

Poetry Series

**Matthias Pantaleon**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2015

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Matthias Pantaleon(August 24,1984)

Matthias Pantaleon (born 24 August,1984) is a Nigerian poet, playwright and lyricist. He embraced the whole sphere of contemporary studies and distinguished himself as a man of letters.

# Abiodun

We'll meet again, sometime in the future  
I hope to see you grow more flesh on the cheek  
We'll reminisce, discussing popular culture  
I hope you find in abundant, the good you seek

No termite will eat from your basket of harvest  
Your field will know no drought in dry season  
No tyrant will lord over you, not even the fiercest  
Your field will be green beyond comparison

They'll watch you bloom those who seek your ruin  
Heaven saves; you'll be immune from untimely end  
They'll show hate, whereas their fate will rot like coin  
Heaven sake, do not hate your enemies, don't intend

Riches born of Heaven are yours for keep  
Malice born of jealousy are theirs to steep

Matthias Pantaleon

# Andoni Islands

As the wind blows toward to my homeland  
my heart melt a thousand times  
From afar I could hear the waves  
whispering on the river bank

Sun smiles more beautiful on water surface  
Blue sky merge where earth meets heaven  
Palms sway this way and that  
Homeland is greener than ever

The pulse of my heart increases  
As I draw closer to the shore  
This is home to many sons afar  
Sons who may never see their motherland

As I thought of sons who have fallen  
in distant land tears pour plentiful  
How foolish we are to think  
We will ever be happy in strange land

Here I am in the grip of my mother  
The embrace of my father  
The kiss of my grandma  
The pat of grandpa speaks volume

I feel the love in the air  
Felt the warm in the people  
Saw the care in their eyes  
And I vow never to leave home

Matthias Pantaleon

# Andoni On My Mind

Home is in the mind  
We never truly forget home  
Though we prosper outside her shores  
Home will always be endeared

The beauty of being a tourist  
Is that we know where we came from  
Serene isle, surrounded by lush green  
Mangrove compliments our view

We never lost sight of her seascape  
Men never truly forget the creek  
That leads to their father's hut  
Home summaries our sojourn

East or north, this ship is homebound  
West or south, home is closer to the heart

Matthias Pantaleon

# Andoni: The Nativity

There are times when I feel emotional  
About my nativity and I think of home  
I've cross too many rivers to be irrational  
About my home but I think it's awesome

Many sons journey into the west  
In search of honey and green pasture  
They travel deep into the forest  
With nothing to protect their stature

Alas we leave our prints in the sand  
Where there was thirst we found Krest  
Fortune favours us in this strange land  
We are homebound with our treasure chest

This lonely path will remember our name  
Because we teach her how to handle fame

Matthias Pantaleon

# Change

Change is the clarion call, we desire most  
The change is here the mask remain the same  
Three masquerades with nine heads and one eye  
Siege with complexities, blur vision, short sighted

The change is here the mask remain the same  
Dancers with weak limbs and unresponsive neuron  
Who dare call a spade a spade risk being pierced  
I risk it, subtract one from five lines to get a stanza

Dancers with weak limbs and unresponsive neuron  
They neither change steps nor follow the band leader  
A troupe of sorcerers experimenting with old magic  
They dominate the dance floor with tired achy feet

They neither change steps nor follow the band leader  
With every step forward they pull us down the ladder

Matthias Pantaleon

# Childhood

Peeping through the window of life  
I figured how happy we use to be  
As children playing naked in the rain  
The pebbles of raindrop does magic to our psychic  
Who dares to hold grudge  
Childhood is full of innocence and profound memories  
The good hearted friends we had  
Times we shared which will never return  
The Little troubles we stirred,  
Empty errands we run for ourselves with childish glee  
And of course, bedtime stories and poems  
As the years go by,  
Childhood remains the one moment that stands out  
With time, men will always make reference to their childhood

Matthias Pantaleon



# Chiquitita

I hope to see you sometime soon  
Try not to miss me too much  
I hope you still wish upon the moon  
Times are so tough without your touch

