

260-1000  
Thundering in my ear

The sound of consternation resounds thundering in my ear  
It's a noise that leaves me trembling in an irrational fear  
The thought of disapproval sends me whirling in a haze  
At 54 I know this filter is no longer just a phase

The sound of angry voices makes it hard for me to think  
I may still believe in what i know but from rage i tend to shrink  
Some say this is healthy, we should treat others with respect  
But my problem with your anger is not about being correct

When you tell me i've done wrong i hear you think i'm bad  
My character's been fragile since i was but a small lad  
I understand my thinking does not reflect what is real  
But it's hard to monitor each moment how i tend to feel

This is why i wish that i had money i could burn  
Then all your disagreement with me i could duly spurn  
So what if you found me a repulsive sycophant  
Or if you roll your eyes at me each time i start to rant

I'd still have the power and could purchase peace of mind  
The entirety of life would be a moment to unwind  
And when you boomed your criticisms i wouldn't even hear  
A king you see cares not for who is thundering in his ear