

THE GOLD OF OUR SOUL

2-16-14
(#5)

- 1. With all the songs, the wrongs
and dreams we sold,
Were they all ours to keep
with deep memories we hold ?
Or would we rather gather
the things we were told;
and miss the kiss
of the real gold of the soul ?**
- 2. In bitter years, through tears,
traumatic interplays,
we lost our place in veiled disgrace
in a trace of better days.
And lost at great cost, the things
unfulfilled wishing brings;
and still miss the bliss
of the real gold of our soul.**

**BRIDGE: Are you chasing deception ?
Delusioned in illusioned metal &
plastic perception ?
. . . And miss the kiss
of the real gold of the soul.
. . . And still miss the bliss
of the real gold of our soul.**

- 3. Depart, my shattered heart
— don't let the spurn turn it cold,
from the gross injustice called life
— I didn't buy but was sold.
Did you stand strong through it all,
in righteousness — or did you fold ?
And either way, hear the hiss that we'll miss
the real gold of the soul.**

[INSTRUMENTAL]

(Continued)

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(Continued)

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4. You may scream to the higher powers as the hours
wax more than you can bear
— as if you never saw the cardinal law
that life would always be unfair.
But in our case, we'd have to face
the choice to betray or stay the way of care,
while remiss to the seriousness
of the real gold of our soul . . .
The one they stole, my battered, tattered soul.

[REPEAT BRIDGE AND CONTINUE WITH]:

. . . Hear the hiss of the hiss
of the real gold of the soul.
. . . Remiss to the seriousness
of the real gold of the soul.

[END]

Written: February 16, 2014