

Seeking

Happiness

by

Anonymyk

(1)

I lie beneath
your heel

Here I lie beneath your heel,
My love, my lovely queen,
Desire of your lovingly feel,
Turns me red, it makes me green,
Your wavy hopping hairs,
Your crazy carefree flares,

May force me to do more,
Than what my heart dares,
Your lazy gloomy silent sigh,
Your wary shyness when you reply,
To the hopeless, who knock on your
door,
All us admirers can do is try,
Always nervously making our move,
Always senselessly to ourselves we
prove,
That you are just another pretty girl,
But us lovers are just modern noobs,
In true love with someone so surreal,
That I'm sure that none but I know
what I mean,

Here I lie beneath your heel,
My love, my lovely queen,
Desire of your lovingly feel,
Turns me red, it makes me green.

(2)

Free flowing

fantasy

Pretty girl, this world,
This maze of your ways,
Those lies of your eyes,
That sound all around,
Pulls me, to make me see,
A free flowing fantasy,
An amazing magical mystery,
A shiny star that you are,
A heaven that you've always been,
Like subtle ripples and wrinkles,
In the restless river,
Your innocent eyes twinkle,
I wish they turned hither,

**Towards my desires,
That rage like wild fires,
Oh cutie, my divine beauty,
Oh sweetie, my sole deity,
Thankyou for being this pretty,
And illuminating the dull,
So pretty girl, this dull world,
This magical maze of your wild ways,
Those lucid lies of your lovely eyes,
That sweet sound heard around,
Is your unclear whisper in my ear,
To which forever I will be bound.**

(3)

I don't mind

being

mis-understood

d

**They will surely misunderstand,
But I don't mind being misunderstood,
Their distant ideals may seem grand,
And I'd love to reach there, if only I
could,
But I wish to find the route to
happiness,
Deep in my core,
Reason craves free will,
Lost in my mind,
Lives the grinding me-ness,
Still I resort to virtue,
As all else turns evil,**

**I am the slave,
Who resents his master,
I am the grave,
That craves to stay a ditch,
I am the sound,
That travels through plaster,
I am the benign beggar,
Busy belittling the rich,
I'm not the mad master,
Addicted to exploitation ,
I'm not a worthless body,
On the lookout for just some rest,
I'm not a conformed,
Upright wall of frustration,**

I'm not the ruthless rich,
Who can't stand being the second
best,
Lusting for fear, power and luck,
Are not really my brand,
I'd prefer being lost in oblivion,
While searching for the good,
Rather than being the crazy king,
That ends up usurping all the land,
So I hereby choose failure,
As any just human should,
So I know,
They will surely misunderstand,
But I don't mind,

**Being misunderstood,
And I agree,
That their distant ideals,
May seem grand,
And I'd love to reach there,
If only I could,
But I don't have,
Nature's magic wand,
My present body is,
My sole supporting cane of wood.**

(4) Always here

forever here

I'm always here, forever here,
But about the real world I never care,
You might wanna hold all the dough,
Go dear sinner if you gotta go,
But hurting me just won't be fair,
Yeah yeah yeah,

Lets get high rather than going low,
Ow ow ow ow,
I'm always here, forever here,
But about the real world I never care,
Yeah yeah yeah yeah,
I know you wanna pee from the sky,
You gotta be the thing,
But you dunno why,
But the wise Lord knows,
Where to shove your prayer,
You turn more worthless with every lie,
Aye aye ha ha ha,
I'm always here, forever here,
But about the real world I never care,

**Yeah yeah yeah yeah,
We are just dust on each others way,
Tell me slimy bugger,
What you wanna say,
Lets get to business,
If you dare,
Sober me wants to **** you everyday,
Hey hey hey hey hey hey hey,
I'm always here, forever here,
But about the real world I never care,
Yeah yeah.**

(5)

Actor, Director
and Everybody
else

**Like a newborn's innate reason,
It'll die,
The one true Intuitive Perfection,
Born from a lie,
And suddenly the whole world,
Is a part of it,
The mean of all consciousness,
The ideal shit,
The basis of all frameworks,
The inborn known,
The true beauty of infinite objectivity,
That never got shown,
That all guilty called humans,**

**Aim to reclaim,
But they are silly to use,
Greed, envy, fear and shame,
In me there is a pseudo-objective
(core) director,
A subjective pretentious (shell) actor,
And (head people) everybody else,
All keep transforming,
No one listens, everybody tells,
The director wants to see,
And show the One,
Actor is never sure,
About what needs to be done,
Rest just react,**

pleasure,
And its rare,
So we wait.

