Sleepless Incidental

I.Q.

Sightless, he watches the columns collide
As he wanders the canyon relentlessly wide
Empires are burning, the rain cuts his skin
And in every direction the sound closes in
Time, only time, have I
And already I'm not okay
He falls in with the unwashed and unfed
He will sleep for the first time, no crib for a bed
In these extraordinary lanes
He is blind again, unaware still
From the greatest height and to the furthest end
Without association, he will bend
And walking with the wounded, old and thin
Made to be paraded, bring the misfit in
How to overpower the avenues of steel
In my illusion, what if this is real ?
Sleepless incidental, what I really need
Is how to now avoid the full stampede
I'm only taking time
And I'm not where I want to be now

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