

Tidal

Protest the Hero

Awake, unfazed,
Morning light tells of the dawning day
Just like any day
Brush off sleep's touch,
Clear midnight's haze
There's nothing extraordinary here,
A flaccid world, unfit, unclear
Desperate for something more
Something more than getting by
Empty faces on the sidewalk,
Listless and limping to a lie,
Of a bright and pleasant future,
Of a blue and cloudless sky
A phantom whisper sounds deceiving
It brings with it the question "why?"
We work until we are unable,
Then locked away until we die

But then it happened
Everything changed in but an instant
A violent burst of brilliant colour,
somehow close and somehow distant
From a whisper,
to a scream,
to a hoarse, distorted laugh
There is no hope of restitution
There is no ever going back

In dreamless sleep,
one ponders death
Hold back the fleeting final breath
Knuckle white, slipping grip,
jaw clenched tight, and quivering lip
This cannot happen
This cannot be
Escape a life of anonymity
to be a drop into the sea,
whose ripple turns to tidal wave
that sweeps the shores it once forgave
But crashing down upon the shore,
the sea is silent evermore

Awake, unfazed,
morning light tells of the dawning day
just like any day.
Brush off sleep's touch,
clear midnight's haze
There's nothing extraordinary here,
a flaccid world, unfit, unclear
Desperate for something more,
something more than getting by
There's got to be something more than this
It sounds so deceiving
Begging the question "why?"
Begging the question "why?"
Why do we work until we are unable?
Why do we work until we die?

A drop into the sea
whose ripple turns to tidal wave,
and sweeps the shores it once forgave

The sun, the moon, the Earth,
conversed and agreed,
the people of the world must pay for its atrophy.
But crashing down upon the shore,
the sea is silenced evermore

But then it happened
everything changed in but an instance
A violent burst of brilliant colour,
somehow close and somehow distance

What unknown face now breaks the silence?

What tipping force disturbs the balance?

Swift and sober, comes a voice, offering a bitter choice