

# We Live In Two Different Worlds

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We live in two different worlds.  
Where I live, you come visit for a time.  
Where you live, I cannot fathom in my mind.  
It seems to be a place that's dark, with many voices.  
A place of unclarity that floods one with many choices.  
Is there no place of rest in the wanderings of that place?  
Such seems to be the case... judging from your face.

I live in a place not of my own making.  
It is strong and stable and requires no such faking.  
One who lives there can be real and free,  
The law of Love is how to proceed.

Your world would conquer my world as it presses its demands,  
"I want; I need" it cries as it shouts forth its commands.  
That which would come forth spontaneously as life,  
Is required in its time at the point of a knife.  
I know I can never satisfy the demands of someone's flesh,  
It sees from its own wounds and misses all the best.  
When what it longs for is being freely given  
it is somewhere else.  
At that moment it is only aware of self.

How can you feed such an animal?  
How can you satisfy such a thing?  
It can only see from its world,  
A place of want and lack and sting.

I do not talk like the reality of this other place.  
I do not want to live there. Nor do I want it invading "Son -land",  
Bringing clouds, weariness, and care.  
As I am wearied with its ways, they are wearied with my words.  
Words which once brought hope of things to come,  
Now sound the death knell of the beating of the drums.

We live in two different worlds,  
That touch from time to time.  
And both worlds are forever fixed,  
In their own way, tune, and rhyme.  
I will never leave this find Land,  
This glorious place that come from.  
So all I can do is extend my hand,  
And invite you. And say to you... "Come."