

COUNTRY  
A HALTING GESTURE  
OF THE  
TRUTH  
ONE SEES FEELS CLIMB  
ELEMENTS

YET NOTHING SEUL  
NOT HOLLOW PEN  
OF MAN  
MAY HAVE TO COUNTRY  
TO PROSE

WHO I MIGHT  
DESCEND TO

AT EMP  
DUSK OF  
PARADISE  
DAY

ATTEMPT

AH WHY MIGHT  
I ATTEMPT  
TO STAMP

MY SPIRIT HEART  
& SOUL

WITH THOUGHTS THAT  
DRIFT & DANCE

WITH JOY PAID A PRIZE  
EVEN WORTH

OF WHAT I AM  
PERCEIVE & SUFFER  
WHAT LIES  
WITHIN ME  
VERY CLOSE

ALAS SUCH FULLY  
TO TRY TO CRY  
ON <sup>CLASH</sup> A SCENT OF  
THE WORLD  
I BLINDLY

I MIGHT  
CUT  
TO CAPTURE  
SOME  
+ TRY TO

AS ALL THESE  
POOR PILLARS  
OF THE  
KNOWLEDGE  
DAYS OF YOUTH

HAVE SOUGHT TO  
LIVE