

780-1000
Inconclusive

The evidence laid out
Reality at stake
We all seem pretty sure
It's pretty hard to fake
The verdict coming in
The crowd begins to rise
But looking very deeply
The truth is always difficult to surmise

For

Inconclusive is the place
Where we admit that on its face
Things may seem to true and clear
But life is never so i fear
Inconclusive is the place
Where all is so without a trace
Of dreaded complexity
But from nuance we're never free

Let me explain

A child's acting out
A bully to be sure
And we decide with little doubt
That his motivation's pure
But do we know deep in his heart
Or from what events he made his start
Down a road that obvious seems
And with malevolence so teams
And looking back at every step
At each moment he's heard and seen
We understand that we can't know
What creates a man who's never been

Free of the past
For of course at last
None of us are

And so we judge, for it feels good to be sure