I will send you roses in december  
A gardenful of sweet smelling firefighter  
I'll have them deliver to your bedchamber  
Hopefully they will blossom in water

A day will come when I don't  
Have to leave you for the world  
You should know that I wouldn't  
Trade your love for all the gold

Chiquitita is verse in my favourite song  
Like the resonant of a fine Africa gong

Matthias Pantaleon

# Cockroaches

They arrived in different attires  
Each symbolising enormous corruption  
Pot belly, overweight with titles  
They have become an institution

With scholars who will never graduate  
Their arrivals is greeted with siren  
A bunch of never-do-well and ingrate  
Who'll stop at nothing to maim the wren

From afar, they form a parallel line  
Drawing close, I see where it curves  
Into the arena with under laid pipeline  
They sell their conscience for a few loaves

The consequence of our actions will last the night  
While silence spreads dark cloud over our plight

Matthias Pantaleon

# Come A Little Closer

Don't judge from afar, come a little closer  
And you will be amazed by my sweetness  
Don't worry about tomorrow it'll be brighter  
One day at a time life is full of freshness

Don't be bothered, come a little closer  
Life is too short to worry all night-long  
Don't listen to his malice, he is a loser  
Love, to him hurts, so he makes hate-song

Don't cry in the rain, come a little closer  
My arms are wide open to you anytime  
Don't be too sober, it will only get better  
Take a chance, life is a lottery sometime

Don't envy them; you've a soul of your own  
They can only show off; just don't look down

Matthias Pantaleon

# Do They Dare To Care

So many times I woke at night  
Afraid of what life has become  
I'm worried if I'll ever see the light  
So I can find my way home

I'm not concerned with their tale  
Their truth is coated with thinner  
Don't be deceived by their smile  
They don't care about you either

Who do you know that care  
Many men fall by the roadside  
No mercy, all they do is stare  
While we rot in the countryside

We swung around our eyes twinkling  
But nemesis is a shameless weakling

Matthias Pantaleon

# Every Legend Has A Beginning

When we were boys we acted like one  
People call us names behind our back  
We were silly but we don't throw stone  
And the girls, they love our six-pack

When we turn adults we acted like one  
People who know us as boys don't argue  
With us; they're afraid we'll throw stone  
And our wives, they love us like sky-blue

When we became elders we acted like one  
People consult us; we give them advice heartily  
When they ask for bread we don't give stone  
And our grandchildren, they love our pot-belly

When we die which we all know is inevitable  
People will refer to us as the most-venerable

Matthias Pantaleon

# For The Love Of Christ

Learn to say the impossible - you are forgiven  
Don't let grudges ruin your live, you only got one  
Apply the sixth sense - they have got only five  
Do the unthinkable, outlived their lies with truth

Remittuntur tibi - you are forgiven  
Pro amore Christus - for the love of Christ  
Remittuntur tibi - you are forgiven  
Pro amore Christus - for the love of Christ

I understand their eyes drips with burning hatred  
You got to put out their flames with sprinkle of love  
Tame nicely, the monster that lures in your heart  
Heal the world of hate - for the love of Christ

Life is a prayer, it keeps us on our kneels  
With closed eyes and a open heart to our enemies

Matthias Pantaleon

# Forever August

If you wait for me you will meet death alone  
Because I will never be caught dying with you  
Keep moving, don't look behind your shoulders  
There is nothing behind you, but mere shadows

Don't tell anyone I had been with you lately  
They'd never believe a single word you breathe  
Don't try to convince them, they'll get infuriated  
Wipe off your sheepish grin and follow your heart

Don't stop listening to your heart - not once  
If you do, your heart will stop beating forever  
But you'll not die anyway, you'll stop existing  
Like the shadows behind you, you'll diminish

And if you wait for me you will meet death alone  
I'm forever August, I'll never be caught dying with you

Matthias Pantaleon

# Friday's Child

I was born at night tall like swagger cane  
A Friday's child - delivered with muse  
That was fortunate enough for my parents  
Oral poetry poured plentiful in the morning

