

*A Collection of Poems & Lyrics
From the Depths of a
Tortured Teenage Mind...*

MEANINGLESS MUSINGS



by
LORD DREAM

Dedicated to Skippy

*for without her encouragement
this book would never have been published*

Copyright © DreamWeaver Ltd 2007

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical including photocopying, record, or any information storage or retrieval system, without prior permission in writing from the publisher.

Designed, Typeset and Published by DreamWeaver Ltd.

Printing & Distribution www.lulu.com

Contents

An Age Gone By	5
The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	6
Balance	7
Our Everyday Battles	9
In the Beginning	10
All you have to do is believe.....	12
Black Box.....	13
Blue Roses	14
Rejection Blues	15
Can You.....	17
Caroline.....	18
Chess.....	19
Communication	20
Don't Complain	22
Conscience Court	24
Conspiracy	26
Damage	28
Data Base	29
The Debt Man	30
Dig Deep	31
I Just Don't Know	32
Fallen Angel	34
Good Times	35
Gullibles Travels	36
What's Happened to Our Heroes???	37
Life	38
Men of Old.....	40
More Blues	42

MEANINGLESS MUSINGS

My Dream	44
My Second Dream	45
My Story	47
Nonentity	50
Religion	52
A Poem for Sam Brown	53
The Search	54
Silence.....	55
Spilt Milk.....	56
Taste	57
The Cafe	58
The Past.....	60
Thank God - The End	62
The Game	63
Too Much Time.....	64
Vagrant	66
Valentine	67
Vanessa	68
War.....	70
The Seven Wonders	71
Xmas '85	73
The Year of Big Brother	75
Whisper	76

An Age Gone By

The flicker of the flame
Is a silent time machine
As the candle slowly burns
The memories still remain
Of days gone by
Of real men writing
By the glimmering hope of light
The moral status they were fighting
And the rights that needed sustaining

Their simple translating implements
A quill and parchment paper
That revealed the inspirations
Of fact turned into fable
The era we have lost
Of Dickens and Shakespeare
The concepts and themes have lived
But like the extinguishing tear
Man ages as the flame starts to disappear

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse

As the dawn of The Coming approaches
Four warnings we shall receive
The horizon of a new age draws near
And mankind has to take head.

The first shall arrive on a satin white steed
He shall carry a sword in his hand
His name is War and in his wake
Will be left a blood covered land.

The next to arrive has a pair of scales
And Famine shall be his name
Those who survive War, are treated just
Starvation, to suffer immense pain.

Plague will follow with his army of sin
Of frogs and spiders and rats
All shall bring illness, and sickness of health
But this is the second to last.

Bringing up the rear is Death himself
And Hades is not far behind
He gathers the souls of those who now have his name
The only ones left have lost their mind.

When the horsemen have been and gone
A dim light will start to glow
And the chosen few will feed the light
And gone will be all pain and woe.

Forever.

Balance

There cannot be a loss
Unless there is a gain
There cannot be happiness
Unless there has been pain.

These are the rules
With which we must play
They can be bent here and there
But at the end of the day,

Both sides of the equation
Must be the same
We have to accept
The rules of the game.

You have to ask yourself
Where do you want to be?
And how do you get there?
It's not always easy to see.

We suffer from myopia
There are so many paths
But we only see a few feet
And miss most of the traps.

But the vicissitudes of life
Are trivial it seems
Releasing our anxieties
Through out the realms of dreams.

But dreams they all have meanings
Not literal I'm sure
But they are there for guidance
To show us which is our door.

And irrespective of our logic
We must follow our heart
This is the first lesson
Before the game doth start.

Our Everyday Battles

Don't get mad get even
We here the Warlords cry
To the death we're fighting
You can all but try

The cause it does not matter
Believe and you'll be strong
To live and die for a reason
Whether you're right or wrong

Falling around like dead flies
Their courage has now decreased
Lying dormant on the landscape
Our friends are all deceased

The faith in the existence
Still at battle within your soul
It will not rest until it's won
Or till it takes it's final fall

In the Beginning

In the beginning
When God created the Earth
In 5 long days
He worked for all that he was worth.
Then on the 6th
He went on to create
An animal called man
And woman as man's mate.

God then sat back
To watch the fun
Woman gave man apple
Something she never should have done.
God was not pleased
And punished them both for their sin
For ten thousand years
They would not be forgiven.

For nearly two thousand years
Woman played her part in life
She stayed in the home
And made man a good wife.
But then woman rebelled
And wanted equality with man
She made life a living hell
But God just watched on.

