

CAN'T BE SEEN

Kent Parker

I fly away and float in space, untethered from this common place
Of Boundaries and realities, of "get it done" and "pretty please".
A Palace high up in the sky where no one says "who, what, or why".
A Place where I can be alone, think out loud, not carve in stone.
A place to hide what's deep inside... a place I can't be seen.
A place to hide what's deep inside... a place I can't be seen.

The crowd arrives, and stands in line, waiting for the perfect time
To Make the ask, to plant the seed... to take the knife, and make it bleed.
To get their fair share of the flesh, take what they want, and leave the rest.
I lock the door, pull down the shade, take shelter in this place I've made.
A place to hide what's deep inside... a place I can't be seen.
A place to hide what's deep inside... a place I can't be seen.

Inside my mind, a place to find the answers that I let define
The sandbox on this lonely beach, that keeps the water out of reach.

I close my eyes and find the light that shines on shadows in the night,
On drama in the Thunderdome, on cutting straight through to the bone,
On deadlines and "just one more task", on "Tell it all, but just don't ask".
A light that shines for this refugee who has to stay, but wants to be in
A place to hide what's deep inside... a place I can't be seen.
A place to hide what's deep inside... a place I can't be seen.