(6)

Farewell, Dear

beautiful

**Naughty, cutie, perfect hottie,
Pretty princess of dreamland,
You are so beautiful,
Sensuously subtle stylish lady,
You won't ever understand,
That you are so beautiful,
Secret smile concealed carelessly,
Invigorates your admirer's curiosity,
As you are so beautiful,
Divine expression hidden effortlessly,**

**Makes you for me the most pretty,
How can someone be so beautiful?
But ofcourse you don't care,
About my desire to hear you speak,
Your no exposes lies out there,
It makes me weary and also weak,
Its time to murder my crush on you,
To move on and woo somebody new,
Someone who's free to let me love,
A simple blessing from heavens above,
I write a tale of lovers,
Of immortal love, of purity,
I figure the lovers in it,
Won't be you and me,**

So farewell,
Dear admirable angel of the sky,
Our story wasn't meant to be,
So here is my last goodbye,
My heart was filled with love plentiful,
But you didn't care dear beautiful.

(7)

Being flaccid

and leaching

Where do people want to wander,
And reach,
Why be concrete and not just flaccid,
And leach,
Do newborns in their initial encounters,
Value learning immensely thereby
discovering,
'Truth', the enemy of us skeptic
doubters,

**Do kids get possessed by a belief,
In the One Ultimate All Encompassing,
'God', an impossibility that we don't
preach,
But the child's wish to be like the 'True
God',
We recognize,
Do life experiences make us too dumb,
To differ palm from peach,
Just a calling to find,
And then be more worthy of the
perfect prize,
Where do people want to wander and
reach,
Who is at which junction,**

**On their journey to meet the Intuitive
Perfection,
How much empathy did you learn,
Have you even faced enough rejection,
Open up, blast like a star,
You're missing all the fun,
Why be concrete and not just flaccid
and leach,
Like an animal relish being bored,
Dance like the waves on the beach,
Creation, Evolution, Destruction,
Resurrection,
Are all whims,
Of the uncertain Combined
Consciousness,**

And not the result,
Of a certain conscious creator's
depiction,
Of divine thought and who knows what
not,
In the realm of arbitrary vagueness,
So in favouring conditions,
Consciousness thrives,
But all conditions are created,
By some Combined Consciousness,
This depiction of the idea,
At which a baby intuitively arrives,
Mocks God and innate reason,
But strengthens the stand of sense
information's prowess,

**But the silly human blinded by belief,
In the ocean of faith hopelessly dives,
To be free and one and good,
We do humbly beseach,
Why be concrete and not just flaccid
and leach,
Where do the wandering beings want
to loose themselves and reach.**

(8)

Mystical pines

Nothing more but just,
The subtle sense of thy,
Presence is enough my,
Princess to persue an outburst,
Of crazy desires and emotions,
In the inferno that eternally burns,
While the starled soul, simply learns,
About hesitations and devotions,
And the yearnings that strange

motivations cause,
When I'm hypnotized by your hairs,
Mesmerized by the body that your
beautiful being wears,
You make me break all my laws,
I constantly pause while admiring thee,
Lost at times in your eyes and lips,
Your manner won't let me get back to
grips,
With these clips of a so called life I
lead,
Without you near me in my arms,
With your face resting on of my heart,
While you listen to its stories from the
start,

To the end,
It is enchanted by your angelic charms,
It warms up to pour out lines,
Celebrating a goddess like you,
Who is as pure and perfect as the dew,
That rests like a newborn,
On the leaves of these Mystical Pines.

