

## I'm On the Outside Looking In (Ever Wonder What You'd See?)

A silence in the world around as belltones ring in lofty planes,  
A comfort lost and never found. An emptiness I can't replace  
A feeling I can't seem to face, brings to mind the many pains.  
A longing fills me to erase that sweet celestial sound.

A bitter wind swoops through the air as I sit in dark suspension,  
Only me with no one there. As I look into the sky  
I see a plane go flying by and feel a loss of straining tension.  
A person flying up so high wants not for wish or prayer.

I glance up to the belltower and listen to the final chimes,  
As the clock moves past the hour. What if that duty could be mine?  
Could that fire in me still shine? Or must it fade out through the times?  
At some point is drawn a line which brings a weakness to the power.

The people start to stream from the gates which guard belief,  
As my thoughts float like a dream. The path of faith a boundless leap  
Impassable by mindless sheep I remember with relief.  
A bounty they will never reap which once was small but now's a ream.

And finally the last of them departs from welcome heat,  
Which I embrace like a gem. The lights have become dimmer  
As the still lit candles shimmer and I remain on my feet.  
A golden ornamental glimmer used both to save and to condemn.

And in resting for a while I begin to reminisce of old,  
As footsteps saunter down the aisle. I turn my head around to see  
A man slowly approaching me who also had been in the cold.  
And as he stopped he took a knee, and glanced back with a smile.

I stood behind him in a pew as he began to pray,  
Of which I still remember few. His sincere tone was shocking  
As I had expected mocking from one so far astray.  
A soul so far through living which sounded altogether new.

And though now fully warm I took a moment 'fore I went,  
Out back into the storm. A man whose heart had found it's place  
Who could look into his own face with thoughts assuring his ascent.  
I turn and out the doors retrace the footsteps I had ceased to norm.

As the doors shut out the light the cold wind keeps on blowing,  
While I walk into the night. The shops around are dark  
As the carolers sing "Hark", and I continue going.  
They have left their mark upon the landscape of my sight.

The snow piled on the side keeps road clear for the late,  
While I seek only to hide. The fathers, mothers racing home  
To children sleeping all alone on this so joyous date.  
And in this town in which I roam all the others are inside.

My strolling stops as clouds depart from their canvas of the sky,  
And now the stars begin to start. A twinkling of a far, lone star  
Shines on from distance far and winks at me as I pass by.  
The light impresses like a scar on man's ever-wounded heart.

And as I pass a window a glance of family by the fire,  
Graces me as if by chance. A family there in residence  
Brought as by coincidence, a summary of man's desire.  
For every person wishes to be accepted through and through.

So I'm on the outside looking in waiting for the dawn of day,  
Who's to say that is my sin? If only they could understand  
It was never this way planned, a loan I never wished to pay.

Ever wonder what you'd see from that window in the cold,  
If you could look at it like me? A feeling of detachment brought  
By the knowledge you have sought, and now the bell has finally tolled.