

LIVE IN A VAN

I need to find an outlet, need to get out and about, get going
get caught up, get lost and find myself, to remind myself
of the time when I find my health, the wealth that's mine
when I'm of a sound body and sound mind,
a sound state of being, accepting that I'm not seeing
all the signs but sensing them, not living fenced in
or on the fence, nor in the past tense or tense or too intense
but finding a sense of innocence, between intellect and ignorance,
the rent's free in this place, so why not me?
Why just be a fraction of what I am,
a spiritual being just as much as a man,
try as hard as I can, find a brand new plan,
F society, gonna live in a van

unless we're detached, we latch on to meaning
where we see it, be it true or not,
a lot simply comes down to perception, but not perfection
what's right depends on where we see the intersection
What we anticipate when we arrive,
how far we drive and how we navigate,
cause it's never too late, but it's too great for some of us,
a thin line between love and hate
some wanna destroy, some die to create
we can no longer dominate, incarcerate
we need coordinate and educate
eradicate boxes, categories, labels,
cause when we speak that is how we're able
to understand it, explain it, question it, demand it,
celebrate it, hate it, reward or reprimand it