That's what Saturdays are good for  
Teachers worn their loincloth lose  
As wine and fish soup flowed at ease  
While farmers set out to burn in the sun

Now you'll understand why I chose not to be  
a Saturday's child, I dread to be a farmer  
Heavy drinking may not be my fate as well  
It sure sets the mood right for what's right

I took sides with either of the two vices  
I pitched my tent where grace and virtues lies

Matthias Pantaleon



# Friendship

It's been a long time anybody fuss over me  
They have got issues of their own anyway  
I think we are too busy to chat as old time  
That is the problem with friendship today

Back in the days we were closer than these  
We use to appreciate the quality times spend  
Together, we were young and free like geese  
Without fear we do it all; we don't suspend

As the years go by, we love each other less  
We don't even stop over; we were too busy  
Distant has put distrust in our heart like illness  
Even on the phone; we became very bossy

Now we're old and as I think of our childhood  
They bring happy memories of our boyhood

Matthias Pantaleon

# God Watches The Sleeping Child

There is no such thing as morning star  
Stars are beauties of the night  
The eyes with which God watches the sleeping child  
Don't tell me you know when you know not  
Say you don't know when you actually know  
The stars know a lot of secrets  
Yet, they twinkle at us, with lots of innocence  
I remember, as a child, I use to call them beautiful  
Shame! They're not as beautiful in words  
As they are in my soul in my heart  
I see them as the eyes of God  
Watching the sleeping child

Matthias Pantaleon

# Haiku

Time tickles into the night  
My heart wrinkles like the old anchor  
History dwindles, fade into oblivion

Matthias Pantaleon

# Humility Is A Virtue

Heaven bestowed upon thee good grace  
A fortress to house your priced treasury  
That you may strive with legendary pace  
Your enemies will be sore with injury

Prudence is divine, folly is eternal  
Foolish tongues will be plucked in closed-ends  
Stripped yourself of pride, humility is cardinal  
Keep about your wits; it's slippery where it bends

Foolish choices are easy to come by  
Because men are in a haste to pass judgment  
In the end, they're shamed like passerby  
Justice is poisoned by sentiment

Their arrogance makes us ill and we groan  
It wouldn't be long before they're bemoan

Matthias Pantaleon

# Ida Obolo

See what we have done to earth  
Can't you hear the widows scream  
See what greed have done to men  
Can't you see the mutilated corpses

What have we done to mother earth  
I see the rivers overflow with toxic waste  
What have we done to the creed we pledge  
I see dead bodies decay in the farmlands

Who will account for the Odi massacre  
How many more lives will lay waste in the creeks  
Who will account for the genocide in Jos  
How many more death before Armageddon reign

Where is Mudiaga, tell him to light me a touch  
I cannot see from here, not with all the crouch

Matthias Pantaleon

# John

They said you are wealthy now  
Some said you rewrite your story  
I'm not surprise; it's the seed you sow  
You deserve it John, you made history

I tried to reach you last night  
But I never make it pass the gate  
The guard sees through my plight  
I was scorn like a child with ill fate

I'm miserable; where nightfall  
Meets me, I sprawl and lay  
I cannot do otherwise lest I fall  
Into a dungeon and be slay

John, I hope to see the world like a slog  
If I fall don't let them bury me like a dog

Matthias Pantaleon

# Lagos

The city of dreams  
Sparkling aura with awe  
Ilu ti ina wa - city of light  
Little bubbles of gold in the sun

They follow our lead  
They are too blind to see  
They try - there is no contest  
They make fuss - we make the buzz

Standing atop the pinnacles  
There is no glory to share  
Who dare throw stones  
There is no foe to spare

Lagos - my city never sleeps  
Because nightmares besiege sleeping cities

Matthias Pantaleon

# Leave Good Behind

It doesn't really matter the colour  
Of your blood, if it's made of pink  
It doesn't matter if you've valour  
Made of bricks, or a mixture of ink

When you walk away; leave good behind  
Many people will hate you for no reason  
Be sweet; let them breath love in the wind  
Liberate them from hate; life is a prison