(9)

Duty of the greats

Empires crumble,
Fortresses fall,
Even the mightiest of them all,
Can in time,
End up biting the dust,
But first comes obviousness in

innovations,
Rather than greedy imp's
unquenchible thirst,
Trust is the key,
Both personally and for all nations,
Rather than tricky propaganda,
That ranks consumerism as the
highest feeling,
Are we agreeing,
That life is hollow and the postmodern
people are puppets,
Ideas like equality and virtue upsets
the prejudiced,
While the poor billions need healing,
So dear revolutionary in your dealings,

**Make sure to find the humane truth
between the two sure bets,
There is nothing that isn't binary,
Both correct but the right combination,
Would be just perfect,
Yes-no, good-bad swapping spots,
Is expected and ordinary,
But the grey dynamic absolutes,
Live in the fuzzy dungeon of defects,
Starting with contradictory isms,
We dive into details discovering
conventions,
The most universal precise
elaborations,
Of wisdom and moderations,**

**So dear revolutionary,
The sole duty of great people,
Is to leave behind simple eternal and
brief explanations,
For future stoics and cynics,
To be lost and then find ideas,
In their imaginations.**

(10)

Haze of your indifference

Here is my free time,
Dear angel,
Your simple hi,
Would make it memorable,
Your formal smile,
Is sure to make it eternal,

**A while in your partial presence,
Is so surreal,
When in a gesture of yours,
A reviving zephyr I feel,
There is no bigger deal,
For me then your denial,
To notice the miles,
I tread in wait,
In this smitten state of being offlate,
I spend my days,
Waiting for the haze,
Of your indifference,
To fade away from this place,
So as to allow my sight,**

A mundane delight,
Of witnessing extravagant displays,
Of the light,
That emanates from your eyes,
In that gaze,
But I pity me,
As you have no concern,
As always you'll leave,
And I'll wait for your return,
Something in me hopes,
To never get over this phase,
So here your admirer lays,
Waiting for his turn.

(11)

Not choosing

Jesus

**Tips of the tallest,
And the constants,
In change,
Gifts from the poorest,
And the benevolence,
Of the strange,
The newborn first adores,
But something makes it resent,
To prove the enemies wrong,
Rebels born in crores,
All unhappy, all repent,
All hoping to impose their song,
All angry at every unfulfilled greed,
The ever frustrated selfish human**

breed,
Deciphering the two extremes,
Deciding like puppets who never got
freed,
From inhibitions,
From shame,
From ambitions,
From fame,
Won by winning competitions,
Aren't we all the same,
Wishing mutually developmental
coexistence,
Isn't love our game,
Or are we just pretenders,
In huge self delusion,

**Just worthless wannabe contenders,
Aspiring to be the leader of humanity's
collective confusion,
Has the child chosen the bad,
Over good, for good, just to annoy,
Its loved ones, a useless error when its
mad,
Over some basic conflict, life's pivotal
joy,
Of the dissent,
And of the inspiration,
Of the brilliant,
New, born out of motivation,
From the opposite,
Of the greater good,**

**From the composite,
Complex experiences of humanhood,
So Jesus us folks,
Dislike thee,
For you are too nice,
For us to try and be,
Common love for greed is our only
truth,
And all your wisdoms are just means,
To achieve 'my divine true vision',
Of being born to be the immortal
kings/queens,
So good Jesus humanity sentences you
to die,
And yes us psuedo-gods will pretend to**

care and cry,
But we hate everything we can't be,
So Jesus goodbye, let us humans hurt
all in the sky,
As we just can't be perfect,
And everyone knows why,
As it isn't 'real',
All there really is,
Is just a fuzzy vagueness,
Between the two ends,
All beings reach a position,
Most overlapping with,
The ideal objective collective
consciousness,
The eternal string waves,

**Like a rope bridge,
And humans struggle to hold on,
They subjectively figure the opposite
paves,
Selfishly love one and hate the other
edge,
Two inevitable emotions are born,
Choose wisely or else be grumpy
forever.**

(12)

Silent sensual

eyes

Hi pretty girl,
I am pretty sure,
That you have no idea,
How beautiful you are,

Thanks for being,
So amazingly beautiful,
Thanks for the thing,
That keeps you cheerful,
If all the gratitude I ever had,
Were to be put to good use,
I wish if all of it,
Can in some way for you be useful,
Hello beautiful,
So then when I turned my head,
I saw your silent sensual eyes,
A smile took over my face instead,
Of the numerous games of lies,
You affect me in magical ways,