Woman still fought
Man she did attack
But eight thousand years later
God came back.
God then realised
Woman had been unloyal
So he sent her back
Down into the soil

Man then felt lonely
And didn't know what to do
Woman cost a rib
For his heart he could have something new
God did his best
But he must have met his match
So he destroyed the world
And started again from scratch!

All you have to do is believe....

Believe in the future, believe in the past
Believe in the present, that is a must
Believe all you hear, believe all you see
It's not being naive to believe that you're free
Believe what is false, believe what is true
Believe what you say, believe what you do
Believe in existence, believe in departure
Believe in sorrow, believe in laughter
Whatever you want, will be their if belief
Is strong in your mind, alongside of grief.

BELIEVE ME.

Black Box

Tiny black box of tricks
What secrets could you tell?
Of pain, time, laughter and hate
Where the depths of our minds dwell.

Why have they named you Pandora?
As all you have to offer is knowledge.
Beneath your fastened lid lies,
The answers we seek from the dark age.

But your dark pine finish
Hides no real secrets from us,
As all that you conceal
Is a dark void of nothingness.

That itself is the answer.

Blue Roses

I want to write a song
A song you'll understand
A song you can associate with
While roaming through my land.
Using words that have a meaning,
That dig into your heart
That tell of how I feel for you
Even now we are apart.
A song that you'll remember
Which will remind you of me
Just hum the tune softly
And I'll appear for you to see.
A song that brings the past
Vividly into your mind
A song which hides the pain
And the words which were unkind.
A song filled full of emotion
Of blue roses that tell no lie
A song that disregards
My superficial pie in the sky.
A song you'll want to sing
A song that we can share,
That will live forever
A problem history can bear.
I can hear you singing,
My song is on your lips,
Remember me for eternity
As the shadow falls on our ships.

Rejection Blues

I'd like to tell you a story
But it ain't so sweet
In a town called Hell
Down poverty street
You've probably been there
Most people go
When you're down and depressed
It's the worst place I know.

I met a young lady
Who cast a spell over me
It was so strong
And I could not break free
She'd lead me on
And then push me aside
I had nowhere to go
And nowhere to hide.

She spent my money
And abused my love
And then she decided
To give me the shove
I was so attached
I could not let loose
And now I'm singing
Those Reject Blues.

You know my problem
So what should I do
Give me advice
That ain't so blue
Should I sleep on it
And wait till tomorrow
Or should I go out
And drown all of my sorrow

To be rejected
Ain't such a sin
But I'm not going back
To that place that I've been
I've walked and walked
Until I've worn out my shoes
Trying to get a rid
Of these Reject Blues

Don't tell me about sorrow
Don't tell me about pain
I don't want to hear those words
Ever again
Don't tell me about love
Because that's bad news
I'll never get again
Those Reject Blues.

Tell me 'bout your blues!

Can You

Can you collaborate your views
Can you sink deep in thought
Can you revise your morals
For the grail that we have sought

Can you convey your message
Can you recite your lines
Can you prove your case
And not have to pay the fines

Can you adopt a lifestyle
Can you change your ways
Can you take job in hand
Do what Simon Says

Can you bear to lose a loved one
Can you live and fight and breath
Can you give and take equally
Or take and then just leave

Can you understand your actions
Can you control your mind
Can you ignore your stupidity
Are you crueller than you are kind

Caroline

Caroline, you are full of shit
Caroline, you make me feel inadequate
Caroline, you tease and lead me on
Caroline, you treat me like a moron
Caroline, I am not your toy
Caroline, I'm a man now not a boy
Caroline, It's you whose got a problem, tough
Caroline, how do you manage to fob them off
Caroline, why did you say you'd phone
Caroline, you didn't, but I thought you'd grown
Caroline, don't leave me all alone....

Chess

This shall be the table round
That many a gentleman has found
A battle fought does not always mean
The war is lost, so it doth seem.

The knights they fight with swords a gleaming
Steel doth smite the horses weaving
The church it frequently agrees
The best solution is to appease
And so the bishop ups and flees.

The castle built of solid stone
Hosts the king and queen and throne
But the gentleman who rules the day
At his discretion, on his say
Can shatter matter with a single blow
And the mightiest tower sways too and fro
And collapses into a meaningless word
That makes the fight seem quite absurd.

Racial harmony is not promoted
By two gentlemen so besotted
With their pastime on the table
where the knights once fought
But are now unable
Their kingdom gone into a cupboard bare
The war is lost, but the play was fair.