You don't have to fight your enemies  
Their conscience will judge them anyway  
Don't forget those you call families  
Life is like airstrip with broken runway

Remember to spread a little cheer  
Life is an aircraft with little steer

Matthias Pantaleon



# Life At Thirty

At thirty I look at the world differently  
I have fewer friends, thousands of fears  
I envy my childhood even more  
Wish I could take off some years

Here I am, dreams turn cold  
New aspirations to keep me warm  
A son to protect, a woman to love  
Aged parents to care for

At thirty am surrounded with sixty obstacles  
Each takes its toil on me  
And even though i was born strong  
I think the load is not proportional

Here I am, thirty feels sticky  
Looking back  
All I see is my childhood smile  
The future seems to frown at me

At thirty I don't feel older  
Because my son looks younger  
I can't tell him all my story  
He should write his memoir

Here I am, no one to talk to  
The walls are tired to listening  
The tongue can tell no more  
The spirit wouldn't stay quiet

At thirty I feel like a rockstar  
Though the rock is taller than me  
Thirty feels like a milestone  
The miles ahead feels like stumbling block  
-Poet Laureate

Matthias Pantaleon

# Misunderstood

Nightfall - how much oil is left in the lantern  
Hurry; let's strive for eternal light of peace  
Else, we'll walk the night in the same pattern  
As men who lack the pedigree to set a pace

A people bound with lies and bloodguiltiness  
Their tongue is synonymous with falsehood  
All the chanting and re-echo lack tidiness  
We're short sighted, there is no brotherhood

In the end, we will be the surest victim  
Nothing that we know will survive the night  
Only the fist of death coming in seriatim  
Without gainsay, we will add to our plight

In the onset, we misunderstood ourselves  
Posterity will remember us as toothless wolves

Matthias Pantaleon

# Ninety Nine Problems

Have you heard about the man  
With ninety nine problems  
He survives the many demean  
And delicately tugged the emblems

Have you heard about the man  
With the countless tale of woes  
He pulls each string with mean  
Now he lives free without foes

Have you heard about the man  
With paranoid and identity crisis  
He has learn to live without bemoan  
In the desert of life he finds oasis

The wisdom of the poor the rich call rubbish  
Here, they reign among kings without blemish

Matthias Pantaleon

# No Throne

On the other side of the hill awaits vengeance  
Men who strive tirelessly to multiply in iniquity  
Will be squeezed and whip for such impudence  
All the fortune we acquire amount to vanity

Nothing that we hold dearly will ever count  
Not even the figment of our own intelligence  
Can imagine the sphere of fear that mount  
The heart of kings for their indifference

The law will be hold accountable for leading  
Citizens astray, whereas, those who made  
The law will not be shade from the intruding  
Darkness whose fate they'll share and fade

In the end, no throne will survive the night  
Except for the one approved of Heaven in its light

Matthias Pantaleon

# Noble Nonsense

Don't save the day to die instead  
Your effort will be mistaken for folly  
While they take the glory instead

'Seventy boos to a fool at seventy  
Portfolio leader with no clear-cut vision  
These men are crippled in the spirit'

You are fortunate to wear gold bracelet  
Riding on other peoples sweat to limelight  
Don't make mockery of my rubber bangles

'Seventy boos to a fool at seventy  
Portfolio leader with no clear-cut vision  
These men are crippled in the spirit'

Lame ducks are fond of lazy piglets  
Together they make the pond swim  
Not without stirring a little feud

'Seventy boos to a fool at seventy  
Portfolio leader with no clear-cut vision  
These men are crippled in the spirit'

Leaders of culture with moral issues  
They make inflations to amassed wealth  
Who dare question their nobility

'Seventy boos to a fool at seventy  
Portfolio leader with no clear-cut vision  
These men are crippled in the spirit'

Before our time is up and done  
We will pee down on your grave  
A ritual to take you straight to abyss

'Seventy boos to a fool at seventy  
Portfolio leader with no clear-cut vision  
These men are crippled in the spirit'

Matthias Pantaleon

# Petite Amie

A flawless piece of monument  
Radiant like a sparkling white bonnet  
She seized the shine for the moment  
Soft girly smile like Aja Monet

