

499-1000

Madman

Who's the madman and can you tell me how we measure
Is it what who he wants to be, or what he tends to treasure
Is it that he doesn't care for others in this land
Or is it that he asks that we all do as he demands

Who's the madman and do we really know
What's to say that we are right, what evidence can we show
Perhaps we are all quite mad and he is really sane
Maybe we choose who we are, self-interests all our gain

Who is the madman, can you tell me what that means
Is it anyone out there who thrives when he demeans
Or is it simply another narrative like so many others
Why is it we judge the actions of our sisters and our brothers

I dance around the maypole and my hair is long and gray
I'm certain he's a madman some behind my back will say
Yet my heart is pretty pure, the love i give quite real
Perhaps that makes me maddest of all, for love is so surreal

Who is the madman, and how did we all get here
I would say the madman is the one who deals in fear
The one who derives pleasure from others pain and sorrow
The one who cares not about anyone's tomorrow

I know it is a construct, subjective to the core
I know that my opinion is part of my folklore
But anyone who smiles when the world is turning bad
Must be held to some account, for he may indeed be mad