Communication

Well I can tune into my radio
I can tune in my T.V.
But are you on my wavelength?
Can you tune in to me?

Well we could sit and talk for hours
But when the conversation dies
Do we feel we've learnt anything
Do we feel a little more wise?

We can discuss economic issues
Or politics, or if we're really free
But it's vital we come to a decision
Even if we agree to disagree.

You've got to state your position
Our telepathic powers are gone
If you don't attempt to explain to me
How do I know where you're coming from?

You may be feeling a little bit sad
But how am I to know
If you hide all your feelings
Not letting your emotions show.

You've got to open up your mind
Reveal your secret thoughts
There will never be anyone prepared to help
If you just drown your problems in shorts.

MEANINGLESS MUSINGS

It's so necessary to communicate
To unleash emotions of love and hate
Don't cross your fingers and leave it to fate
We have got to talk.

Don't Complain

So what gives you
The right to complain
You have no comprehension
Of real emotional pain
I speak from experience
I speak from the heart
Don't open your mouth
Until your souls been torn apart

You waste your breath
On the trivial trials of life
You think the small vicissitudes
Constitute trouble and strife
But unless you've been in my shoes
You can not possibly tell
What you consider it like
To be in a living Hell

When you're aroused from sleep
And you wish that you were dead
When one single thought
Just goes round and round your head
When there's a hole in your chest
Which used to house your heart
When each hour lasts a lifetime
Then maybe you can start

To appreciate my friend
The torment I'm going through
Please tell me Lord
What am I supposed to do
Because I'm crying in the dark
Looking for the light
But my eyes are being burned
By the cold perpetual night

Conscience Court

You have been charged
With breaking the 11th commandment.
You are accused of, on the 13th April
Being alive.
How do you plead?
Guilty Mephisto, Guilty.

I apprehended the accused
Following a tip off from the subconscious.
I caught him red handed
He was in a state of manic depression.
Is this correct?
Yes Mephisto, yes.

I proceeded to read him his rights.
You have the right to silence.
Anything you say will be published
In National newspapers.
Will it?
Yes accused, yes.

His state changed.
He became inert and smiled.
I produced his diary but,
He put up no resistance.
No resistance?
No Mephisto, no.

I propose that you fantasise.
Because everybody hates you,
You resort to life,
As a means of forgetting.
Do you?
I do Mephisto, I do.

You have been found guilty.
Your punishment shall be,
77 years on the planet Earth.
One whole lifetime.
Do you understand?
Yes, but Mephisto....

You shall be born into life
And suffer the pain and anguish
Of being a mere mortal.
Life will kill you.
Will you pay?
I will pay Mephisto,
Dear God will I pay.....

Conspiracy

You know what I've decided,
My dishwasher hates me
All my electrical appliances
Are forming a conspiracy.

My tumble dryer does not dry
Whilst my central heating keeps me cold
It's only been in a few months
You can't even say it's because it's old.

My washing machine destroys my clothes
And everything comes out bright blue
My video refuses to record
Even my guitar won't stay in tune.

You see they all talk to each other
Saying "What shall we make go wrong next?"
The kettle will probably scald me
Leaving me in pain and perplexed.

I'm expecting my television
To spontaneously combust
Or my CD player deciding to drown my disks
So all I'm left with is a pile of rust.

But do I let these inanimate objects
Get me depressed and down?
Yes I bloody do
I get drunk then sit and frown.

But I'm working on a device
I've built from an electrical kit
To stick 40,000 volts through them all
And see how they like it!

Give me a tree anyday.....

Damage

What does the damage?
Each human being thinks
We all try to make links
Of illusions of the past
Of dreams that never last
Prospects collapse all around
And pieces of time are never found
I try to bring them back
But circumstances lack
The ingredients I need
Because love has to feed
It's frustration I feel
My confusion is real
To God I still pray
The price I have to pay
Is too high for the pain
Let me be with you again
The damage is done.

Data Base

10 For x=1 to 60
20 Let our minds become compatible:
If your language is versatile
Read my mind
Else can't continue
30 Let your thoughts seep through my ROM chips
File* your dream
and retain your quips
40 goto my keyboard
and feel through me:
V.D.U. for eyes,
sound channels for a voice:
A multi fast moron they called me
50 DATA; don't leave me now,
I'll crash,
I don't have enough data,
COME BACK.....
60 Next: It's the End for me.

Ready:
_RUN

The Debt Man

Here comes the debt man
Moneys not what I owe
A portion of my life
Is what's about to go.