She got me filled with excitement  
In the pen it's called heart magnet  
The type that left you in astonishment  
I got my hands sterilise in muse cabinet

So, I could put down a few statement  
Maybe a line from my favourite sonnet  
To melt her heart and end this segment  
Together we'll reign, Lady and Baronet

If we come under attack, she'll be the cornet  
I'll protect the flanks of our cavalry like hornet

Matthias Pantaleon

# Poetry

Poetry is more than words  
It's the art of expression  
Poetry is rhyme and chords  
It's an artistic impression

Poetry is an untold story  
It's a path with many turn  
Poetry is a natural theory  
It's a field with much thorn

Poetry is a self-discovery art  
It's the witty length  
Poetry is a self-explanatory chart  
It's the untailed width

Poetry is the soul spoken word  
It's the beat in each chord

Matthias Pantaleon



# Remember Me

Sally, do you still remember  
When we use to play in the open field  
We dream of daylight and breathe life  
There is no fear in our world then

Sally, do you still remember  
How we use to fight over little things  
You were a little older than me anyway  
I can't forget our little quarrels either

Sally, do you still remember  
Tom and Peter, I heard they died  
They wanted to be Doctors, they died  
Before living the dream, do you still dream

Sally, do you still remember me  
Because I think of you always

Matthias Pantaleon

# Sarah

I heard you lost your hubby  
They said he was a jolly fellow  
I heard you cry in the lobby  
It must be hard on weeping willow

You thought me how to mend sonnet  
Here is a sonnet to mend your heart  
You make me write poems like Monet  
Here is a poem for your over laden cart

Sometimes I wonder what life  
Would have been without death  
Life is a journey with much strife  
I hope you still think of Kath

I heard she died in the hands of her beloved  
It's a lonely world Sarah, we pray be loved

Matthias Pantaleon

# Set Fire To The Rain

I see the twist in our path  
There is just one shadow in the darkness  
I see you standing in the rain  
There is nothing more to talk about us

Morning sun will bury our shadows  
We will dwindle like fading memories  
Morning dew will frown at our flowers  
We will never be famous like the sun

There will be no much tale about us  
All them memories will burn with time  
There will be no rain to put out the fire  
All that exist will come to a abrupt end

We put knives to the thread that hold the centre  
We will have the fortitude to regret hereafter

Matthias Pantaleon

# Shadows With Steep Sides

All the people I see are blind to the reality  
All the good in the world, they still can't see  
All the evil that's not they still fear shadows  
All the fuss about what's not and narrow ends

They have got plenty of words to describe evil  
They have got no spine to stand up like real men  
They have got plenty of time to make complain  
They have got no balls to die for what they belief

There is no perfect cure to our headaches  
There is no headache without a cure if we try  
There is no evil without source from around us  
There is no humanity without a trait of evil

We are all the hands we need in this world  
We are the shadows with steep sides, waging wars

Matthias Pantaleon

# Social Leper

She dares us to live her dream  
Though society calls her social leper  
She was scorned in the team  
Every day they heap blame on her

She was blameless in every sense  
Society is so determine to ruin her  
Dream, so they broke her defense  
Against all odd she stoops to conquer

She was like a cat with nine lives  
Each time they break her code  
She stays down only to strives  
Her legend deserves a Rhapsode

She died living her dream and nice  
Though nobody gave her the chance

Matthias Pantaleon

# Spank The Child

I speak of the truth most frankly  
Like a nursing mother speaks of care  
It beats my imagination most honestly  
Why men tell lies or even dare

Truth is soothing like morning sun  
It hurts listening to a lying tongue  
Truth is reassuring, telling one can be fun  
Blue is the tongue that tell lies, forever be glue

Spank the child to speak honestly  
He mustn't share the fate of his ancestors  
Let him learn of the future presently  
And pave way for his successors

Our ears will be open to their cries  
If our tongue remain dark with lies

Matthias Pantaleon

# Sunbeam And Butterflies

Do away with darkness, the earth needs light  
Shine your light, let brightness take over the  
earth, we cannot continue to wallow in the night  
whereas morning is full of sunbeam and butterflies

