

He is (*Track 01 on "Okinawa"*)

There's a man who walks in silence
He is pushed quite near the edge
And scuttled by the rogues
And by the peasants he has led
Torn through unseen bloodshed
He has heard no trumpets cry
Yet he too has seen envisioned
The last mortal man's reply
He is led by hand like child
Like a blind man he is mild
For the hand that holds his tongue
Is like a knife...
Sharp, cold...
Steel...
Gun

Like a prophet he sees visions
Like a charlatan? No, scribe!
So confused and so bewildered
He sees death right by his side
Oh so often he arranges
His whole life upon a page
As a poet so he describes it
The world will see him as a sage
He is infantile in mind
Though sound logic is his rhyme
He retreats into a world
That 'oft beckons him
Come...
And be...
With me...
John

Written, produced, and recorded by John Spreier. Acoustic guitars and vocals by John Spreier.

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