

## All Roads Lead Home

### A Loss for Words

I climbed to the top of this mountain  
with no fear of tumbling down.  
For one brief moment in time  
I freed my mind of this town.

Got clear sight of lights on the hills  
just outside the city's grip  
and just like that, just like that  
I let the moment sleep.

Every face seems familiar on these crowded streets,  
Sidewalks sway to the beat of my stammering feet,  
Lost in a world of handshakes and receipts,  
I hear a song it's calling out to me.

The people are aligned on the road like candle pins.  
Wobbling above gutters humming old retired hymns.  
Can't you see it's all a cavalcade of delusion stares  
and just like that, just like that we are prone to disappear.

Every face seems familiar on these crowded streets,  
Sidewalks sway to the beat of my stammering feet,  
Lost in a world of handshakes and receipts,  
I hear a song it's calling out to me.

What's the price that you pay  
for living everyday  
like a number on a docket,  
a dollar to be saved?

What's the price you pay  
when you give yourself away  
with swollen fists in your pocket,  
from the workhouse to your grave?

Let's pray we don't end up this way.