He has no form of mercy
Long standing debts don't exist
You can not run from him
To chase he will persist.

Like a cloak and dagger merchant
He arrives when least expected
He knows what he is doing
His crime is now perfected.

If only I hadn't borrowed
That little piece of time
The interest rate increased
There goes the final chime.

Dig Deep

Hit me with a cliché
The depth lives on in me
Evidence circumstantial
Blind I can still see
Work hard, worthless
I have found the key
Simplicity itself
Eclipsed Reality
Suspended animation
Revelations of the mind
Dig deep for my emotions
Who knows what you may find
Sampling of the system
Regrets are far between
Sink deep in your synopsis
The hem, the line, the seem.

I Just Don't Know

I just don't know
What to believe
Is the earth flat
Or the moon made of cheese

What is the truth
Except a lie left untold
Hidden with religion
And propaganda we're sold

We can't tell what's good
Unless we're told what's bad
It's how we are conditioned
And it really makes me sad

All your emotions
And things that you feel
Are not necessarily
What you'd expect to be real

You only know how you are
Because in the past they told you so
It works to a degree
But there's a limit how far it goes

I am at that stage
Where I have not been before
I have no comparisons
And I am left unsure

I wish that I could fathom
The depths of your mind
But your thoughts are so elusive
And I can not find

A way to persuade you
To reveal each of your thoughts
But my efforts are in vain
And they produce nought

So I'm left in a quandary
Not even knowing my own name
I can just about remember
That life is but a game

But subtlety defies me
It goes over my head
By the time I understand
I'll be long gone dead

Fallen Angel

I am just an ordinary fallen angel
I always tried to do what I thought was right
But I made a few mistakes
And passed back through those pearly gates
Now I'm left alone to wander through the night.

Now I have had a glimpse of deprivation
I've pitied souls in a state much worse than mine
What ever was their sin
To be in the state they're in
Because the punishment could not have fit the crime.

My friend you may well sit back on your laurels
Content to believe that whatever will be will be
I'm not one to preach
And I'm not in a position to teach
But please open up your eyes so you can see.

Good Times

Good times

Bad vibes

Make haste

War tribes

Since then

New choice

Shout loud

Your voice

See all

Sense most

Honest Mike

New host

False laugh

Evil cry

Live now

Soon die

Gullibles Travels

Too many times I've been confronted
With an offer I can't refuse
And then it turns out I should have done
Because I all too frequently lose
Gullibles my middle name
And I've learnt not to sign my last
Before I've even crossed the 'T's
They've made their moves so fast

I once bought the "Mona Lisa"
From a sailor at the Liverpool docks
He swore it was the original
I didn't even notice she had golden locks
I once bought Hally's Comet
But it melted in the sun
It wasn't until 1986
When I realised what I had done

He who doesn't open his eyes
Soon has to dig deep in his pocket
Where money's concerned I'm rather unfortunate
I need to buy a lucky locket!
A man's word is his bond
I believe the lies people tell
Explain that even I don't exist
And I suppose I'll believe that as well.

What's Happened to Our Heroes.???

Superman's started smoking
Santa's turned to drink
Starsky and Hutch have turned queer
While Batman sees elephants, pink!
Punch has stopped fighting with Judy
Spiderman's developed V.D.
Captain Scarlet's died
And Steve Austin is just like me.
Larry the Lamb can speak normally
Basil Brush just isn't funny
Brer Rabbit has quit playing tricks
Whilst Wonder Woman does it for money
The wizard of Oz murdered Scarecrow
Alice now eats rabbit pie
Captain America's a traitor
And Muffin the Mule's always high.

Life

Well it seems to me the rules of life
Are somewhat similar to poker
But in the hand that I've been dealt
They seem to be all jokers

Normally that would imply
That the cards are of mixed decks
But in the game of life that's not the case
Which leaves me quite perplexed

Maybe their significance
Is something I have missed
It is society which makes the rules
While life provides the twist

I can either keep a poker face
Or show my hand, if I choose
But either way it seems to me
The cards I hold will always lose

Now I can't change all my jokers
One or two maybe, if I try
But I need to be told of the new rules
So these I can apply

But life is more of an enigma
Than a simple game of cards
I play the game as I see fit
But it's just so God damned hard

Reality just has no appeal
You're born, life stinks, you die
The only thing that makes it worthwhile
Is by spreading happiness, or at least to try

Selfish people are never happy
You only have to look around
But even the good people of this world
Sometimes get depressed and down

In these meaningless ramblings
An old poem springs to mind
It does not so much apply today
But the principle is still sound

“Sir I admit your general rule
That every poet is a fool
But you yourself may serve to show it
That not every fool is a poet”

There are those of us that live in fantasy
Life is so much better there
Where music, art and nature
Relieve us of worldly cares

But the majority can not see
They are not necessarily in the right
And those of us in dream land
For what we believe, are not prepared to fight

Men of Old

How often do you hear stories
Of men of old,
Of damsels and dragons
and knights so bold.
Of witches and wizards
And castles in the sky
We don't need them anymore
I wonder why.

