

All My Friends

*All my friends are too easily hurt,
all my friends are too conscious of dirt,
all my friends let life matter too much,
all my friends—they're rather like me.
All my friends are like babes in the wood,
all my friends long for absolute good,
and absolute beauty, absolute truth,
all my friends—they're rather like me.
We want to join hands, but Time is a quicksand,
we want to make a stand, but we're swamped by the wave,
we want to live in Never-never Land
where laughter's free and never canned
but we're not sure who's on our side...
All my friends have struck out on their own,
they're being born again, leaving home,
and they're constantly amazed at how cruel the world can be:
all my friends, they're rather like me.
But, if my friends are a menagerie
of people I like for their resemblance to me,
and mirrors of self are all I ever see—
tell me, how will I ever get free?
How will I ever break free?
What is it that we're all so afraid of?
How come we can't quite believe in ourselves?
Oh the haven we seek is denied to the weak,
it's the dream of impeccable health.
We strive to be loving, creative and fruitful,
Happy, optimistic and free,
but darkness and doubt they prove so damn addictive...
All my friends they're like me,
though they'd prefer not to be like me—like me.
All my friends are too easily hurt...*

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All The Things We Want To Be

*We all know we could fly—
if we weren't afraid to try;
it shouldn't be so hard to be the things we want to be.
I dream that I have wings—
what sorrow waking brings;
it shouldn't be so hard to be the things we want to be.*

*You'd better face the fact
that there ain't no turning back—
it shouldn't be so hard to be the things we want to be.
There's very little time,
I've squandered most of mine—
it shouldn't be so hard to be the things we want to be,
it shouldn't be so hard to be the things we want to be.*

*'Play up and play the game!'
The end result's the same—
it shouldn't be so hard to be things we want to be.
To each our daily dread,
just to prove that we're not dead—
it shouldn't be so hard to be the things we want to be,
it shouldn't be so hard to be the things we want to be.*

All the things we want to be...

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Together Alone

*Must the innocent suffer so the guilty may thrive?
What deals must we broker in our fight to survive?
Must the essence be torn from us again and again?
Will we always be paying for our forefathers' sins
together alone?*

*All the things that were never said—now they start to come though,
the landfall we've longed for so long now hoves into view;
but have we the gumption to get what we're being shown?
Is our redemption
together alone?*

*When do the end times begin
of these times that we're in?
Where it seems you can't win—
they're always raking it in
as they're taking us in
while they're piling us in
to their great wheelie bin
filled right up to the brim
of fake virtue, fake sin
the way out is within
the way out is within
the way out is within—*

*So we'll just draw the blind on blind human unkind.
Weren't we lucky to find each other? Such a long lonely quest.
Now you're back from the town, light the lamp, snuggle down,
and unwrinkle that frown— working undercover's best
together alone.*

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Thine Is The Kingdom

*No joys to swiftly consume,
No toys to fondly pursue;
what Time can build up Time can also undo—
how can a thing be both at once true and untrue?
What you think is a definite clue
can turn out to be The Jester's most devious ruse;
the times they are a-changin', but that's always been the way—
how does night appear now in the cold strip-light of day?*

*What has a body to do
with the soul and mind and the spirit assigned thereto?
The Muse comes and goes at times we just cannot choose—
how strange that that after all these years you find me fit to use.
Nothing to prove or disprove
in the room that you chose for its commanding and conflicting views;
we've conquered our addictions bar an obsession or two—
they left about the same time that the lust for life withdrew.*

*'Please form a more orderly queue'
I say to the dead at the back of my head
who long for what they can no longer do—
for Thine is The Kingdom
where the drama's being staged,
and the dirty deals are made,
and the dirty wars are waged,
and the plot is uncovered
with each turning of the page
of The Book of Birth, Sickness,
Death and Old Age.*

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Only To Feel Her Slipping Away

*Coyly, at the border of
the thinking and the seeing mind
She lingers, waiting for me
to stir myself to find Her.
How often have I longed for Her, or Her kind
only to feel Her slipping away?
Only to feel Her slipping away.
To the scintillating succubi,
the fleet, flashing daughters of Thought,
the knight-errant bard
who has fought long and hard
must pay court,
with poems and prayers and posies
exactly the right sort—
only to feel them slipping away,
only to feel them slipping away.*

*Never sure when, where, or if
I'll be seeing Her next,
always teasing, keeping me perplexed,
disappearing from one fleeting moment to the next...*

*The dangling carrot future brings
ambiguous reward,
we gladly cast off our old clothing, regret it afterward,
so many things for which our dumbed-down culture
now has lost the words—
we let them slip away,
we let them slip away.
Inner, outer, mother, father,
depth and surface, woman, man...
our heart is weighed against
Truth's feather in the pan,
whose tongue degrees the balance, we
maintain as best we can—
unless we let it slip away,
sometimes we let it slip away...*

*Never sure when, where, or if
I'll be seeing her next,
always teasing, keeping me perplexed,
disappearing from one fleeting lifetime to the next...*

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NO MORE NO LESS

I'M LIVING IN A WORLD THAT I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND
TECHNOLOGY HAS BROUGHT US TO THE BROKEN-PROMISED LAND
WHERE'S THE WORLD WE WORKED TOWARDS?
WHERE'S THE LIFE WE PLANNED?
GONE WITH THE RAPE OF EACH GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND

I'M SUPPOSED TO GET EXCITED BY THE FACT THAT NOW THEY'VE
HUNTED DOWN THE BOSON
I'M MORE INTERESTED IN THE FACT THE EMPOROR'S STILL GOT
NO FUCKING CLOTHES ON
BUT NO-ONE POINTS THIS OUT, AND SO THE FARCE JUST GOES ON
IF YOU WERE TO BLOW THE WHISTLE YOU'D SOON FIND YOUR
ASSETS FROZEN
YOUR ASS, IT'S FROZEN

NO MORE, NO LESS,
NO MORE, NO LESS,
NO MORE, NO LESS, BUT I DIGRESS, I DO CONFESS...

