

Bamboozled

All around me
I feel beset,
I'd like to be strong,
brave, plucky
but it's quite a bit to ask.

A stars blows to bits,
the sun stands alone,
the wind is a hurricane;
where does it all come from?

The wheel turns too fast,
the skies are too dark,
too little laughter,
fear breaks the heart
of lamentation and charge.