

Prodigal

It was a dirt road to walk away
Laced with broken stones
Your plea to stay in my ears
But I've got no more wait in my bones

What's here is a prison
Life is waiting past the gate
No "Don't go, my son"
Will stop my will or fate

Give me what's mine, or don't
No more "you will" or "you won't"
Set me free and you'll see
The version I want to be

It was everything I thought
No cage in those days
Your limits dust settled
On ground far away

The lights were bright
And full of promise
But something behind them
Was easy to miss

Still, they gave me what was mine
When I was free in that me
Didn't see that I was paying for a life
I thought was complimentary

But then the lights went out
And no exit roads to be seen
Empty offers and silence only
With the pain that they bring

Sitting lost in my darkness
Amid the leavings and the sting
I see the demand to "give me mine"
Was a betrayal and the thing

That could and did define
Your loss and eventually mine
It caused me to arrive
At the end of the line

My old life behind your gate
Is now a beacon in the night

It's a direction to follow
A different kind of light

There is the fear, of course
That the way is closed to me
The lamps now warnings
Against that other me

Yet I make my way home
Until I can witness the gate
And hope there in front of it
I see you await