

Wither

38th Parallel

Forward he marches through scornful laughter
Undaunted eyes set on hopes of here after
A gauntlet of piercing stares line his way
And condemning glares say all hate can say
As he strides ever on steps
In time with his hearts rhythm and rhyme
to the end of his day
Forever's seductive smile shatters sense
And bids him acquiesce from this solitary life

Chorus

But we don't see,
we've made ourselves blind
And we don't care,
we've closed our minds
And we don't move,
we're so paralyzed

As we sit in heartlessness watching him die
Dead to immunity,
dead to society
Fearing the slow decay of dignity the posterchild
For walking deadmen longs for the now
to be way back when

Chorus

And I see him everyday along his road
Fading away manifest in the downcast,
Recluse and outcast lepers of this age
The innocent incaged by paranoid,
misinformed minds
Enter the champions of love (so called) singing loud
Grinning as they spit out their words
So proud are the hearts unmoved by songs and ideals?
Wading through the rhetoric to clutch something real

Chorus