the frame of the eye is fixed on the sun
it's watching us burn our feet as we run

our nature to take is not giving in
we hold out for love, intent on the win...

(July, 2007)

speak clear

how you've settled in your ways
so that you forget the days
when loving me was much more than a chore
now you've dug into your brain
to relieve us of the pain
to forget the days when you expected more

with strength to hold the ground below
i couldn't keep you still
as secrets passed from ear to ear
you fell back down the hill

all your troubles fading fast
in an endless drinking glass
i watch and wonder how you went so long
without thinking of the reasons
why i left you for the seasons
with nothing but a tired and weary song

this is what we hear
when we can't speak clear

in your tired and aging voice
you never gave me any choice
of whether i should stay or take my leave
but in times of love and laughter
there's no better ever-after
than the one we forced each other to believe

with strength to hold the iron doors
i couldn't keep you safe
with windows closed and voices raised
you laughed right in my face

this is what we hear
when we can't speak clear...

(June, 2004)

different crown

i call you almost every night
just to hear you pray
one day i might answer you
when i know what to say

tell me all your deep regrets
your sins and sorry lies
no, i don't have the medicine
i cannot dry your eyes

'cause i am not your saviour
i wear a different crown
he might bring you towards the light
but i'll just bring you down

danger, danger, danger, girl
my nerves are growing frail
the truth is growing hard to see
beneath this coded braille

danger, danger, danger, boy
you know this isn't right
the pedestal you're standing on
is sinking out of sight

'cause i am not your saviour...

i call you almost every night
your soul we'll pray to keep
until the words fall from the sky
you might as well just sleep...

(December, 2006)

don't tell me

you have a face
unfit for your tongue
cause all that you've said
isn't all that you've done

and all that you've done
has no law to obey
no will to comply
with all that you say

oh, don't tell me these things
about your impassion-ate flings
if you think about it
i'm not one to doubt that
he brings you all he can bring
so don't tell me

with a face so sublime
in it's will to conceal
i'm left with the lies
that your words have revealed

so take to your bed
all the joy that you've got
cause i can't pretend
to be what i'm not

oh, don't tell me these things...

(December, 2005)

this time around

when faces collide
on this carnival ride
you can gather your prayers or face up to the dares that you've taken
though the faith in her eyes
kills the sound of her lies
boy, i know from defeat the temptation is sweet but forsaken

this time around
i will not lose myself

the familiar flies by
past your dizzying eye
in this curious design, this is yours, this is mine to be broken
and though the feeling sets in
that you're done with the spin
you swear on your bed that you've always misread what was spoken

this time around
i will not lose myself

and so the audience applauds
all your various flaws
when it's time to reveal you're not-so-surreal aberrations
but if given the chance
to join in the dance
you'd do it again and again out of pure fascination

this time around
i will not lose myself

(September, 2005)

borderline

the air was never quite so sweet
when both of us had chanced to meet
a rendezvous of armistice and wine
and i can still see you
waving from the borderline
i can still see you
waiting at the borderline

our burdens had begun to lift
but still you swore to stay adrift
from the shores that could cleanse your only crime
and i can still see you
waving at the borderline
i can still see you
waiting at the borderline

what happened to the avenue
that split apart our lives in two
now the neighborhood is restless and blind
and i can still see you
waving at the borderline
i can still see you
waving from the borderline

now you're on the other side of town
the darker side of sight and sound
and the only thing we've left to kill is time
so i'm standing here
waiting at the borderline
i'm standing here
waving from the borderline...

(February, 2008)