**Like the shiny stars in the dull skies,
So I am obliged to shower praise,
On you everyday,
Alongside innocent Hellos and Hies,
Staring stunned your passing bys,
Relishing your silent sensul eyes,
So gorgeous girl explore,
Keep learning more,
Sail away,
Off the shore,
Into the naive new,
Fit only for a funny few,
Enjoyable if you adore,
All beautiful beings like you,**

**Core relations are a lot more engaging,
Than the ones we never knew,
As pretence erodes with the hour,
But it isn't what,
Rock solid real you would do,
So thankyou for being,
The absolutely you,
Allowing the world to know,
Someone pure,
With those brilliant silent sensual eyes.**

(13)

Keep marching

on

Crossing the oceans of the unknown,

Treading the wastelands of misery,

Snowy winds of failure,

Can chill one to the bone,

But the lone revolutionary,

**Keeps marching on,
Glow of discipline lights the way,
The guidance of resolve moves the
pawn,
The focussed patient seeker,
Must avoid disarray,
While the lone revolutionary,
Keeps marching on,
Constant trials await one,
In each mundane quest,
To pass fortune's test,
Vices must be won,
For those who lust for eternity,
There is no rest,**

**As the lone revolutionary has to,
Keep marching on,
The worst of times,
Sow seeds of pending glories,
In all the great stories,
Only by will,
Obstacles are overthrown,
For the persistent plebeian,
There is no place for worries,
As the lone revolutionaries duty,
Is to keep marching on.**

(14)

Red, color of
the future

All they did was put to light,
Just a few papers,
But all my thoughts instantly,

**Turned to ash,
To real world needs,
Maybe they don't cater,
As these ideas have,
Nothing to do with cash,
Money,
The illegitimate son of Ms. Utility and
Mr. Greed,
'The king of goodtimes' and the likes,
Cheat the system when no ones paying
heed,
While blind aspirants fight for petty
hikes,
God bless the true welfare state,
Ensuring real justice and equality for**

all,
It would mean quitting all
exploitations, mate,
Experience must rise up,
As the highest incentive,
Greed must fall,
I don't mind that they burned,
The money I had,
But I regret the loss of a couplet,
That on a rupee note,
In some tranquility I wrote,
Over that note,
Which was part of that loan,
Which turned bad,

**So being the eternal escape goat,
The poor are left sad,
On the sinking boat,
But rest assured of the burst,
And the silly generation going mad,
Don't judge others,
I'm talking about you, lad,
You'd turn into a martyr,
Volunteering to go first,
As the colour of the future,
Is sure to be red.**

(15)

Single perfect
child policy

The grand old joint family,
Kept crumbling over centuries,
Fearing for survival of their baby,

Each couple used to have many
nubies,
And many did die young,
In the clutches of fate they hung,
Few could make it through the
adversities,
So the population never rose or sunk,
Until the modern medicine
strengthened humanity,
To congest the land,
The overpopulated band,
Of ignorant procreators,
Who've decided to choose insanity,
Duality is the eternal absolute,
But the perfect figure extends to a

third,

**Just to make the dynamism suit,
The magic of the divine word's world,
Otherwise the stress will make things
go wild,
So dear couple I beseech thee for now,
To have a single perfect child.**

(16)

Hola jolly Ms.

Molly

**Hola,
Miss princessly,
So carelessly,
You sigh,
But why,
You try,**

**Not to be my,
Mate,
Hi,
My new,
Inspiration,
Elation,
I feel,
While imagining,
Your zeal,
Are you,
This pretty,
For real,
Or is it all,
A facade,**

**Either way,
I fall,
Head over heel,
For your,
Cute charade,
Don't you get,
What I mean,
Eventhough,
It has been,
A few moments,
Since our,
Romance,
Began,
But it can,**

**Be worth more,
Than the crores,
Of fake ones,
Which turn,
Out to be waste,
So based,
On such made up,
Stats,
I try my best,
To woo,
You pretty,
Damsel,
Good to know,
So here we go,**

