

## ALL ALL EVER SEE

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## Everyone Is Alone (But We Are In It Together)

Well, I don't know better and everything just stays the same. Lost all my friends in this nasty weather. I can't even get by with my name. Yeah, I got to hoping. Even allowed myself to dream. But now I'm just coping. Can't even muster up a scream.

Are my dreams illusions that I grasp like a fistful of sand? Is my mind filled with delusions? What do I actually command?

Those who fail say there wasn't enough to hold them up. And here chasing the Grail with my half empty Slurpee cup. Well, you'll get tired. Sure as hell you will feel like crap. Because your mind is hardwired. Think I'll go take a nap.

To tell the truth I am quite terrified and must I walk alone? I have got no map to be verified on this endless journey home.

Imbalancing Time and grace. Chasing fame, validation and love. Trying hard to get to the place where they showered down like rain from above. But these victories are thin. I have got no medals glistening. Just

this song against the wrong and the hope that you're listening.

In the dark, take my hand. I won't let you be afraid. It is time to take a stand. Not a moment's more delay. Delay.

## We, the Crowd

I remember Mark Cooper. We made him, my peers and I, our scapegoat for what it was we feared we might become. We mocked him with a cruelty only those that only those controlled by nightmares could possibly justify. We used him as a diversion whenever we saw the hatred for ourselves swell within. There was nothing wrong with Mark. He was handsome enough, a little on the heavy side. I was his friend until the foul weather dictated my weakness otherwise. I would like to think that his timing was bad and he just happened to be the last one to walk into the classroom when we received our desks. But I know it was us. I know we are to blame. He used to throw fits. What else could he do? No one would listen to him. Untapped persecution

has only one option for release and that is anger. When they would take him away we would laugh off our uncomfortableness. jests and jives would remove our hands from the noose we forced him into and wash them as well. He could be the natives deceived from their heartland. He could be the slaves that we assimilate, but never emancipate. More than that he could be the Messiah. We the crowd jeered him to remind ourselves we were alive, although we were not living. we spat on him because he had reached his potential and become eternal. Something that we too could have achieved if only this saliva did not hang so heavily unnoticed upon our chins.

If you should see your Mark apologize to him for us, because we cheated him out of whatever it is he might have done. we made him feel worthless because we felt it in ourselves. I cannot speak for the others in the crowd, but I regret what I have done. When I see him walk by me with holes in his palms I will tell him so.

## Pappillon D'amour

I love the love that you share and I cherish the joy you bring, as I reach out to touch you baby, with my everything. because you and I are both like two stars together in the sky. Going along like a beautiful song, with no need to question why. Because you and me we're meant to be.

a visit from you is like a visit from the wind. I was feeling dejected, now I'm resurrected. Like butterfly love that can't be pinned. dancing along on moonbeams, I pray you'll visit me in my dreams. And that's a lot to say, because love of mine I don't often pray. But you and me were meant to be.

you're downstairs now and I think that you are still sewing. I'm getting real far on your Dad's guitar, love is growing and needs some showing. I will savor this time apart from the moment it had begun. No need for fear, in my heart so near, love is welding us into one.

## Shadow of a Broken Heart

well, I can see my mistake so clearly now. See where things were torn apart. No chance to trace the lines on her face in the shadow of a broken heart.

like a prison sentence I was single three years. Thirsty from misery, doubt and all those fears. While the water of Life parades by you daily.

She came like winter, when it ends in spring. Open the doors, enter pretty young thing. And she was more beautiful than the dawn.

I drank my share, fulfilled my wishes. Bathed in the glory of all her kisses. Each one as precious as a final breath.

An ocean of light and I was her shore. This feminine grace, it touched me to the core. I felt myself coming back to life.

The bedroom was surreal as if cloaked in a dream. Her body like a rocket, her whisper like a scream. Our intimacy could have powered a city.

Then one day only a month in, so began the ending, as the end was to begin. As I watched her visibly pull away.

she started to feel that I liked her too much. A refugee. A stranger to her touch. My deepest needs crumbling in my hands.

Our love was a lark. How coldly that burned. to the stark of the dark I was returned. Please! Don't make me go back there!

Like mourning a bomb site I was bereft. See the heroine exit stage left. And these are the closing credits.

She gave me her heart. She gave me some soul. And now that we are apart, I know I won't be coming out whole

## Next In Line

Well, I don't know the way and there ain't no one asking me to stay. Not today, or any day. You tried and tried and then you fell apart. Thinking no one would notice that you're living with a broken heart today and every day. You see, this ain't quite what I had planned. Battling defeat, Army of doubts at my command, almost everyday.

Your father, he failed you and in the coming years, you're the one under the gun left to sift through all those fears. May sound stupid, but you're going to have to be brave. There's a key in a pocket, a picture in a Locket, in an unmarked mass grave.