The modern day hero
Doesn't ride a horse
He packs a 45 calibre
And drives a 911 Porche.
He's an undercover agent
Sometimes a private eye
He don't have so many morals
But he gets the viewing figures high.

The knights of the round table
Have all gone home
King Arthur's placed the sword
Back in the stone.
George has now retired
The dragon and he are friends
But they'll still tell their stories
To him the ear that lends.

So now we turn to James Bond
Dirty Harry and the rest
They can do anything
Because they're the best.
007 gets another girlfriend
Harry shoots two more villains dead
But we can't be like them
Because they're just characters created
From the head.

You see them at the cinema
You see them on T.V.
We mortals try to mimic them
But they're not hero's to me.

More Blues

Sipping my scotch and soda
Reading the Daily News
Lay back in my seat
God knows I've got the Blues

I go for a short walk
Into the countryside
Then it starts to rain
To me that's no surprise

Nowhere to shelter
And nowhere to hide
I had the blues bad
So I broke down and cried

Get myself together
Soaked through to the skin
Aimlessly meander
Back to my home again

The T.V.s so depressing
The radios real bad
I've already read the paper
God it's driving me mad

I pick up the telephone
And try to call my love
But the line is engaged
It was a message from above

She'd finally come round
Finally seen the light
She'd left me for good
Over a little fight

Nowhere to run to
And nowhere to hide
No one to turn to
And again I broke down and cried

It's not that I am colour blind
I see but only two
One of them knocks me black
And the other knocks me blue

I get back in my armchair
Crawl into a ball
Then I scream my brains out
It's Susan's name I call.

My Dream

Inside my head there is a dream
Of memories passed
And of visions not yet seen,
Of love I thought I had
And love I think I will
When my dream is interrupted
By a sweet unearthly chill.

I look about me
But my room still seems the same
For countless years
The emptiness has not changed.
But I feel a warming presence
As I lie motionless in bed
And a peaceful soothing music
Softly penetrates my head.

I feel contented
As I drift back into sleep
My loneliness disperses
While darkness it doth creep.
But when the night turns into morning
And the morning into day
My loneliness returns
And my dreams just fade away.

My Second Dream

I can feel the colours of my dream
I analyse the facts
Why are they so obscene
I seem to be lacking tact.

I realise that truth is just a lie
And lies are truths untold
I often wonder why
But people are so cold.

I make the effort to understand
But nonsense makes no sense
I wandered aimless lands
But space is oh so dense.

The reason is unclear to me
But you know my crimes
I can't afford your precious fee
Run out the sands of time.

As my story unfolds before you
My life is counting out
The limitations of yours too
My words you shall not doubt.

My Story

Take a seat, get comfortable
While my story I unfold
A story of pain and misery
Never before told

I started many years ago
Being born was my first mistake
Entering a synthetic world
where all people were just fake

I went on to try to understand
The actions people used
But I found out I was wasting time
Because I ended up more confused

Please do not misunderstand
It's not sympathy I require
I want something harder to give
I need love to light my fire

As I continued on through life
I learnt my lessons the hard way
You can't even trust a dear friend
Don't believe what he has to say

The hardest lesson I came across
Was that concerning love
I gave my share too easily
But I kept getting the shove

Another lesson that took time to learn
Didn't come out of a book
It came from deep inside me
I just gave and they just took

I hope that I'm not boring you
But my mind is so full of pain
I had to find someone to tell
Else I would end up insane

Gradually I discovered
Through many a philosophical thought
The things I once believed in
Now meant to me nought

I then became frustrated
It's so difficult to explain
But my body was filled with electricity
That earthed itself time and time again

I could not say to them
What I wanted to say
They were in the wrong
And all I could do was pray

I don't like seeing people suffer
Especially when it's me
But they did it deliberately
And why I could not see

I tried to pretend I didn't care
But I kept getting dragged back
I could not meander through life
I was on a metaphorical track

I hope I'm not speaking in riddles
I know that I frequently do
But I'm trying hard to set the record straight
Directly from me to you

