

The Purpose We Find In Our Voices

Eidola

I am the voice that sounds in the back of your mind
When you believe someone has done you wrong
That which you have innocently taken
As justification for hostility to those around you
But listening in
So clever is my phrasing that you might find yourself as the recipient
And hear not hostility
But a questioning of your assumptions
This is my purpose
To help you toward a greater understanding

It's constantly spinning through the air
Constantly changing which side we face
And when it hits the ground
You and I will die
It helps us greatly to know it
Doesn't matter which side this coin lands on
When in reality
Where one man's freedom is another man's prison
And our lives are in thrall of a lover's death
We're all so hungry for something real
But we'll never know
We never did learn to give
Only take
So let's make a bet on what happens when we die

Will we float away in distinct rays into the sky

Just listen carefully for your do is coming

Just breath before you get left behind

Just like you do every time
Holding onto nothing
But a memory of how it all used to be
Things were so simple

Yet I was so ungrateful
Trapped in a void ever so hungry for our demise

You made us in your image like a broken mirror
You gave us a part of yourself so
You could see we were lost and shattered
But that was seven years

We tirelessly travel the land
Always further west
Always absent from our eyes
But built in our hearts
From when I speak of you
I will never know
But when I do know
I will never speak of you again