

Just a Ride

Rishloo

Wicker wishes hold the flames at bay
no water for the martyr
Oh, what a shame
Progress is a riddle of delays
Serendipitously arranged
Watch the embers wither into grey
and the filament fades
Oh and the filament fades
It is the cause for causing choruses
to erupt in front of stages in the dark
it is the cure between the words and what we thought we heard as such
cleverness and sleight of tongue
Ordinarily we'd find a better fit
and organize the messages' intent
with words and scenes insinuations
emotional manipulation throughout
For no good reason I'd deceive you all
just to get the point across
I have been a hypocrite
I am certain I have lied
I have been to nothingness and
barely bothered to survive
I laughed when your levee broke to
shed tears when nobody rose to say:
"It's Just a Ride"
Wearing the weight of the words we never spoke of
Turning the weathered side to read their bones
The trap that was set was flawed at best
the trap the was set was flawed
programmed to make ghosts of all of us
Oh Time
gathering us with open arms
to feed the hungry birds of war
splitting the line between two sides but I am neither one
Usher the windblown into the silos - dead
treated like cattle while we listen for what's next
secretly we'll take it's pulse
dropping from the eaves
tourniquet the pace while the rhythm bleeds
Oh Time
Flattering us to see ourselves as something more than we define
Where does it leave us when we cry it's not any skin of mine
only locked in these days as our wonder dissipates
How did we wait so long to call out
Hello?
Don't you know we know you know?
Don't you know?
You were brave with a free-talking mind
and a voice that is still a cry for life
and no matter what we want
we want to be loved
YES we were here
we were afraid
we paid them for the right to commit our own ego suicide
but I believe it's Just a Ride