When is this freedom song going to ring?  
What am I supposed to bring that I forgot today? Failure whispers: there ain't no way that you can win. I see you suffer and struggle to begin, it seems like every day. The puzzle can't be solved by no one else. You have got to work in the Merc and find some value within yourself. You've got to start today.

There is so much built up just to bring you down. You smile on the outside, while inside you wear a frown. You've got to believe better choices can set you free. It



is the tear the clown cries knowing that he'll never be the President of the United states of hypocrisy. (It is such a long journey.)

I won't let you down. Promise is a dirty word. That's something I heard. Call your name, it won't be slurred. Send you a message on a bird that I won't let you down. Going to be around. We will paint the town. It is in the lost and found. Fox outwits the hounds. Won't let you down.

## Horizon's Edge

I know I'm weird, I know I'm strange. I know I've got a life to rearrange. But if you don't find fault, I won't feed you a line. Though I may not get it right just the first time.

I don't want to be one of those guys who is as grateful as a thief, who is all alibis. Sign me up for the secret shore. Let it be a gift if you want to open the door.

The harbour is no safe haven home for those whose destiny is etched on horizon's edge.

I know how it has got to be. You can be you and well, I just gotta be me. Every day is Christmas, every day is your birthday too. And there is a damn good chance that they are feeding lies to you. You have got to fight for your value and your worth. Because the fate of the individual is tide in to the destiny of the Earth. You are sleeping on a waterbed that's actually full of blood. And those that lead us got hearts and minds that are full of cud. We will play a game, here's the church and there's the steeple. Is it only the Apocalypse when it involves white people? Because I know how it's got to be. We are all one big beautiful family. You've got to help those people be free.

## How To Land A Hot-Air Balloon

Some crushes make dust. Some crushes more than gold. Won't you listen here to my story told/tolled.

My heart is beat, my spirit spent. If you walk in my shoes, you walk in cement. I'm Dick Clark and he's Clark Kent period to me bullets leave a dent.

Classic first moment when I fell. She done and put me under her spell. Well, she did nothing, but what the hell? This story I will try to tell.

I got a job putting silver on clouds. Alarm clock is grieving, morning/mourning in shrouds. I confess she impressed, my mind dealt in wows. To reveal my secret not allowed.

We went for friendly tea upon her word. She said by the way I'm expecting a third. enter God like dude for my sexy nerd. I silently rejoined the herd/heard.

Watch it flow, watched it go. While you sigh, watch it die. You are just at work, you big jerk! The albatross is not going to fly. Mostly because it's around your God damn neck.

Maybe friendship began and begin'd.  
Blossom, becoming the wind. and Adam and  
evening, even thought never sinned. The  
butterfly left unpinned.

I won't let myself like her too much. Don't  
flood the engine, just pop the clutch!  
First-world-third-world, I'm starving for  
touch. Another lonely day as such.

She moves like a whisper filtered through  
trees. She's pure like heroin and I'm on my  
knees. This desire is a burden, it's like a  
disease. Comatose, so morose and pretty...

Please.

If you like this girl, you do it from afar.  
The way a condemned man wishes on a star.  
Or a songbirds feathers resurrected in tar.  
Slave ship with a swim up bar.

Cause Some crushes make dust. Some crushes  
more than gold. Won't you listen here to my  
story told/tolled.

## Participant Ribbon

I am sorry to say, it is sad but true. It's part of her job to be nice to you. At the Special Olympics doing high jump in clown shoes. Did someone try to warn me? Because I didn't get the news. I looked up the word "integrity" and I think that I might try it! Because things have gotten away from me. I'm so lonesome I could diet.

She's a woman, she's a temple, she's a daughter and scorcher. & Not having access is like Chinese water torture. The moments of the days close in like knives, cutting away what remains as you covet neighbour's lives. You would never go to church, find God on the street. In the form of a goddess and you long to be complete. But this want turns to poison floating in the snake's head. A mattress of Vipers as the Devil makes your bed. (Royal Tenenbaums) As a film director, you want to cast the first stone in the lead role of defector. God it is hard to be alone. Rumi says don't complain but you're bleeding to breath. In this Siberian night you'll catch your cold of death. I feel exposed to rap this present in depressions. The future seems past and I've run out of confessions. Thank God for friends and the underdog train. Gonna

rewrite these ends, fight my way back to sane.

You gotta hang on to letting go. You got to make it quick, to Taking it slow. You gotta get down to rising above. Because you need the world and the world needs your love.

As you go another lonely day, remember what I say. Your heart remains a jewel, even if you are nobody's fool. Blood in veins gets frozen, when you travel through life unchosen. The winners win the race. Shine their medals in your face. But the hero of the hour finds truth in personal power. Don't let yourself be denied. Wear your participant ribbon with pride.

(Willy Wonka) Hope it's understood, get me get to feeling good. Be more than just OK. Going to find my own true way. Clearly I comprehend, need to be my own best friend. Because everybody knows, what gets attention grows. Watch me rise above. Faith blossoms from my love. Check longitude and latitude. Make gratitude my attitude. Unlock the divine. This life is truly mine. Won't be dragged down under. Decipher the language of Thunder. Illuminate my hidden worth. Return my life to the Earth. Something something something. Something something something.