I shall continue at any rate
With the next problem which I arrived at
I was unsatisfied with reality
And it was this I tried to combat

I needed an escape route
But artificial methods I did not trust
I have heard others stories
Where their lives were turned to dust

But using my mind as an escapism
Did not work either I'm afraid
I just cried myself to sleep
The hideous price I paid

So now I look to you Sue
An answer I require
You know I'm obsessed with you
You know what I desire

My dreams will stay as dreams
My life a sleepless night
I will stay in limbo until
I realise I'm not in the right

Nonentity

I've meandered through life
For over 21 years
I've solved a few of my problems
And conquered most of my fears.
But there is one enigma
Which still perplexes me
A humble little concept
called "Reality".

To many men it is simple,
Just the environment around us,
If you can hear, or see or feel it
Then it's real, so what's the fuss?
But this appears to be
Where my confusion arises
The material world I suspect
Itself holds many surprises.

Take for example music
For me, I'd pick the blues
What you actually hear is a meaningless noise
But that is not strictly true.
The images that you conjure up
The aroused emotions which you feel
Only exist in your imagination
Therefore it follows that they are not real.

Now I live in a world of dreams
Of time since gone, and yet to be
So if my perception is not of the mundane
Then possibly I am a nonentity.

Religion

They call us evil
But it's all a state of mind
We have our beliefs
And they change from time to time

Finding faults in our religion
It's not morals that we steal
It's the stakes upon the table
They're the values that are real

People always dyeing
They ask me if I care
Subordinative questions
While our answers we shall share

Our prophecies are futile
A spit into the sea
Keep your own religion
And your gospel on TV

Our fight for survival
A losing battle that must be fought
But the hope lives on inside us
For generations it has been sought

A Poem for Sam Brown

As the sun dissolves into a crimson sea
And 100 million stars climb wearily
Into a velvet sky
10,000 light years away a baby cries
A distant constellation breathes its last breath and dies
And I don't know why.

My mind wanders out from it's cell block
And a choir of angels celebrate in harmony
I focus on the hands upon the clock
They stop, and wave goodbye
And I realise that I am at last free.

My heart soaks up a pool of relief
As I gaze down at my body beneath
In contented ignorance and naivety
The only question which remains daunting to me
Is what was it for? And I don't know why.

I reach out my hands into a cold dark void
Waiting for a hand to touch my palm
Where is the warmth I craved, the love to calm
A troubled soul.
It never arrived, and I don't know why.

Then my hand got cold, and suddenly it didn't seem
quite so important any more!!!

The Search

Should we analyse everything
Actions, thoughts and speech
Should we really evaluate
The lessons life tries to teach?

Do people know or care
About surrounding aspects
Or do they look on life
As something rather suspect.

Should we try to seek
Something that isn't here
Incognito it may be
But still something to fear.

Is the pen as mighty
As the quote doth claim
Do we need communication
Are all the forms the same.

I don't have the answers
I doubt I ever will
We cannot conquer these things
Time does not stand still.

Silence

As the shadow eats itself away
So ends another day
We fall to our knees and pray
Amidst silence.

Night stealthily creeps along
And sleep whispers it's subtle song
We lose sense of right and wrong
Amidst silence.

No life dares to utter a word
As a woodlouse's breath is the last thing heard
A deafening voice reveals the absurd
Amidst silence.

As sun breads the heavenly quiet
The birds morning chorus sounds more like a riot
I realise now that I have just passed by it
That beautiful nocturnal silence.

Spilt Milk

In this ever evolving
World of change
Scoring points
Is a poor mans game
The static creature
Who refuses to learn
Won't move on
When it comes to his turn
Life's loves and loses
All add up to
A pocket full of prizes
To be relished by you
To reminisce but not regret
Takes a little while
But when the shouting's over
We should sit back and smile
The milk that was spilt
Was just meant to be
But as the bottle drops
It is rather hard to see

Taste

A vision of peace
A declaration of love
We seek what's beneath
In our search above
Escape from reality
Death grants us a taste
No doubt of morality
Reassurance prevents waste.

The Cafe

These faces all around me
Blank expressions everyone
As they stare into their coffee
Wondering what's to be done.
I light another cigarette
And turn to face the wall
I've saved enough to pay my debt
Leaving me with nothing at all.

I leave my table slowly
And gradually walk home
My palace seems so lowly
Now that I'm alone.
I switch on the T.V. set
To find they've gone to bed
So I light another cigarette
And wish that I was dead.