Look up; over there, can you see the sun rise  
across those mountains, that is mother Africa.  
The wind is warm and a little carefree today, it's  
free from the nervousness of the previous night

The obstacle is no more we can see home from here  
There is no shadow trailing behind, only south wind  
Giggling and whispering lullaby of old into our ears.  
Away with dark clouds, they held us back for too long

Over there is a yellow sun, a sign of a new dawn  
In the end... It reminds us of why we are here

Matthias Pantaleon

# Take Back The Hate

Don't rise too early Amadou  
I think you are being foolish  
The dew of life will soak you  
Take back the hate it's childish

We may not see tomorrow  
That's a reality to deal with  
Men are nothing but shadow  
We are ashtray without width

Every night I see their face  
The men who died in battlefield  
Death is slow with fast pace  
I wonder if we'll ever be shield

Some things are never truly forgotten  
Graveyard suffice them than alive and rotten

Matthias Pantaleon



# The End

It's night and the cloud is heavy with storm  
Rain will be here soon, my mother hurriedly  
Put away the chickens in their wooden castle  
An a few baskets to trap water for tomorrow

The first pebbles drop, hitting the rooftop  
Like nuts and bolts from the mechanic village  
We rejoice as Heaven empties her stream  
And it rains plentiful filling seven big baskets

Then, the hissing starts from a near distance  
Our windows clap to the rhythm of the wind  
Then the quarrelling begins, the wind wouldn't  
Stop hitting our windows and damaging three

Why didn't you shut the windows? My father screamed!  
That's the end, he said no more, we slept in the cold

Matthias Pantaleon

# The Old Harbour

I do not want your boat close to here  
Anchor them away from the harbour  
Sail away, far from here, go somewhere  
You have been but a noisy neighbour

I hope to shut down my heart to you  
When it's too much for you to bear  
Then we can talk but certainly not thou  
I never see you have enough to tear

Do not be wishful of your old tricks  
If you will not move you boat from hence  
There will be consequence that sticks  
I will not hesitate to keep my distance

Stay away from this old harbour of mine  
Lest they quench the light in your shine

Matthias Pantaleon

# The Saga Continues

Blood on the street;  
The man who cast the first stone  
was discharged and acquainted  
While passersby were jailed

Cabal in the chambers;  
Making treacherous remarks  
Lady Justitia is not only shortsighted  
The silence of her treachery is deafening

Customise looting spree;  
Men of means are pardon of their sins  
While men of straw burn in hell  
A cleansing ritual to appease angry gods

Two mad men fighting without cause  
One is protected with immunity clause

Matthias Pantaleon

# The Sonnet

Dear brother, sister, can you see the light  
Or is it only darkness you can view  
A wretched ship that sails into the night  
With only ghosts aboard to serve as crew  
Each time you wish me ill or show your hate  
I'll love you more by gift of God's own grace  
And gain the riches born of future's fate  
While you will simply add to your disgrace  
My mind will flourish like abiding sea  
While yours will darken like the deepest night  
For I will find the fortune meant for me  
While hatred keeps you from enduring light

The seeds you sow have prices that are steep  
When rotten fruit is all that you will reap

Matthias Pantaleon

# The Unusual Sonnet

West have everything I need  
Why go north and break a leg  
When I can easily sow a seed  
And reap a basket of nutmeg

South is home to many sailors  
Home to my maternal uncles - good men  
Who care for me like old tailors  
They weather the storm for me - good omen

A sign that I will wake early enough  
For breakfast and fall asleep with no care  
They make it easy; I've nothing tough  
Not a single gossip from east, nobody dare

I will not strike a foot against a stone  
If I do, they'll leave no stone unturn - not even one