Again,
Only if I can,
With your permission,
Drop my inhibition,
To get your attention,
Just to mention,
To you,
That only a few,
Are as ravishing,
As you,
So I continue,
With my new,
Found thee,
Most pretty,

**And amazingly,
Just as,
Engaging,
So I continue,
Chasing,
An impossible,
Infatuation,
And did I mention,
Our mutual,
Passion to be,
When we,
Finally,
Discover one,
Until then,**

**Mine is your,
Appreciation,
And yours,
I wish to be,
What do you,
Take me for,
I am all yours,
And its all for you,
So don't judge me,
But yourself,
That you make me,
Do this,
And for me,
Its bliss,**

I wish to see,
You smile,
While reading this,
So instead of a kiss,
I ask for trust,
That this isn't lust,
But pure crush,
That must be,
Addressed,
Believe me its,
All for you,
And not otherwise,
As you guessed,
Its your presence,

**In this universe,
That commanded me,
Its the effect,
Of that smile
And eyes that I see,
Miss Molly,
You seem jolly,
And funny,
Little bunny,
In the body,
Of an angel,
Dear stranger,
Thy grandeur,
Thy brilliance,**

Lights up darkness,
In lives of millions,
Of minions,
Taken by surprise,
Witnessing thy,
Magnificence.

(17)

The good Mr.

Grim

Clear dark sky,
Oh why oh why,
Hear the stars cry,
Oh why oh why,
Let him go,
Go to the abstract,
Let him be,
Be the basic fact,

**Show him,
Show him the way,
Make this,
Make this his day,
They hate him,
Want him to retaliate,
But nothing frustrates,
The good Mr. Grim,
They are selfish, naive,
So they continuously run,
Aiming to be someone,
Unconsciously they dive,
Into neverending charades,
Pretending to be wise,**

**Living lives full of little lies,
They're like Gods,
But no God in him,
The good Mr. Grim,
They wish to chew him down,
But he won't stay put,
He does what he should,
The reflecting thinker is a clown,
The reacting society is King,
Not the common greater good,
But the apparent immature greed,
In one tune them humans sing,
If he wished he too could,
But he never felt the need,**

Patience was his thing,
A focus they can't trim,
Filled with will upto the brim,
Hypocrites can't discipline him,
The good Mr. Grim,
They are one when others they hate,
Else they break without wait,
Regressive, self-destructive, them,
And though useless is the gem,
It is true just like Him,
The good Mr. Grim,
Unlike the ignorant Them,
Who hate him,
Want him to retaliate,

**But nothing frustrates,
The good Mr. Grim,
He won't even allow a sigh,
Neither a drop from his eye,
Clear dark sky,
Oh why oh why,
Hear the stars cry,
Oh why oh why.**

(17)

Infidelity of the broken road

In the garden the children play,
Few silently in the corners stay,
While the zealots roam doing mischief,
Only they catch the ordinary
bystander's eye,
On the journey the road is your mate,

**When it is broken, its infidelity you
hate,
Without appreciating its good, the
docile leave,
Taken for granted, the virtuous may
die,
While always the new, is the thing to
do,
New entrepreneurial deal or new
revival reel,
For I like all else, feel a thirst for
victory,
Of any kind, with each passing breath,
So to win, the cursed competition,
Be the strange rotten, that can't be
forgotten,**

To be successful being,
resourcefulness is mandatory,
But that greed filled path to Self-land,
is truth's sullen death.

(18.)

Wisemen's

choice

**For the ignorant,
Only route is,
The fight to prove,
But for the wise,
One way is,
To devise a plan,
To disguise,
Traces of irritation,
To be more adjusting,
Than the fake person,**

**Bear the biased bull,
Don't push or pull,
Avoid like the king,
Or else give in,
To the urge to make right,
Like the fool,
The wise too fight,
And yes it also,
Needs to be done,
So wisemen its time to choose,
To either conquer might,
Or avoid and run.**

(19)

Poems for you

Here's me,
Appreciating you,
Dear new,

**Freind,
Here's my Hi,
To thee,
Just be,
As pretty,
As this,
Magnificent,
Image of you,
That I see,
I congratulate,
The Universe,
And myself,
On witnessing,
Thee my freind,**