And as I sit here thinking
Knowing you are gone
I feel myself sinking
Into the chair I sit upon.
Another day another way
I keep telling myself
But now I have nothing to say
Since you left me on the shelf.

In the cafe the next morning
The same expressions stare
It is slowly dawning
I am the only one there
I finish up my coffee
Yet again I walk away
Wishing that you were with me
And you'd here me say...

I love you, I love you, I loved you.

The Past

Living in the past should be a crime
All I ever do is waste my time
Absorbed in people, places past and gone
I tell you my friend memories are no fun.

Over two years have passed away
We don't know each other anymore anyway
But I still try to reach into the past
To grab the things last time I lost

I do the things I think I'm supposed to do
I send her chocolates, love letters, roses too
I know the things I do are wrong
I can't admit to myself she's gone.

All the situations I once was in
I waste my days trying to recreate them
I don't realise that I've got to move on
But I don't know where I'm going
I don't even know where I'm coming from

I drink, I get drunk and I fall down
The same as everyone in this whole damn town
But my memories just won't leave me alone
I need to up my roots and find me a new home.

I need to leave this bad decay
I don't know Jenny anymore anyway
My search through the black hole of passed
This time will be my last

I used to do the things I thought I should do
I sent her chocolates, love letters, roses too
I knew the things I did were wrong
But now I know she's gone.

Thank God - The End

After much deep thought
And varying amounts of pain
I have finally realised
This is the end of the game.

My sanity is debatable
And confusion still reigns
My fight is now on
To remove the bloody stains.

You have caused me great anguish
I'm sure you led me on
But that is now irrelevant
I will live for number one.

I was told that you were fire
And my playing was not too bright.
It's strange that now I find
The fool turned out to be right.

So now I'll tend my wounds
They'll heal in time I'm sure
But you must flee my mind
To leave it almost pure.

"Goodbye it was fun" you shout
You put on a damn good show
You almost had me fooled
My bullshit faith still incognito.

The Game

Who is the hero
In our little game
Is there a saviour
A man with no name

Do our beliefs
In reality exist
Or do concepts fade away
In a whirlpool of mist

Do people control us
Do we control them
Do we have the right
To call ourselves men

Who makes the decisions
As to what is true
Is falsity a myth
Created by the select few

What is the point
Of being born to live to die
Is the necessity of confusion
Just our game, to win we try

Too Much Time

When I wake in the morning
And I role out of bed
Switch on the radio
And see who's wound up dead
Open up the curtains
What do I expect to see?
Another rainy day
The sun never shines on me.

Make a cup of coffee
And then go back to bed
Switch on the T.V.
Wonder why the news is bad.
I don't really understand
I'm not even sure I care
I always feel this way
Because you're never there.

Too much time
Not enough to do
Sometimes vice-a-versa
But always blue.

I go to sign on
It's like visiting Hell
So many people
None of them look too well.
It's not so surprising
As apathy it spreads
They all go back home
And climb into their beds.

Sometimes I get a phone call
Occasionally it's even from you
But now I feel so low
Even you make me feel blue.
I can't get my self together
Being depressed is now a crime
I need money, love and health
100% of the time.

Too much time
Not enough to do
Sometimes vice-a-versa
But always blue.

Vagrant

Down in the subway
Among the dirt and rats,
Innocent pathetic vagrants roam
Using the shelter as their only home.
Tuneful songs echo deep
From guitars, trumpets and violins
The songs from yesterdays year
For a couple of bob
Are willingly shared.
Empty bottles of spirit
Scattered aimlessly on platforms
Commuters with fork tongue speak
But in pockets they pitifully dig deep
Below London's golden streets
Lies another world of lead
But these nocturnal creatures show
They live life as only they know.

Valentine

In an early morning frost
When you pass me by
I feel a gentle lift inside
From common sense, away I shy.

A glance from you inspires me
And unheralded emotions weep
To the surface of my soul
But to myself these thoughts I keep.

Until now courage was encumbered
But this day can release
For a few precious moments
My love I do unleash.

