

## **Chance Waters**

### **The Global Playground**

#### **Poem 1: In the beginning**

Now the things you're about to be told

Take place in a world far beyond reality

Where the dark eyes lie below

Our beliefs in the things we can hold

And in this place that's free of industry

We can attempt to see our own misery

The material of lies we find as fabric

Used as glue to construe this magic

The earth shakes and is replaced by a landscape

Where swing sets meet arms deals through handshakes

And there stand people that represent our evils

In a place that may have been man made

The sky itself is dotted in facts

A frame work of steel and forgotten attacks

And below stands a man with;

Three children in a sand pit;

And we ponder at that

We question his values (who is he)

When we don't apply the same things to life

We find excuses (too busy)

And don't realise that we made him alive

We see truth through these children

And that should give us hope;

And in life we may pretend to listen

But really it's all for show

So the sun sets a light of allegory

And young yet I begin my story

And what you're about to be told

Takes place in silence, believe me

### **Poem 2: The playground**

So there's these people right just sitting around;

There a bully a wimp a sickly kid on the ground

And this odd group all had something to say;

And a little man watched with a view of their way

So as the music plays; the three start to move

The largest of the group becoming partial to the groove

The first of these a bully joins the symphony

And as we swing the beat he speaks of liberty

I'm the American government personified;

Talk is cheap so I seek to provide through lies

Advocate racial hate and a loss of culture;

Vultures, building nests from the breasts of forgotten soldiers;

That we toppled over; in a quest for greener pastures;

And we'll lose half the truth but what's even harder

A sacrifice, a lack of life, within a chalice;

With a fox in the bush claiming that he's fair and balanced

Economically we're lying in our bed made

Strangling ourselves with a noose full of red tape

Fundamentalists but we prefer purists

Committing sins with the guise that god made us do it

And the proof that we're our own biggest nemesis

We indirectly labeled our own Jesus a terrorist

Put on a global face with hate lines furrowing;

A colonial race won't waste time worrying

These people right; they're all interacting

And there's an equal effect for every one of their actions

The impact the bully; enacts on them truly

Properly sets policy as part of a passion

And the music continues; the tune of their sinews  
Rises and falls like the moves of fashion  
Steps up the wimpy kid with the sniveling nose  
He's got something to say, and so this is how it goes

I'm the Australian government personified  
Talk is cheap and it's easier to accept the lies  
We privatize health for; 9 to 5 helpers  
To assist the ideology to privatize Telstra  
We give with one hand, just to take with the other  
And that's why indirect taxes pay savings to mothers  
The aim of a governor to erect an effigy  
Cause a vote for a liar was a vote for G.S.T  
And that's me; I'm the guy taxing your property  
Cause who needs ethics when you carry the majority?  
A pawn on the chess board "playing with death"  
That's why G8 failed to erase third world debt  
A marionette our ocean's a pasture  
Our land just a farm for our colonial masters  
A toy soldier; a plastic miniature  
Signing off on Aussie policy with George Bushes signature  
  
These people right they begin to find the rhythm

The man watching them just continues to listen  
The wimp now fully done like the bully  
Completes and rejoins the rest of the children  
The movements that they're making attract attention  
And the sickly kid from before matches their presence  
He steps up, looking overly cautious  
And begins to move with the tune and the performance

I'm the global public but personified  
Talk is cheap so I seek to buy their lies  
I'm just hoping to breath; being our masses;  
Cause big business breathes out green house gasses  
Consumers part of a global economy  
Where private learning offers us a social lobotomy  
And the future is our children so the outcome is morbid  
Cause we've filled unlimited wants with limited resources  
If I look sick it's 'cause fears a disease  
Caught when you believe what you hear on T.V.  
We're spiritually dead; a commercial heritage  
Pacified by the lies that we're fed as a sedatives  
And our liberties, rights and if we live happily  
Depend on where we happen to reside geographically  
An illustration of the problems in democracy;

When government policies only reflect the minority

These people right, they're all moving around

And the strings on their limbs become a tune in the sound

And in the shadows stands a man with the hardness of interest

And the strings that he plucks are a part of his fingers

He's a predator, preying on these children;

And the worst of it is that they're paying him to listen

Erasing a tradition that's how he plays

Corrupting the truth and controlling their fate

The children dance within their innocence

None aware that his intentions are sinister

As the heart of the group starts to move away

He's the reason that their moves are made... and so the music fades

### **Poem 3: The man speaks**

Now it's a liberty; to have a freedom of speech,

And it's a liberty; to have a freedom of press

But what happens when those freedoms you preach

Are exactly the freedoms that leave you oppressed?

Now it's a liberty; to have a freedom of speech

And it's a liberty, to have a freedom of press

But what happens, when those freedoms you preach  
Are exactly the freedoms that leave you oppressed?

Now here's the truth but I'd advise you not listen;  
Reciting what we believe despite the contradictions  
To fight our opposition we cheat and lie equally  
We bleed and die equally but lead our lives more easily  
Corrupting your children our innocent drones;  
And would you let a set of pedophiles into your homes?  
(You wouldn't); we cause much of the damage;  
(You couldn't); even with corruptible standards  
The wonder of language; is that it's often uncertain  
And we can hide the truth well behind a popular curtain  
The loss of a burden forgetting its happening  
Commodify reality and sell it in a packaging

Here's the truth; and why you have to cop it  
Cause the people who could stop it are busy making a profit;  
And our lies defy logic and why we might often  
'Prey' on religion is 'cause the "truth" hurts 'prophets'  
We hate the Quran but haven't read it for truth  
Cause we removed half the story in the editing room  
And what we have left, is just something to please us

A binding of lies that doesn't even mention Jesus  
And what we hate most; are those who take note  
And refuse to aim the hatred we made at scapegoats  
We parade in plain clothes; forget that we wrote it  
If it was one of our friends who planted the explosives

Now it's a liberty; to have a freedom of speech,  
And it's a liberty; to have a freedom of press  
But what happens when those freedoms you preach  
Are exactly the freedoms that leave you oppressed?

Now it's a liberty; to have a freedom of speech  
And it's a liberty, to have a freedom of press  
But what happens, when those freedoms you preach  
Are exactly the freedoms that leave you oppressed?

**Poem 4: The Beginning of the end**

Now the things that you've just been told  
Took place in a world with a freedom of violence  
And while it might bring less gold  
It's still proof that we don't need to keep silent  
And in that place; we learnt it's our choosing;  
That grants others the powers of music;

And if they lose it, and we keep our innocence  
They can't gain bliss from out of our ignorance;

The earth shakes a landscape replaced;  
Gone in seven days now the handshake fades  
And the children now free dance for themselves  
Come a full circle so their hands are held

The sky itself now a cloth of black  
Faded night what we forgot we got back  
And below stands a man who;  
Wonders where his strength blew  
He sees freedom and wonders "what's that?"

We question his values (who was he?)  
And now we know to do the same things to life  
We lose our excuses (freedom)  
And we realise that we made him die

We saw truth in the eyes of these children;  
And the truth was that that gave us hope;  
And now we've gained the power listen  
And these things are no longer for show

So the sun sets a light on dying allegory

And grown now I conclude my story

And what you now know

Will never be silent... don't believe me? Find out for yourself!