Here is one,
Only about fun,
Love for all,
True love for none,
But the self,
Only me I know,
All else is just a show,
In my head,
With the spotlight,
Fixed on a few,
So I write,
Poems for you,
I walked into the jungle of our lives,
I rolled down the steep slopes again,

**I walked out the escape routes of pain,
I climbed back up despite the rain,
Never known a winter so hot,
There isn't a perfection,
That you are not,
Never seen a vision so true,
Picture of love I see in you,
This winter I crave to feel,
Dry summer wasn't a big deal,
But this elated emotion is unreal,
This beauty you possess,
Is the envy of the wintery chill,
So I climbed back up for you,
So I write poems for you.**

(20)

Hazy

symphony

**Not nearly as sweet as you,
Your Highness,
Nothing remotely as tasteful as you,
Your sweetness,
Hoping to hear your voice,
Sweet princess,
Wishing to see your smile,
So sensuous,
Tell me when will it be,
Dear fabulous,
That I'll get to run my fingers,
Through your silky hairs,
Tell me if you'll ever be,
Responding to my prayers,**

**Tell me oh hazy symphony,
Is there a chance for my cares.
Love is real, vital, essential,
Nothing less than surreal,
Its the truth, but we are liars,
Hence blind, but the observer admires,
Objectively, only they see,
And enjoy subtle sensations of life for
free,
All sorrow is just as good as the
greatest joy,
Worth of sadness is wasted on us,
For no reason us fools feel annoyed.**

(21)

Sweet

emotions

My sexy little seductress,

The shine in those eyes,

Like the reflection of the skies,
In pure primordial oceans,
Urges in me sweet emotions,
Oh cute queen oh perfect princess,
Like a addictive persistent vice,
I can't get over the habit of bias,
For you against all other commons,
Urging in me sweet emotions,
Dear unknown magical mistress,
In distress you leave, neglecting my
cries,
Eventhough the image of you will
suffice,
For an admirer to go through the
motions,

**But the memory urge in me sweet
emotions,
Oh divine charm of heavens,
Magical muse of all the devils,
A gem amongst a world of pebbles,
Oh sublime art of classical caverns,
Oh cozy zephyr from the storms,
A pearl in the sea of sand,
A girl I wish to call my friend,
Oh fresh method to change norms,
Oh poignant picture of great days,
A scripture with subtle hints,
A winter with wayward winds,
Oh dormant expression of God's ways,**

I wish to cross the cursed line,
I wish that if only you could be mine,
As you are very beautiful,
Miss Magical Queen,
Sorry for all the praises,
That I missed in between,
The lines I wrote,
To celebrate you, Your Gracious,
I only meant to say Hi,
I just wish to be your mate,
I don't deserve your sigh,
Its like I've fallen for you off-late.

(22)

Truth is

happiness

Just to impress,

People,

**People,
Exaggerate when they express,
The images of thoughts to show,
That there is lots to know,
So they tell lies,
Sometimes willingly,
Othertimes unknowingly,
False images keeping people in
disguise,
The liars have to forever be alert,
To keep the wrong image intact,
Always be sinking in guilt and conflict,
In true reflection they feel like dirt,
Maybe not in success but in purpose
they lack,**

**But most listeners are themselves
convicts,
Liars,
Liars,
Doubtful and gullible,
Docile and unreasonable,
But the crime is the creation,
Of an untrue figment of imagination,
A facade for the listeners to reflect
upon,
Lives overflowing with mistakes and
then they're gone,
The listeners lose on wisdom,
The speakers lose on happiness,
Yes,**

**Happiness,
As truth is the source of wisdom and
happiness,
A society of pseudo,
A society of sorrow,
But truth gives one wings,
A source of will, guile and other things,
So use selfless truths to truly enjoy
your days,
Avoid relying on lies to smoothen your
ways,
Like the world, the being too is a great
place,
Explore both and try keeping them out
of the stupid rat race,**

Beauty of the abstract is hidden in the
truth,
And busy consciousness is its true
face.

