

Direct my lies

song in these words lack rhythm and rhyme
the one thing still left unborrowed is time
distress to boredom the mind does leap
flight in life is not in my mind's keep
for the birds do stop
if forever they rot
so they fly away again
I must be a liar
I have not the power nor will
to possess my greatest desire
does burn bright
sodden wood to fire
but leaves in flight
to quench my only desire
still my mind in fray
to repair that stall not stay
why must I go to the places anon
that I have seen before
The path is still unknown to me
the fire of right has burnt all its wood
a dark mind will bring no good
a path with no end will not be picked
I will walk it again
for the reason it is a second
I know its end
in the name of love a decency
emotions have their way
and are the key to ancient fray