

# The Will of the Wisps

Dan Bull

Sometimes the lifeboat to which our hope is tethered  
Is but a floating feather  
Blown in zephyrs in the soaking weather  
The mist and the smoke envelop  
A mystery, a missed envelope  
An unopened letter  
Wrote instead of  
Letting these emotions  
Go through the motions, ever  
Hope is a coping method  
Is a mechanism  
Letting us get rid of the foreboding peril  
Say no to the Devil  
To the toad in the hole  
That we know can control  
On a whole new level  
Mill wheel turning  
Fear will turn into cheer  
Chilled, flowing in vessels  
How long have we known each other?  
Would you rather go alone instead of  
Getting thrown together  
With a ghost in a lonesome bed  
I bet it goes through your head, huh?  
If we won't keep our head up  
And we don't keep ahead  
I bet we won't keep our head above the ocean  
Then and we'll recede to the seas  
That are deep below these heavens  
Knees trembling

He sees us... Jesus  
For a hesitant moment there, I was froze in terror  
With a phobic tremor  
That stoic heroics never extinguish  
Spoken in the most elegant English  
Flash! Lightning, fires fade  
Ash, rising, sky ablaze  
Some of us die and raise to a higher place  
Others just lie in wait in a hiding place  
With a frightened face  
Eyes agape and gazing vacant  
Waiting patiently  
Pacing aimlessly  
To syncopated beats  
We need to face the things we hate to see  
Embrace the things we hate to say we need  
And that's hard to do  
How can we start anew?  
When it feels like we're just half-way through  
The last chapter, the last part, and now we're starting two  
But in my heart of hearts I knew  
That this is what I've got to do  
True. And when I'm in the zone  
I'll never be alone with you  
You tenderly approach  
Your presence is a glow

Put a hand on my shoulder, friend  
And hold me, hold me, hold me close  
Hold me close  
Hold me close  
Hold me close  
Hold me close  
Hold me close  
Hold me close