

FROM A CASTLE TO A SHANTY

3-1-14
(#9)

1. "Why ?" asks the child
peering up at his auntie
— doesn't understand, "why can't he ?"
Grows into a man who never knew that "*he can*,"
his dreams already cut down
from a castle to a shanty.
Why do they vie to kill his will ?
Why smash and crush out that genius spark ?
Why demolish all he could accomplish
— with his life ?
and make him live his days out in the dark ?
And never see the light
that he was born to shine — so bright.

[INSTRUMENTAL TURNAROUND]

2. That brilliant little mind
that was one of a kind
like a flower in the garden
needs its nourishment.
That precious little tender soul
in order to grow up whole
needs loads of loving sharing and encouragement.
Why do the caretakers of this garden
repress their awesome spirit
and make it harden ?
And damage those tender treasures
we could learn so much from;
How could anyone ? Why ? How come ?

[INSTRUMENTAL]

(Continued)

FROM A CASTLE TO A SHANTY
(Continued)

(3-1-14)
(#9)

3. That one little boy would have
changed the whole world;
This one little girl — inspired kings
and done amazing things.
They held in their youthful hands
the power of the ages,
but you overseers stomped it out
in their formative stages.
You were entrusted with a mandate and a miracle;
now forever no way to measure
the loss of this ruined treasure
— not only for all of mankind
but for that precious little mind
— and soul now never made whole.

[PAUSE]

TAG: — no way to ever measure
what was forever left behind.

[INSTRUMENTAL FADEOUT]

[END]

Written: February 28 – March 1, 2014 [G, M]