Vanessa

I remember so long ago
A time of confusion
Of pain and woe
A time of perseverance
A time of strife
When an unstable mind
Searched for a new life

But a new love is found
In a new soul
A new spirit
A new fantasy role
Because Vanessa is here
An unclimbed mountain to climb
A song worth singing
A poem to rhyme
A play to act
A pavement to walk
A god to worship to
A pray to stalk
Called Vanessa

She's got a radiant smile
And an innocent voice
Not a paragon of beauty
But an excellent choice
With an individual smile
And an individual taste
A chance like this
I am sure to waste

But Vanessa is here
A new river to cross
An old wine to taste
A new car to wash
A new itch to scratch
A fresh leak to seal
A new pain to fight
And a new wound to heal
Called Vanessa

Like a thief in the night
Look round and she's not there
Oh what I would give
For her to hear my prayer
To collapse into her mind
To caress her every limb
To learn all that she teaches
And fulfil her every whim

Because Vanessa is here
A new game to play
A new fire to warm to
But a new thread to fray
A new ice cube to melt
A new ribbon to tie
Love is the truth
Or is love a lie
Called Vanessa

War

Just when you think
That you've developed trust
People change that
And live turns to dust

Things that you've said
Or in confidence done
Are backfiring at speed
And it's no longer fun

The game becomes war
While hatred it reigns
People once trusted
Start to name names

The finger it points
Lies become truth
Things that stood tall
Now seem uncouth

One hits the deck
Soon more to fall
Be quiet and listen
Hear Satan call

Then back to normal
Most will survive
Time heals all wounds
Thank God we're alive

The Seven Wonders

Our story begins many years ago
In the second century B.C.
When seven buildings and works of art
Were considered the best in the world to see

The first of the wonders is the last to survive
The like never seen before
The impressive Egyptian pyramids
Standing for thousands of years (if not more)

The second in the list was in Babylon
The hanging gardens to be precise
Built by Nebuchadnezzar around six hundred B.C.
Just to please one of his wives

The third of the seven was the statue of Zeus
At Olympia it stood forty feet high
According to legend the God was so pleased
He threw lightning bolts down from the sky

The fourth was a temple of the Goddess Diana
At Ephesus 350 B.C.
It survived many years, up to the days of St. Paul
But was destroyed by the Goths in 262 A.D.

The fifth is the Tomb of Mausolus
At Halicarnassus where it used to stand
Built in 353 B.C. by his devoted queen
Her vast wealth made it the best in the land

The second to last is the Colossus of Rhodes
A bronze statue of Helios, god of the sun
It fell in an earthquake in 224 B.C.
That leaves us with only one

The Lighthouse of Pharos at Alexandria
A bright light burnt as a guide
Until it too met its end in an earthquake
Totally levelled in 1375

Six out of the seven exist no more
The pyramids are the last to stand bold
But who can tell what many wonders
The eternal future will unfold

Xmas '85

And so arrives the 24th
A night to celebrate
But I don't want to lose control
And I don't want a full scale debate

I sit in and watch the telly
My mind wanders into town
So many happy people
And all I do is sit and frown

It's 6.59 on the 25th
A brew's brought to my bed
My family all excited
But I'd be quite content dead

Down at the tree by 7.30
Presents unwrapped by 8.00
I've waited a year for this half hour
And most of my presents I hate

The only elation I receive
Is when they unwrap my gifts
To see happiness on their faces
While my heart temporarily lifts

In the evening it's back to hell
The plastic smile & kiss
From all the system zombies
A tradition I'd rather miss

So where does that leave me?
Alone over Christmas it seems
The only person who matters
I only see in my dreams

Only one more week
And reality bounces back with avengence
I wish I could avoid this pain
Or survive in a minimal trance

I've lost the spirit of Christmas
"It's your age" or so I'm informed
Or is it the people who surround me
The realisation has only just dawned.

The Year of Big Brother

I am just a number
I don't have a name
I have lost all feelings
Except that of pain

I'm just a scrap of paper
Hidden in a file
A worthless piece of data
Like the others in this pile

Singled out like a criminal
I'm referred to life control
Dictated to by numbers
Digits lacking a soul

How I wish that you were with me
Two plus two makes five
We could overpower them
Turn the earth to live

But I don't possess
The combination to your code
Bombarded by bureaucracy
But still the seeds I've sowed.

Whisper

To hear the wind whisper it's eternal secrets
To feel the sun warm the soul
To smell sweet flowers fragrance
To watch the trees and grasses grow
To touch the stars as they travel on their journey
To communicate with life as it passes us by
To feel the freedom of nature's innocence
To understand this beauty we must try

MEANINGLESS MUSINGS

This collection of work was written in the early 1980's, it is a reflection of the state of mind I found myself in during my late teens and early 20's. Seeking purpose, truth and love but finding only pointlessness, pain and lies, these writings were my outlet for the confusion I felt.

*Over 50 pieces are included here, some profound, some amusing and some quite surreal...
but all very dark.*



LORD DREAM
© 2007