

The Choicest View

Modern English

I can't judge the truth
Rely on my heart to try
Or watching all the moves
It makes me laugh or try

A feeling of them down
A turning around and round
It's not the choicest view
Just leaves me spinning to

But not for long
I'm much too strong
Their staring straight ahead
I can raise a smile

They take us for some fools
A parcel wrapped and tied
No thoughts on why the move
Or where the feelings lie

What we've learnt is wealth alone
A wealth lies in the mind
Unreal is real for some
But not the real kind

But not for long
I'm much too strong
Their staring straight ahead
I can raise a smile

Awake
A wide of the time
A place for us to find
While we face the only clue
A saviour is a piece of mind

A feeling of accomplishment
Is what you feel
A knowing that some otherwise fruitfulness is real
We have found something real

No-one to gather with [x4]

To fear