

BECOMING HUMAN

by MARTIN FLETT

No Such Thing

The wrong side of the bed looked friendly today.
Turning over to an old leaf, 'cause the new one's just the same.
Stumble down hallways through the mess that we made
on all the evenings filled with promises we all knew we'd break.

And I swear this is the last time, I'll say that it's the last time.
I swear this is the last time, I'll say I'm doing fine.

It's just another morning, just another day,
as just another night slowly fades away.
I'm just another person, with just another thing to say,
this is just another song, about just another day.

Take a little time out, have another cup of tea,
while going through the motions of that old familiar routine.
Staring down the window of opportunity;
this broken record's on repeat on my MP3.

Welcome

Welcome to the end, now it's time to start again.
An endless lesson after lesson, hoping for some sign of progression.

Welcome to success, isn't that supposed to happen next?
There can be no second best, so take the fall or stand the test.

Easy come and easy go
when we're the ones in control.
Crash and burn, all we earn
still we're the ones who won't let go.

Welcome to obsession, running wild imagination,
in my own world of my creation; just a living roleplay-station.

Welcome to your life: the stakes are high as we roll the dice.
Welcome to your only chance, is it gonna make a difference?

Why Don't We?

Moments like this rarely come round,
and sometimes darkness finds us just when we think we can't be found.

This life is fleeting: just one second's chance.
And this heart is passion-seeking something in the distance.

So why don't you come along, enjoy the view?

There's a new sun rising on a brighter day,
and we've come so far now and seen so much along the way.

And I don't know just what we'll find;
maybe something new, maybe something undefined.

So why don't you come along, enjoy the ride?

And I believe things can change.
And I feel something strange going on
if we only dream, if we only try

So why don't you?
Why don't you and I?
Why oh why?

Each of us is given time, and every hour another line.
In the pages of my scrap book I want to say, "He gave it all he could."

So why don't you come along, take another look?

All those hopes, all those ideals;
ambitions laid to rest in pieces while we sleep.
We can keep running or we can hide,
we can choose to live or we can choose to let life die...

Become

Is this what we've become?
Pretentious fools, in this our paradise of pain,
waiting for their tears to flow and wash away the rain.

Is this what we've become?
Self-indulgent pleasure seekers, headlong rushing climate changers,
waiting for the flood to take us out to the desert to drown.

Are we just a smoking gun, fired at the tired Sun?
Is this what we've become? Is this what we've become?

Watch the hamster run around this house of fun;
Is this what we've become? Is this what we've become?

Is this what we've become?
Blameless victims of our own crimes, demanding vinegar as wine,
and others be available, to leave us alone.

Or is there more than catches the eye?
In another dimension might we have the wings to fly,
bring the good into sight?
Are we blind to some potential?
Some divinely elemental state of being?
Is there something else we should be seeing?

Horizon

Is it raining, and are Autumn leaves falling?
Tides are turning, seasons changing, but still this heart is breaking.

And love will come and love will go, but we remain in Faith and hope.
Contemplating, rearranging; life, evanescing, in waiting

How can it be that we're still here, so far from home?
We're clouded by fear, and there's so much we'll never know.
But we will go on believing in the Morning Sun,
This night will break and daylight waits on another horizon.

We abide breathing in time, with memories of a fragile mind.
Precious moments carried over an unknown ocean...

Wonder

There's a wonder in your eyes as I look at you tonight.
I wonder if you realise, and do you see through my disguise?

There's a wonder in your smile I haven't seen for a while,
and I think I recognise something inside.

If you could see what I can see,
this is how it's meant to be,
no more regrets, no second best to me.
So come on take my hand, this could be our only chance.
Together we will dance, together we will run,
so wonderful.

There's a wonder in your face, the definition of grace.
It never ceases to amaze, in so many ways.

I know it's hard sometimes,
and we don't always know the lines.
But maybe someday, in the back of your mind,
you might...

Broken promises

If this life is a story,
then this hero's let us down.
He never solved the mystery,
barely even started out.

I was gaining ground that was giving way,
then turning round to face darker days.
Falling down on capricious knees,
eager to please...me

An uphill struggle or a downhill slide;
emotional baggage on one hell of a ride.
History repeats, eternally written between crumpled sheets.
Those words still exist, somewhere spoken, in broken promises

Succubus' voices in tired eyes,
awake to the choices and secrets and lies.
I've had so many times and seen so much of life,
but is the grass green, or am I just naïve?

An uphill struggle or a downhill slide;
emotional baggage on one hell of a ride.
History repeats, but let's tear up the sheets.
Wiser and older, and nothing is over.

Serious (This time)

It's time to get a little serious,
sick of being so damn mysterious.
Please forgive a little introspection,
just making sense of my reflection

All the good memories fade away
in the shadows of regrets and mistakes.
So let's raise another hour-glass
to all the dreams that never came to pass.

This time it's over, this time I'm sure.
This time I'm broken, can't take anymore.

Life is what you make it, they say.
So who put all this shit in the clay?
There has to be another way;
give me a chance to start again.

Is this a terminal condition: a lonely man on a mission?
But You could lighten up my face with a single embrace...

This time it's over, this time I'm sure.
This time I'm broken, but this time I'm Yours...

Becoming Human

It was a simpler time, before reason, before rhyme.
Everything is lighter through the eyes of a child.

When did you get so wise? Looking at apocalyptic skies,
you fear the worst sometimes and wonder if the Sun will ever rise.

What have I become? Am I only human?
With everything I've done, after all, I'm only human.
What have I become? Just a Mother's Son?
All this experience...becoming human.

Is this all new ground? Or adulthood dreams from the lost and found?
Are we just making the best from everything we've left behind?

Sometimes there seems to be no answers to the mystery,
when you're clawing at your walls inside, and there's no light to find.

When You left Your heart here, did You know it would be broken apart?
Did You know how this would feel?
Is this what it's all about? Through this breaking are we breaking out?
Are we becoming, becoming more than 'only human'?

New Reality

Staring at the bottom of another broken half-full glass.
Pull me from the rubble of hope buried in the past.
Dust me down and bring me round in the morning,
I'll hit ground...

Running free, from my life-history,
remembered differently,
wake me, dreaming,

over this glass ceiling,
find me, and hide me, in new reality.

Another cup of coffee, fight alarms beside the bed – and in my head –
picture postcard faces keep the demons in their places...
But the walls are paper thin, and this veneer is cracking,
I'm close to giving in..

Sleep-walking, I can hear myself talking.
And underneath my skin, words begin crawling..

Running free, from my life-history,
remembered differently,
I'll be waking, dreaming,
over this glass ceiling,
find me, and hide me, in new reality.

Tomorrow (You Never Know)

Every love I've ever known was out of my league, out of my league.
And every wish I've ever missed was all that I'd need. You were all I'd
need.

And time can bring you down,
a man's home can be the loneliest place around.
And time can bring you down,
a man's heart is the loneliest place I've found.

I think of everything I've lost to those relationships and counted costs.
I think of all those things I can't forget, and some of those that haven't
happened yet.

And time can bring you down,
a man's skin can be the loneliest place around.
And time can bring you down,
a man's mind is the loneliest place I've found.

But we're still here,
and you never know whether tomorrow might wipe away those tears.
So keep on breathing, keep on believing,
'cause you never know just what tomorrow might bring.

You never know just what tomorrow might bring.