

Still Dreaming

Joe Yamada

No I'll not renounce my views, do what others do
I'd rather drink the hemlock than be like you, to my soul untrue
 It never gets easier, so quit tryin' pleasing her
 Everything is a choice so let me hear your voice
 Born in October night, feeling was out a sight
 Skin I'm in now and then moves like a meteorite
 Noise in our culture is built in our nature
 Another era will decode as we head toward rapture
 Suppose we're all gifted, suppose that the mist is
A metaphor for change, suppose the veil will be lifted
 Sacrament that I hold, close and I feel noble
Solar marigolds light the souls return from that other world
Sometimes when I'm awake I can't tell if I'm still dreaming
 There's so much here at stake
 When every moment is just fleeting
Sometimes when I'm awake I can't tell if I'm still dreaming
 It never gets easier, so quit tryin' pleasing her
 Everything is a choice so let me hear your voice
 Rip up the evening post kill parasitic hosts
We can shoulder all the karma that came with Los Alamos
 Return the sky bottle blue, return that forgotten hue
 A looking glass world seeing into and through you
 Soul and body are my twins, the latter will give in
 When the former views the ocean as not too cold to get in
 To Martian life forms these waters are real warm
But beware we can change the weather and create a snowstorm
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