

# On This I Stand

## Eyedea & Abilities

On this I stand  
Two sets of footprints placed ahead of the dirt softened from tear drops  
And overlooking the earth as the son of the moon  
protected by a forcefield of pure thought. On this I stand  
A rally of unemployed disgrunt of words on for long journeys to somewhere  
somewhere that only causes me pain as I strain my soul crammin into rightness  
so I can bring some there,  
I bleed the blood of a cold stone that rolls without a shadow  
I'm only deep enough to realize that I'm shallow  
My head I keep it up but its hard to keep it straight  
when you don't believe in love,  
and you just cant cope with hate  
Metal rust, leaves turn into dust,  
as the difference between love and lust clarifies as trust  
if you only had an hour to sum your whole life up  
would you spend that hour sayin that an hour ain't enough  
I've mistaken the shield that bound me a cowardess  
now I'm faithful to the wind but compared to it I'm powerless  
the first step was made, and it was a fair accomplishment  
the pond was sittin still, so I threw a rock in it  
and as my reflection rippled it all became clear  
the seasons always change so there's no reason for fear  
we made an autobiography of our pivotal years  
its all I got and I'm giving it you because I care  
A lot of the time humans are hard to stay susistent  
self-projecting state of falsehood  
were either too close to our image to stay objective in our conception,  
or too far away to be subjective in any matter  
this only widens our void in social conformity  
introduced to our souls at birth and so I write.  
I don't write without the intention of objectivity  
or attention in the image  
but only as an unright directional bridge  
between the several flowing tunes scripture  
reality is present in countless space and time  
see I don't write for the future,  
I write about the future, for the present  
I write with my past, about the future, for the present.  
On this I stand

The oasis of the limbo adjacent to my generation, facing out the window  
waiting for some ventilation, patient while the wind blows  
faceful in its demonstration, overall innovation.

On this I stand

A fountain of youth sovereignty, found in syllables more than a pound of flesh  
deep breath of achievement, a dream and a wake up call  
another haul of the quest.

On this I stand

Another loved civilization.

On this I stand

The purity of creation.

On this I stand

A paradigm for self.

On this I stand

I thank you for your help.

On this I stand

My first born child.

On this I stand

Something for now.

On this I stand

Life, love, death and hate.

On this I stand

And helmwood, glad you could relate. Peace...

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

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