Child Inside

Lagwagon

Too many hangars in the closet
A clutter of confusion
Too little rectitude to hold
a moral absolute
Too much distinction to relate to them
Irresolutions we contemplate with no end
In this world of give and take
And what we refer to as maturity
from emotional need to technology
has you, a cultured seed of your society,
lacking ability to feel clemency
I'm surprized we still
bleed into the abyss of despair
that's hiding the child
Compassion you would not dare
admit to have experienced
Do you regret looking back?
A penitent confessing his sins
The child inside of me recalls a time of purity,
an outlook of release
You remember
Confident that you were able
A future laid out on your table
Running through memories
a child is free
The world restored you see
I see
The child inside of me

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