## Kiss Me When I Come

I went on a trip to travel the world, but the place that i found my hopes unfurled was not distant shores i chose to roam, but the love of my heart that remained at home. how very odd for fate to be kind. not with the forward, but with the left behind. a journey of secrets, but one most burned. to your embrace & to be returned. we left it open when i went, & although my travels were heaven sent, i met many a girl, kissed not a one. cause my life's a holster & you're the gun. at my side, tight to my hip. i want most the fate that's upon your lip. long distance call, week number three. with tears you said you'd wait for me. i traveled months that became a year. kept your memory safe from fear. i saw the world through your eyes, had your head in my head, knowing fate was unmade, Chelsea Hotel bed. upon my arrival you'll be

working tonight. your boss is a jerk, but the kitchen staff's alright. i'll have to sneak in, but flower don't fear. i'm down with the destiny, i'll gain entrance by the rear. i've just one request to ask of you, besides knowing that my heart is forever true. it's a bad math world that leaves you numb. add me to forever, kiss me when i come. all i know is that i've seen the world crying. a dreamer watching dreams die with the dying. privileged white world, your tragic flaw i detect. your consequences of neglect are direct. in the lies of greed and the infection of false wealth, i've taken a lonely road that's led me back to myself. maybe one day i'll uncover what's true, but for now my darling, all that makes sense is you. see, i told you i wouldn't let it end. babe, don't you leave me dry. you're my lodestar compass & you make me sigh. you're like a bolt of lightning that strikes me



dumb. don't hesitate a moment  
& kiss me when i come.

## Knitting

I started knitting my quilt at the age of seven. A young boy, sure of heaven. I learned the meanness did not justify the end, like when my thumb was my truest friend. And my father, with his oh too heavy hand, and his too heavy command told my siblings should my friend meet again, to laugh at me, humiliation, pain. To that end they certainly did and behind the couch I hurriedly hid, all the while knitting.

Again now at the age of eleven. A growing boy stocked with hormones from heaven. The banister introduced me to the grinning frown as I found myself sliding up and down. I enjoyed the time of the non erection, until the pleasure led me to detection. So in my room I sought a diversion, but that too turned into perversion. From behind closed doors I knew they knew I was knitting.

Then as a young man at seventeen. A finer lad you have never seen. Slave products from store shells called, into my pockets no longer enthralled. I justified these wrongs as most people do. I covered my sins to make them look true and I did it so well no one ever noticed I had been knitting.

Now, before you I stand, with my quilt, my quilt of Guilt. And a finer truth I will not tell. I find it funny we will spend our whole life knitting and get to sleep in them as well.

## Outro

... "something something something."  
I think I missed the bass change.  
You did? I played it perfectly, why are you fucking with my shit?  
I know. I didn't see a kick.  
I kicked! You weren't watching!

## More of the Same

You are told/tolled to play fair in a cheater's game. You may not get rich, but you will share in the blame. Paper chains don't work so well, but funny money keeps the world in Hell. You shackle your spirit, keep your heart blind. If you only knew what you left behind. Just the police want to know your name. You're tame and lame and it's more of the same.

No choice but to work, greased ladder from pit. Can you see your job don't matter for shit. Smug pat on the back when it's done with distinction, but the wolves at the door never face extinction. Monetary world and your boss is a czar. Even with a head start you won't get very far. Helped destroy a planet is your actual claim. your silence is golden and it's more of the same.

A sensitive heart burns in the fire. Heed the flames of your desire. Apathy system, despairs surround you. How can you heal the world around you? Your hands are bound just to begin. Bureaucracy card, Seems you ain't gonna win. You fight from your spirit, the meaning of whole. No need to fear it. Re surface control. Those heads held the highest, the most deserving of

shame. Body count me in, dealing more of the same

Lacking Thunder, unfocused aim. Your dreams go under and it's more of the same. Another bill came in the mail today. Won't burn your money and you can't throw it away. Hit the streets, try to find a job. With a resume of defeat, well, you're feeling the slob. Pass another perfect girl, her math indivisible. To her you are either creepy, or completely invisible. Good thing they haven't figured out how to tax the sun. can't remember the last time that you had any fun. Don't want to hate yourself, but there's no one else to blame. Repeat it all tomorrow when it is more of the same. More of the same.

Pappillon D'amour  
(Solidarity Forever Remix)

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cherish the joy you bring, as I reach out  
to touch you baby, with my everything.  
because you and I are both like two stars  
together in the sky. Going along like a  
beautiful song, with no need to question  
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a visit from you is like a visit from the  
wind. I was feeling dejected, now I'm  
resurrected. Like butterfly love that can't  
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pray you'll visit me in my dreams. And  
that's a lot to say, because love of mine I  
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you're downstairs now and I think that you  
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Chelsea Hotel (L. Cohen)