THEY SAY IT'S ALL DONE FOR THE GREAT MAJORITY
THAT HERD YOU MUST BE SEEN TO RUN WITH—THEY DON'T LIKE
NON-CONFORMITY
BUT TELL ME HOW WE GONNA GET THIS HERD, THEN, ITS HERD
IMMUNITY?
PEOPLE ARE ONLY HUMAN IT SEEMS TO ME

NO MORE, NO LESS,
NO MORE, NO LESS,
NO MORE, NO LESS, BUT I DIGRESS I DO CONFESS

LOOK UP FROM YOUR 'PHONE FOR HALF A SECOND YOU MIGHT
JUST SEE WHAT'S GOING ON
'GET ALONG LITTLE DOGIES'
'LET'S DRIVE THESE SUCKERS IN THE PEN'
IF YOU DON'T MAKE YOUR OWN MIND UP YOU'VE KISSED AWAY
YOUR BRAIN
THAT LOSS WILL ALWAYS BE SOME CORPORATION'S GAIN
SOME POLITICIAN'S GAIN
SOME FACELESS FUCKER'S GAIN

Torch Song (Towards Tomorrow)

BLIND PARENTS PASS THE TORCH
TO SIGHTLESS CHILDREN WHO THEN SCORCH
THEIR FINGERS ON IT IN THE MARCH
OF 'PROGRESS' TOWARDS WHEREVER
'AGE CAN'T STALE NOR CUSTOM WITHER'
DUTIFUL WE TROOP OFF THITHER
LITTLE KNOWING WHAT AWAITS US
WHILE SURROUNDING DEMONS BAIT US
LIFE CONPIRES TO DEFLATE US
ROBBING US OF HEALTH AND STATUS
BODIES TURN OUT TO BE TRAITORS
EVEN OUR BEST FRIENDS BETRAY US
'CAUSE WE WENT SCRUMPING IN THE GARDEN
GOD PUNISHED ADAM BEYOND PARDON
AND THE WOUND OF LOVE'S STILL WEeping
IN BETWEEN EVE'S THIGHS AND SEEPING
INTO THE TIGRIS AND EUPHRATES
TO FORM A SEA THAT'S RED AS HADES
SO THE FERTILE CRADLE CRESCENT'S
SOAKED IN BLOOD BOTH PAST AND PRESENT

AFTER BABEL WATCH US SCATTER
FLAY THE EARTH—AH WELL, WHAT MATTER?
WITH ACCURSED 'CIVILISATION'S
THOROUGHGOING DESECRATION
THE WEALTH THAT WE WERE LEFT WE'VE SPENT
ON RAPE OF THE ENVIRONMENT
ON STUPID SHORT-TERM PLEASURE BENT
IS THERE TIME LEFT TO REPENT?
THE BISON AND THE AUK BRING BACK
AND FROM OUR OWN JAM COME UNSTUCK?
OUR PRIDE HAS BROUGHT US DOWN SO LOW
WE'VE GOT TO GO BEYOND PRIDE NOW

BUT MESMERISED BY DISCONTENT
OUT OF OUR TRUE SHAPE WE'RE ALL BENT
WHILE PARADISE LIES ALL AROUND
IT SEEMS TO PARADISE WE'RE BLIND
NATURE'S SO MUNIFICENT
WE JUST BLEAT FOR MORE TO SPEND
TAKE YOURSELF INTO THE WOODS

MY FRIEND, DOESN'T THAT FEEL GOOD?
WE BREED A RACE AT ONE REMOVE
FROM THE EARTH'S ABUNDANT LOVE
BUT WHEN WE'VE CUT DOWN ALL THE TREES
JUST TELL ME WHAT WE'RE GOING TO BREATHE
THOSE WHO FROM THE GENERAL GREED
HAVE SOMEHOW MANAGED TO BREAK FREE
THESE PEOPLE THEY ARE RICH INDEED
THAT'S WHAT I WANNA GROW UP TO BE

MAN'S CAUSED EARTH SEA AND SKY TO BURN
BUT MAYBE NOW IT'S ON THE TURN
MAYBE WE CAN TURN IT 'ROUND?
MAYBE WE CAN DRESS THIS WOUND?
IN PRIDE LOVE FROM OUR HEARTS WE'VE CAST
THE AGONY OF LONELINESS
HAS BEEN OUR LOT SINCE THEN THE PAIN
IS DRIVING EVERYONE INSANE
CRAZED WITH PAIN WE PASS IT ON
DISPLACE OUR HURTS ON EV'RYONE
IN HATE AND FEAR WE PROPOGATE
AND TEACH OUR CHILDREN HOW TO HATE, SO
BLIND PARENTS PASS THE TORCH
TO SIGHTLESS CHILDREN, WHO THEN SCORCH
THEIR FINGERS ON IT IN THE MARCH
OF 'PROGRESS'
TOWARDS TOMORROW

TOWARDS TOMORROW...

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