

## A Question of Priorities

Conflict

The winds of change are now blowing again  
I can sense it; I can feel it, like a breath of fresh air  
Thousands upon thousands of words, is our right to reply  
A question of priorities, in a universal role

Memories surround of better times, so don't expect too much  
As all seems lost, when the world finally says give up  
From the dark wind swept streets, I see a glimmer of light, of  
hope, a presence of defiance  
I wonder, and I realise that while some wait for miracles, othe  
rs may help create them

From a room that has no view, I gaze from the window  
I consider our purpose; the cold stars look down  
And there's a feeling that someone, or something, is always loo  
king  
Strange because it's like, careful observation, the sweetest ma  
nipulation  
Those smiling images of love, a confused pattern of trust  
A feeble structure fleeing responsibility and feelings  
And I wonder who, what, why, where and when and if in fact I am  
still believing?

In all those moments we've shared. Of all the things that we ha  
ve been through  
I feel happiness, sadness. Remember the places that we have bee  
n to  
Push our views and ideas home. Of meeting people who feel alone  
Of seeing anguished faces smile again. An achievement? Well I h  
ope

As we swim from the shore, I can feel the undercurrent  
I hear songs of hope and glory, but how deep is their ocean?  
We turn and face obsession, a painful reminder from tomorrow  
The seas a funny shade of blue now, do we drown in mistakes sor  
row?  
A nation remains silent, burnt out skulls, blank expressions  
An image of convenience in reality's succession  
Blind in the one eyed kingdom, following those who followed las  
t  
Who followed those, who followed before them? Is there a future  
in the past?