

# Constellations

Brendan James

Crying inside over man, over country  
Disillusioned by the way of it all  
Universe grows like a plague, like a flower  
No one I know doesn't search for the walls

When I was young I was hope in a bottle  
Limited none by the ground or the sky  
Water and sun, I would grow and grow  
Limited now by the span of my life

What if I was supposed to be  
A butterfly on the sleeve  
Of an aging, dying human being?  
And what if I was supposed to carry  
The words she spoke to me  
Past the tallest trees, through the galaxy?

I thought my life would have more purpose  
I thought my day would come to call  
I thought my gifts, like constellations  
Were clear to all, to all

Minimum wage for the work of the masses  
Stealing their chance with their 8 dollar bills  
Falling behind under stress and distraction  
Never do find what they're born to fulfill

What if I was supposed to be  
An avalanche down the steep  
Of an underwater mountain peak?  
And what if I was supposed to bury  
Treasure no eyes had seen  
Since the ship was sunk over lust and greed?

I thought my life would have more purpose  
I thought my day would come to call  
I thought my gifts, like constellations  
Were clear to all, to all

I know when I go I won't ask for the meaning  
I'll laugh at it all like a big old bear  
I'll laugh at myself for the sleepless nights  
The purpose I sought was a younger man's care