In Held ('Twas) in I

Transatlantic

[Glimpses of Nirvana]

In the darkness of the night, only occasionally relieved by glimpses of Nirvana as seen through other people's windows, wallowing in a morass of self-despair made only more painful by the knowledge that all I am is of my own making...

When everything around me, even the kitchen ceiling, has collapsed and crumbled without warning. And I am left, standing alive and well, looking up and wondering why and wherefore.

At a time like this, which exists maybe only for me, but is nonetheless real, if I can communicate, and in the telling and the bearing of my soul anything is gained, even though the words which I use are pretentious and make you cringe with embarrassment, let me remind you of the pilgrim who asked for an audience with the Dalai Lama.

He was told he must first spend five years in contemplation. After the five years, he was ushered into the Dalai Lama's presence, who said, 'Well, my son, what do you wish to know?' So the pilgrim said, 'I wish to know the meaning of life, father.'

And the Dalai Lama smiled and said, 'Well my son, life is like a beanstalk, isn't it?'

Held close by that which some despise
which some call fake, and others lies
To say I'm somewhat small
for one so weak
for one so tall
a doubting Thomas who would be?
It's written plain for all to see
for one who I am with no more
it's hard at times, it's awful raw

They say that Jesus healed the sick and helped the poor
and those unsure
believed his eyes
– a strange disguise
Still write it down, it might be read
nothing's better left unsaid

[In the Autumn of My Madness]

In the autumn of my madness when my hair is turning grey
for the milk has finally curdled and I've nothing left to say
When all my thoughts are spoken (save my last departing birds)
bring all my friends unto me and I'll strangle them with words
In the autumn of my madness which in coming won't be long
for the nights are now much darker and the daylight's not so strong
and the things which I believed in are no longer quite enough
for the knowing is much harder and the going's getting rough

[Look to Your Soul]

I know if I'd been wiser this would never have occurred
but I wallowed in my blindness so it's plain that I deserve
for the sin of self-indulgence when the truth was writ quite clear
I must spend my life amongst the dead who spend their lives in fear
of a death that they're not sure of, of a life they can't control
It's all so simple really if you just look to your soul
Some say that I'm a wise man, some think that I'm a fool
It doesn't matter either way: I'll be a wise man's fool
For the lesson lies in learning and by teaching I'll be taught
for there's nothing hidden anywhere, it's all there to be sought
And so if you know anything look closely at the time
at others who remain untrue and don't commit that crime

[Grand Finale (intrumental)]

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