



Do you think that you know  
Who I am, what I feel  
Just because we spend so much  
Time together  
How do you know that you  
Are seeing me  
And not just seeing us  
Don't call me an iconoclast  
just because I don't  
believe in any  
color-by-numbers philosophies  
You may call me a cynic  
but I feel my karma  
is too valuable to invest  
in fly-by-night dogmas  
If I can't see it, hear it  
feel it, smell it, than  
it just doesn't fit  
in my mythology  
Granted, I have co-opted  
the features I most  
like from the other  
sects  
Muses figure prominently  
in this  
but then, muses always do  
You may be my muse  
But that gives you little

Purchase upon my soul  
I thought that muses allowed  
us to see ourselves  
not the other way around  
So if you want to know me  
Take me as your muse  
Or take off your shades  
And read the pain in my eyes  
I didn't put it there  
Just for you  
It resonates for me, too