

# Reality

Jacob Lee

If I could speak to the breeze  
What would she teach?  
I'd ask politely for peace  
Or some guidance at least  
Perhaps she'd tell me to leave  
Conceal the secrets in the air that I breathe

If I could speak to the sea  
What would she preach?  
I'd ask her what does it mean  
To know the depths of belief?  
Perhaps she'd guide me beneath  
Reveal the meaning in the fathoms unseen

Then they'd say reality  
Was never for me  
Reality  
Was never for me, never for me

If I could speak to the trees  
What would they plea?  
I'd watch the wind thieve their seeds  
Lend them moments to grieve  
Perhaps they'd bleed just like me  
Deliver their message in the words that I read

If I could speak to the leaves  
What would they heed?  
I'd ask them what do they seek  
As they descend from the trees  
Perhaps they'd rest at my feet  
Administer healing in the tea that I drink

Then they'd say reality  
Was never for me  
Reality  
Was never for me, never for me

How am I to understand  
Everything I am  
If I don't look beyond the thoughts I have?  
Learning that it takes some time  
To separate the mind  
And I just wonder, now  
If all that I have ever known  
Is all that I was ever shown  
Questioning who sees behind these eyes  
Maybe if I find a reason  
That lasts beyond the seasons

I'd ask if reality  
Was ever for me  
Reality  
Was never for me, never for me

If I could see the supreme  
What would he think?

If he stood in front of me  
Would I believe?  
He'd ask me to take a seat  
Pour us a drink  
And show me all I could be