

# backandtotheleft



## obsolete

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## Misstep

We live under a glowing star  
We grow like towers built with care  
We dance to the drummer's beating call  
We love with emotions we freely share  
We thrive on faith's seductive clutch  
We pray to an omnipresent ghost  
We hope lean on religion's crutch  
We trust that our souls are made the most

Misstep, reaching for the sky  
We all fall down

We fail, led by a fairy tale  
We cry with dejected misery  
We drown in depression's deepest sea  
We die in relative obscurity

## Conquest

Unleash the dogs of war tonight  
Underneath the red moonlight  
The stars above us tumble from our might  
We see our enemy at a glance  
There will be no second chance  
We hear our rally cry and make our final stance  
Pay the highest price  
Your life is but a sacrifice  
And in the end they'll know our name  
Raging hostility  
Borders inhumanity  
But victors know their moves  
Plotting frame by frame

And if it's "war" they shout  
We'll take our sides and call them out to fight  
And march the dance of noble men  
But if you charge at once I will stand my ground  
And face your wrath  
I'll walk away with your blood on my hands

Gunshots ring out as the troops stand tall  
Terror raised in this epic brawl  
Only the weakest men will stumble and fall  
As the nightfall perishes to the sun  
We'll be the triumphant ones  
The altercation's over, but our conquest's just begun  
Pay the highest price  
Your life is but a sacrifice  
And in the end they'll know our name  
Raging hostility  
Border inhumanity  
But victors know their moves  
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## False Alarm

Apologies, I've given them all  
How much more to pay?  
Shoot me a glance worth a thousand words  
But I've nothing left to say  
You can never wipe away the shame  
Of atrocities caused in my name  
Walk away all mad, but come back for more  
Then walk away again  
It's the same old game

I'm sorry if I'm putting on a show  
But if it's wrong why does it feel so right?  
I beg of you don't leave me in the cold  
But when open arms are false alarms  
I'll know it's over

You serve in the court of the public thought  
And put me on trial  
Turn the words I spoke in good faith against me  
My crimes are now on file  
In this secret world of faith and trust  
There isn't room for revengeful lust  
And as soon as I let down my guard  
It's decency you'll disregard

And now I stand here all alone  
And it is all too clear  
How you wore me down like sand from stone  
Yet you never shed a tear  
What a sorry state of times  
To be guilty of the wrong crimes

## Imperfection

Burn the bridge and kingdoms fall  
The strongest shall survive  
The winner takes all  
Bitter words from narrow minds  
Drawing future plans of endless boundary lines

Oh, nothing stays the same  
We cannot keep from drowning in a sea of sadness

A waste of time at the end of the day  
A former shining light fades away  
Helping hands will knock you down  
Changing empires into ghost towns  
A haggard man, cold and pale  
Place the highest bid  
A lifetime up for sale  
Mask the fear of frail rejection  
Fall victim to nature's imperfections

## Obsolete

Self-induced comas  
Hazy memories of the night before  
Where, "Only one more drink"  
Meant many several more  
Still life  
It paints the scene of alcohol and the sharpest guillotine  
One truth, one way  
You hurt every day  
Seems sad, so clear  
A change is needed here

So it's time to face the fear  
Of dealing with myself  
And all these foolish games  
That keep life incomplete  
But as you walk on by  
You never say goodbye  
It leaves the bitter taste  
Of feeling obsolete

Recovery, responsibilities seems easier in dreams  
The path chosen to take makes you weak in the knees  
Resist the private hell  
Of the habit's cruel carousel  
That keeps spinning round and round  
Where it stops, no one can tell

Fall prey to all the tricks  
By charlatans and heretics  
That try to drag you to the past  
Where the demons still exist  
Self medicate the catatonic state  
From lifting one more glass  
But clarity may never help this sickness pass

## Disposable

Misinformation

Is passed along as wisdom of the age  
But its twisted words keep logic in a cage  
Relations squandered  
Two ways of life with paths that never reach  
They keep searching for answers in a text too old to teach  
They keep standing in line  
Their actions benign  
But anger starts to surface  
The resentment in her eyes  
It's clear, it won't disappear  
He keeps holding on tight, pathetic the sight  
Of longing desperation  
But in the back of his mind  
He knows the end is near

Finally

We face the day  
But block the sun  
It's bright light  
It seems unbearable  
You spread your wings  
And sail away  
Proving that your feelings for me  
Are disposable

Communication

Like speaking in tongues  
Incoherent noise  
But the root of the problem is what she avoids  
The end of an era  
The end of the line  
The end of perfect life  
They're only audible wounds  
Yet they still cut like a knife

## Heaven's Isolation

The truth will unfold  
Underscoring what was told  
Dogmatic prophecy  
Isn't meant for me  
The force of reason  
Is not of treason  
It's writing new beliefs  
In the time of thieves

Set forth your mind's transition  
Turn your back on superstition  
Exposing all the lies in the angel's cries  
Behold heaven's isolation

As the crowd gathers 'round  
To the changes abound  
Restricting bonds of old, wither and erode  
The future they see is tranquility  
The age of many awaits  
Replace all the false saints

## Setting Sun

I remember laughing in the rain  
Running through the streets  
Seeking out some shade  
Yet I remember wearing all the pain  
Shackles draw the marks that even time can't fade

Do you remember?  
These battles could be won  
Do you remember?  
There's life beyond the setting sun  
Do you remember?  
How rich this path could be?  
Do you remember me?

I remember feeling whole inside  
The warmth that love can bring  
Melting all the ice  
Yet I remember sorrow's sweeping tide  
Water filling lungs  
Eternal sleep would suffice

I remember waltzing through the night  
Donning dancing shoes  
That never seem to wear  
Yet I remember failing to make things right  
A broken man is left for dead and gasping for air

## The Happy Song

Life is so funny but it's true  
This animosity that I feel for you  
Hypocrisy could go on  
If this hatred wasn't so strong  
You think this song is about you  
Well, you need to get a clue

'Cause if you don't stay away  
I swear to God, you'll rue the day you met me  
This shining bullet is the final storm that your eyes will see  
Wicked jabs at fate will only collaborate a genuine guise of despise  
A burn deep inside in which you'll now realize

I gave you credit up 'till this far  
You dulled your mind with drugs  
And kicked the windshield out of my car  
And yet you want another chance  
A problematic victim of circumstance  
Everything is all about you  
Nothing else will do  
But soon you will see  
You're poison to me

This should have been a happy song  
One of those pleasant tunes we could all sing along  
Yet you wanted a way for your ego to be displayed  
Are you so happy now?  
So poorly dismayed

## The Land of Make-Believe

Picture the young one, seems strong and full of life  
Never questioned his spirit  
Distress is left unsaid  
Scars on the inside are the wounds that never heal  
Wrought with neglect  
Disowned, and left for dead  
Narrow vision  
The line of sight casts a blinding light on the eyes of a broken soul  
Picture the young one, a smile that's cursed from birth  
Winter's breath shoots through his bones  
His heart encased in ice  
Passive aggression, cruel words behind closed doors  
Giving up his own free will, as a sacrifice  
Isolation, the greatest fear  
Open up its darkest void and swallows whole

Stand beside me  
Help to dispel what has been told  
Offer me just one sign of relief  
Hold me closely  
And shelter me from the cold  
Take me back to the land of make-believe

Picture the old one, who feels his life is spent  
Passes dysfunction down the family line  
Generations repeat the same mistakes  
Vicious circles 'till the end of time  
A room of strangers  
A faceless crowd  
Trying to break free will take its toll  
Picture the aged one; complexion turning gray  
Never found the passion or the strength to seize the day