

## Next Stop, Ground

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Images come unbidden  
Like demons they run through these empty halls  
Answers remain hidden  
And reason's never around when confusion calls.

Slide down  
Next stop, ground  
There's no sound but the ringing in my ears  
Foolish man, who just don't understand  
There's no plan 'cept the passing of the years.

Living in transition  
But I lack the vision that I need to see  
What is my position?  
There's always some other mother up in front of me.

Ground down  
The mill turns round  
Small cog in a symphony of gears  
Whate'er the plan, whose will and whose command?  
My destiny refuses to appear.

Were I a dullard  
I would live in such ignorant bliss  
Absent this pain and the higher calling I've missed  
And I'd commute between the factory and the TV  
Without issue, without incident, and without me.  
Without issue, and without me.