(23)

Miss Bliss Lady

Happiness

If it doesn't help me find love,
It isn't what I wanna be,
If it doesn't raise me high above,
It isn't what I wanna see,
If it isn't as deep as your shiny eyes,
It isn't that, which steals my sleep,
If it isn't as bright as your shy smile,
It isn't a memory I wanna keep,

If like you it looks,
If in your voice it sings,
If it too is fond of books,
If it too knows all the things,
But if it isn't your soul in that body,
Then its of no use to me,
If it lacks your errs and faults,
Then perfection I won't choose over
thee,
Only your pure,
Love cures this,
Lonely bore's ache, With a loving kiss,
Miss Bliss,
Baby Happiness,

**Lady Kindness,
Cure my blindness,
Only you and none else,
These hypnotized eyes of mine wanna
see,
If it doesn't help me find love,
It isn't what I wanna be,
If it doesn't raise me high above,
It isn't what I wanna see.**

(24)

Passing on by

Passing on by,
The crumbling road by the fall,
Passing on by,
The jammed up avenue by the mall,
Seeing it through,
While the rains began to pour,

Seeing it through,
Watching the chance avoid my door,
Many times in my days,
The saint reasons and the sinner prays,
Yes we are looking for the optimum
way,
Hey, he he, hey,
We just passed it on by,
And we ain't going back today,
Passing on by,
The land of the docile,
Passing on by,
The band of the futile,
Rolling on down,

The hill of the hypocrites,

Rolling on down,

The den of the dimwits,

Hanging on to,

The traces of the tidbits,

Passing on by,

Passing on,

Passing on by,

**Many times in my journeys to the
unknown,**

I hear the sad cry, sigh, die and moan,

**And Him pretending to hear them over
a dead phone,**

Ho, ho ho, ho,

We just passed it on by,

**And today we ain't going back for
more,
Passing on by,
The charade of the good,
Widely misunderstood,
For being the right,
Passing on by,
The curse of the greedy bad,
Like a possessed purse of a selfish lad,
That is filled up tight,
While we pass on by,
Passing on by,
Climbing back up,
Up to the planes and the peaks,**

**The wise listens while the stupid
speaks,
Climbing back up,
To the hazy horizons,
To the crazy cold canyons,
While climbing back up,
Passing on by,
Seeing it through,
Rolling on down,
Hanging on to,
The will to never stop,
To never go back,
To never give up,
To climb back up,**

While passing on by.

(25)

Outsider's view

**From outside,
I can see,
When inside,
I have to be,
When I see,
I can figure,
When I've to be,
I react with a fool's vigor,
When I figure,
I analyse, I reason,
In zeal and vigor,**

I lose my reflection,
Calm unbiased analysis,
Lets me know things,
Biased reactionary is,
Like a bird without wings,
As each level of community,
Is a box of jigsaw,
As a part of the unity,
I lust for success and fear law,
So to solve the puzzle,
I leave desires, norms and the box
behind,
Away from the futile tussle,
Truth, courage, love and wisdom I find,

**With these I solve,
The issues at hand,
While in the whirlpool I revolve,
Aloof from the solution I intend,
To decipher, to discover,
Rather than being misled by societal
fate,
To be in eternal bliss like a selfless
lover,
To be curious, satisfied and devoid of
hate,
The box of theyness has constraints,
But us out here have sacrificed their
shell,
With a moderate true core, our**

**pretention fades and faints,
Shame, apprehension, anxiety,
inhibition die,
Depression, greed, frustration we
forfeit,
Will, discipline, still humane,
Again,
Again,
Again,
Again,
Again,
Again,
Again we try,
Better be beat, than being a cheat.**

(26)

Sweet

marmalade

I slipped, I tripped,
And fell, but its all well,
As its only that I fell for you,
I tried, I lied, I smiled,
I cried, but what the hell,
Even if I had to yell for you,
I'll yell and announce,
My affection for you,
My heart craves but you can't see,
The magic you mean to me,
I don't wish for the stars, the sun or the
Gods,
My only desire is to watch you pass by,
Flowy hairs of an angel,

**Deep eyes of a mermaid,
Grace, oh so magical,
Are the things of which you are made,
So here is my Hi,
To you sweet marmalade.**

road

