

# The World As a Stage

## Being As An Ocean

The nights ablaze with blue and red,  
blurs gliding silent.

As the first arrived on the scene,  
illuminating so vividly  
the darkness of man, obscene.

The blood on his shirt staining darker than that of the flashing red,  
waving above his head a crimson branded beam; an abused lover in the grass on her knees.

(Pleading, cowering, trembling)

Observe the theatrics; witness the play of man.

Anger, violence, and jealousy  
are set to destroy all that we have.

We've turned our shame into rage. Can't you see it's we who've set the stage?  
Using a spade, meant to plow and sow, as a blade, sharpened, held to our brother's throat.

A child peeks her head out into the dark hallway.

The soft white of the night- light shines somewhere behind.

She stepped out and began to pray, angelic- made, the earthly babe.

The audible violence continues in the kitchen.

"Let no bad happen. Let no bad happen." Observe the theatrics; witness the play of man.

We've turned our shame into rage

It's we who've set the stage. "Let no bad happen. Let no bad happen."

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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