



The Gorge Below

Stumbled upon the roll of friend
got stuck inside the mirror
became as timeless as a mile
became the ash under the fire
became the salt inside the wound
became the rust upon the blade
just another bone for the fans you've made

Everyday that won't begin
as your cell becomes your mind
as your time inside your cell
ticks through a broken family line
pour corpse into the tomb
this world was not for you
just another bone to the fans you've made

Fell into the fold of life
mirage of friendship splattered all among the plains
you've paid me to sit and stare
I've paid you to entertain
if you just had a guilty conscience
it could lead you to some self help nonsense
explosions from within
a good and healthy amen
you could suck up to your sins
accept the game without the win

You've walked upon the rope of love
gazed into the gorge below
loaded as you stopped believing
cocked though you were still pure
aimed as you felt that feeling
shot when you were sure
yeah you shot when you were sure
and exploded into pure thin air

copyright 2010 David Judson Clemmons

