

Reality

Flying to the moon
And watching shooting stars
Thinking about reality,
Is there really life on mars?

Here I stand,
Looking,
Looking in their eyes.
Looking past the icy glare
and right past their disguise.



The lost and the forgotten,
Those who are running from their lives.
The confused and those with doubt,
I listen to their cries.
Cries of hope and wonder,
Cries of pain and fear.

Cries so quiet, but yet so loud,
If only someone could hear.
Hearing the words they say,
If only they could talk.
The pain is held closed up, and tight,
Waiting for the key that fits the lock.

The key that fits the lock,
is with in you and me.
If only we could take some time,
Take a breath and see.
See the hurt,
Feel the pain,
Allow our hearts to know.

The love we feel comes through our words,
as we challenge them to grow.
Who are we to challenge?
Challenge one and all.
The ill and the oppressed,
The weak and yes, the strong.



We also see the big and tall,
But we musn't forget the small.
The rich as well as poor.
Those from other lands.
No matter who the person might be.
Let's lend a helping hand.