

Tales from Cloud 7

Mars III

"Farewell" I whispered under my breath as I stood under the stairwell
/
Wondering where hell could differ from life, never a fairy tale/
Read the writing on the wall, but the words were spelled incorrectly/
Wanted to make it right, but yet subconscious wouldn't let me/
Ready to decorate those same walls with the insides of my skull/
Steady-handed, hyped depression made the palette fade to dull/
And ultimately, I felt like this planet was out to get me/
A muted gun blast was the exit sign, with no questions left to ask/
But I've got questions left to ask, and I've got things I've never do
ne/
So many people I've never met, and I've got races left to run/
And just this once I won't be a coward, I'll play the role of the sel
fless/
Live this day-by-day existence, even though at time's it's hellish/
Maybe I'll write a book on future philosophy to make Socrates jealous
/
I'll move to the middle of the desert and train an entire legion of z
ealots/
I'll decorate the skyline with a felt tip, fellowship with world lead
ers/
Organize a campaign to give the poorest children the best teachers

Or maybe i'll just live, breathe in and out and in again/
Until the end comes, search for the truth and then some/
Win some, lose more, but still the fight continues/
Carry on, young man, carry on/
Carry the cross across time, over the line and stand strong/

Carry on, young man, carry on/
Look that depression in the eye, because it can't last long/
Carry on, young man, carry on
"Farewell" I call to friends and family, cry and wave goodbye/
Enlisted courage by my side because I'm not afraid to die/
I'll pray and try to keep my hand from shaking, bite my bottom lip/
Fight the good fight for my children's right to exist/
It's come to this: peace keeping conflict/
Who's being honest/
Why can't we learn from history and try to move beyond this/
Stationed in Vietnam, ten-digit number becomes my name/
Smoke your marijuana to try and ease the pain/
Estray my mind on acid paths to try and get away/
My best friend "casualty" stepped on a landmine yesterday/
And let's just say I'm less than thrilled to swallow this jagged litt
le pill/
I just want to go home to my dead-end nine-to-five and pay the bills

Will I be half the man I was before? Will they ever understand/
A mission and contraband, blurred lines drawn to right and wrong/
Bottom line, I made it through so I know you can/
Carry on, young man, carry on/
Flashback to victories won when you hear that certain song/

Carry on, young man, carry on/
We got you to thank for the free earth we stand upon/
Carry on, young man, carry on