

GREEN PRISON

by Bill Berle

Smug faces on you...
Wrinkled, gray, lifeless faces
of long-dead men with no love
or need for the sky
Ye' smug bastards

Who are you to keep me imprisoned?
chained to the ground... Me!
Victor Bravo I was
nothing on earth in my way
and only the sky to answer

Now all I am is what I was
and memories about what I'll never be
and never again like before you left me
You took part of me, the part I needed
the sky, the honor, the purity that I was

I worry about you, protect you, search for you
I live for you now, like it could make a difference
Not even you could bring me back
to that crystal clear soul who vaulted the peaks
and swam through the air on snow white wings

How many lives have you teased ?
Who airborne found themselves happy
and just as quickly lost themselves
in the faces of you old, dead, wrinkled men
with no love or need for the sky

For you, I'd spend my life in pain and struggle
I live in your service now, like the Devil's handmaid
only to dream of the blue skies that lie
just above you and so far behind me
Whoever said it was right
You are the root of all evil