Windmills

Tribune

Far from the worn path of reason
Further away from the sane
He battles his shadows and demons
Fighting to light the way
And the dust and the dirt cloud his vision
Onward he rides unafraid
He fights the good fight for good reason
A star that refuses to fade
Still he braves his path
While windmills only laugh
She was wounded and wild when he found her
He saw her through child?s eyes
She fell for the spell he was under
Each day a brand new surprise
And she watches with strange curiosity

She wants so much to believe
Trying to break the chains of reality
Dying to set herself free
Still he braves his path
While windmills only laugh
Though he may appear tattered and broken
His clothes are shabby and bare
Still he glows like the light from a candle
With passion of one who still cares
There was always a rhyme to the reason
Peering out from tired eyes
The truth finally came in treason
So wrong but so justified
So wrong but so justified
Windmills close their eyes

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