Caravan

Protest the Hero

Allow me a moment to explain
While you were sleeping the ocean wasn't drained
But transformed

It yawned and groaned as it rose from its bed
It stretched; diluted and extended its head
And took corporeal form

At least in part at first
But when it encountered the Earth
It took a deep draw in, extended its arms, and leapt into the sky

It took wing over mountain and rode on the wind
It traveled the cities but as the sun dimmed
It grew fat and it cursed at the earth

In a thunderous rage
And a display of bright lights
It spat and began to give birth

The bloom is off the rose, at least for me
Dogs like me can bark, but the caravan moves on

When you finally awoke, a new ocean had formed
Through the clamorous night, through the magnificent storm
It fell from the sky to reform and preform
Its endless endeavor in its worn uniform

The Sun, the Moon, the Earth, and the shore
Tired metaphors played out before your eyes
Sedation, satisfaction

But to be satisfied and entertained
Without any source of intellectual gain
Seems to be what's in fashion

Interpret the meaning
To mean whatever you want it to be
I've heard these same words fall from my own lips
It falls flat and I question its value
It falls flat and I question its worth

In a thunderous rage
And a display of bright lights
It spat and began to give birth

The bloom is off the rose, at least for me
Dogs like me can bark, but the caravan moves on

Better to light a candle than curse at the darkness

This is the confluence of narrative and naivety
Swallowing a stream of lies and empty poetry
You don't have to be the one to tell me
You don't have to be the one to let me down

A catchy way of saying nothing

But a narrative seems to allude to something more
With a purpose and a real direction
But they're just words punched in a template
The same mistakes we made before

I, for one, am f*cking tired
Of conceptions that bring nothing new from the womb
But if every story is the same
Then the rose has truly lost its bloom

Can you sing it back to me?

I can't relate to this
I can't relate
Maybe it's your preference
But I can't relate

"Where is the problem? We're entertained."
My problem's the consistency with every concept made
Don't just tell me a story
What does it convey?

"Where is the problem? We're entertained."
I want to feel something more than just betrayed
You are the problem
I am the problem

Are you satisfied?
Don't be satisfied

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