Matthias Pantaleon

# Their Eyes Were Watching God

The innocence of childhood,  
The joy of motherhood; the pride of fatherhood,  
Consumed in the peace of the night  
In one night, death comes to them, naked and unprepared  
They screamed! Running here and there, helpless,  
Like a toad in a pond of boiling water  
Some meet death with open eyes  
Others were massacred beyond eyesore  
Life is cruel to the peasants' farmers  
Men who earn their living without con  
How unfair life had cheated them  
In the peace of the night, sleep was murdered,  
Death comes to them naked and unprepared  
But, their eyes were watching God

Matthias Pantaleon

# They Don'T Care About Us

Everyone I know is in haste  
The world is dying out of neglect  
Plough by racist and their hate  
We are in dare need of intellect

Who do you know that care  
Everybody is in it for a goal  
I know of nobody who dare  
They live for the gold or coal

Shame to terrorists and their allies  
What do they really know anyway  
Political chieftains are full of lies  
They wage unholy war Someway

Nemesis will catch up on them  
Whereas history will uproot their stem

Matthias Pantaleon

## Three Wise Men

And they sit on the floor of the shore  
The wind tosses soft tides towards them  
Some have their legs buried beneath waters  
Ankles deep, they smile at everything

Reminiscing of their youthful days  
They have been terrific as country boys  
Fortune and necessities took them away  
While there, they grow old with time

Now, age have brought them home  
Home is where you return to at will  
And they accept you without grumbling  
Time steals all that we have except home

So they sit, quietly, each lost in his thought  
And the wind makes fuss of their white hairs

Matthias Pantaleon



# Victory Comes In The Morning

I've been in the cage for too long  
They really don't care how I feel  
I'm a bird without a sombre song  
They don't care if we burn and peel

Every day I look forward to freedom  
They cannot embrace my victory  
Every day I limp forward to stardom  
They cannot rewrite my story

I am a composition they cannot edit  
They can try but they can't stop me  
I am a success; I give God the credit  
They can try but they can't stop time

They can lock me away with indignity  
They cannot chain my spirit for eternity

Matthias Pantaleon

# Vote Of Thanks

To the poachers from whose claw I escaped  
I'm thankful with a kindness that is sweaty  
To the hordes of hades who had my pride raped  
You are without stain, a neatness that is cruelty

I would be blamed if I fail to give names  
Good men who'll spare a snake to kill the pursuers  
Then they will kill the snake with blames  
Fair and unbiased, they will make good sorcerers

The last and most merciful of them all is none  
None grieved me severely with tens of afflictions  
And a whip to drag me from hell to killing zone  
Their mercies compound all of my complications

Vote of thanks to Philgonard - the lame duck  
Who thinks he can ride a wild horse by luck

Matthias Pantaleon

# We Love You Michael

I think I can afford to keep a secret  
Or two in the womb of my verses  
You need not worry about their malice  
Or the strength of their allies

You need to see how lies curl upon their lips  
These guys know how to stir controversies  
But, don't worry about their pile of pranks  
They've got a heart of stone to worry about

Hundred years from now, you'll still be loved  
They will perish with undigested grudge  
Time will restore all that is rightfully yours  
Their smirking cannot change your smile

Michael, You need not worry a thing  
Faith has proven handy where fate fails

Matthias Pantaleon

# When The Head Is Rotten

Can you hear yourself speak, my prince  
Suddenly your tongue had buried its head  
You sell your conscience for a miserable price  
Maybe it's for the right price, still, it's unheard

Very unlikely that a man of your standing  
Can descend so low, lowly than a pauper  
To enter into such terms all for a rotten shilling  
Your actions call for bad blood and distemper

You earned yourself some forbearance  
Do yourself good to eat your own words  
Force it down your throat or fortified your defence  
The people's wrath will match your swords

Chances are slim if you hope to escape  
There'll be scouts scattered in the landscape

Matthias Pantaleon

# William

I have stop dreaming since  
The day you went away  
I think of you like science  
The theories has all sway

Do you still have good ears  
Can you hear me from above  
Do you feel the pain in my tears  
Can you smile back with love

I can't truly forget your smile  
You're the friend of my youth  
I still see your face in the mile  
Like butterflies heading south

William, do you still scream in your dream  
Because I still hear you scream in the team

Matthias Pantaleon