Elegy

Malcolm Archer

Who is this hurting mother?
I don't want to be her now
Who in the hell's that sad reflection?
How did I lose myself?
How many time I walk the river, wondering what life's for
Sobbing beneath a staid performance
Too scared to let it out
Duty calls...duty calls...
Who is that hurting daughter,
going down the rabbit hole?
Falling into a crushing darkness.
Shedding the skins of the soul
How many times I walk the river
wanting to lose myself
Weight of an overcoat of sorrow
Too sensitive for this world

Duty calls...duty calls...
Time to do the drop off
Time to make the meals
Time to greet the neighbors
Be a perfect ten
Smiling exterior, but nervous and distressed
Plodding on this treadmill, take another pill
Start another morning, wake to the alarm
Rise up in the darkness, get inside the car
Join the rank and file, thousands in the flow
Minnows on the freeway, on and on it goes
I don't want to go, I don't want to live this
I don't want this life, there is more than this
Who is that serious child, the one left alone?
Mother's in the kitchen crying again, no use to ask for help
So it goes...so it goes...

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