

The Golden Rule Is There Is No Golden Rule

Eidola

I've been gone for so long
I can barely recall
The day I departed
Or the day you arrived
The incubus of divergence
Turned convalescent
In the invariably broadening
Conspectus of time and place

But I couldn't stay there
In a place where spatial identity was irrelevant
In all, I could do
In all, I've ever wanted...

I'll pack my bags
(As full as I could)
And take it all with me
I'll pack my bags
(As full as I could)
Go back to the start

Then I lose myself
In the smoke filled room
In the throne of the omnipotent
Preternatural impulses
To think that we can go it alone
But there is nothing to gain
Nothing to sacrifice
And all we have is everything we share
To help each other along