

Son of Music

And his contemplations on the flaws



verse and reverse

painting

Steven Wals

Thnx! Tanja, Dennis, and our friends; thnx to music

'Wisdom is Gods vanity for love'

To Mika

1. The other victim

I had no friends, I had no fun, my home far away, I had my girlfriend, and you

I studied to be the best me as I could do

My gril' wanted to see the world with me

As about everything, we just could disagree

We walked in a street at the back of the town

A moped came by, someone hit me, my crown

I was shocked, I couldn't think

I felt miserable about this coincidental link

My gril' didn't want me like that, on the floor

I banged a coffee can to the door

Glass was broken, I was set for an alien choice

It was over, or it was her together with psychological noise

Got isolated, I had no one on earth, I hit her goodbye

I contacted Steve Brown, don't ask me why

I was driving a moped, at the backseat; we drove in that street at the back of the town and like by accident I hit someone at her back

I imagine it was her; in any case, I hit my own lack

2. Real thing

Earth is so beautiful, it needs space

Could universe be a prison-wing

For a waste

Of the real thing

I cannot want this, it's you I face

And love is better than any creation

So let's taste

The real thing

3. System failure number next

I reason over emotions, and I still have a goal

Maybe I want some help changing towards my desired bowl

Or whatever is in my mind, I feel so much human realism

That I lost contact to the system of capitalism

4. First house of my faith

Lights turn on, only I see

My room becomes a stranger to me

My sister runs away, mom hugs my brother

Daddy is at work and he just doesn't bother

Then my brother leaves through the entrance of the house; I stay

A two-block of mom and dad becomes almost fatal by its hostility,
I am the maybe-they-never-had-a-romance flower, I say

I buy a new wardrobe, I'm estranged from my stuff in the room

Now everything is gone, except the wardrobe, out of the room

I hear that I can't do right, everything is wrong, it's written on the
floor

They make me leave, knock me out through the back-door

Now they're angry because they don't see me anymore

And my son, who makes me open for them, my own door

They don't come to me now

Well I am the light of a vow

They are hostile, because of 'what I do'

For me, it's just very cruel