

Poetry Series

William Mowell
- poems -



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William Mowell(02/23/1985)

I'm an average joe. I like to party, go to movies, concerts, & other social events. My poetry comes from everything from personal experience to something I heard on the news, and even dreams I have.

I started writing to pass the time and it was something I enjoyed. I never thought I would help people with my words, but I have had many people email me and thank me for my writing and how it helped them through tough times.



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At The Midnight Hour (The Souls Of Man)

At the midnight hour
To hell the souls of men
Sharpshooters at the devils tower
Snipe the innocents shins

Fire & brimstone consume their souls
No longer to be called men
Their skin black as coal
Burnt from limb to limb

They could not escape their fate
As the devil sits and laughs
The hour of reckoning too late
Into the lake of fire they are cast

Zombies, living dead, or ghouls
Call them what you may
Those who fight are only fools
Your soul is the price you pay

Hero's will fall and more will rise
Craving the flesh of man
Left are only maggots and flies
No green grass only sand

William Mowell

Crucified (Neither Saint Or Fiend)

Crucified for bullshit lies
Sent to hell for all eternity
Angels moan and the lover cries
Didn't live up to a burial at sea

Lived his life neither good nor bad
He lived in the in between
Now his wife lives alone and sad
He was neither saint nor fiend

Lowered into the ground below
In a box thats made of pine
As the dirt they start to throw
they set up a semi-fitting shrine

Forever to rot in the ground below
Never to roam the earthly realm again
Sins and sacrifices forever to sow
The endless battle never to win

William Mowell

Whiskey Suicide

Whiskey can't kill the memories
Bourbon wont ease the pain
Rum doesn't care who you please
Jack and jill wont bring you fame

Drinking wont cure your cancer
Smoking can't make you younger
Getting high wont win her
The truth will make you wonder

Love and mistakes live on
Even when the memory dies
Substances wont stop her being gone
Even if the alcohol lies

Drugs and addiction take hold
After leaving you without a life
The crutch will be there till you're old
Unless you cut it out with your knife

Suicide isn't the answer
But if you do, do it right
Don't loose your life over a girl
Instead search for your own light

William Mowell

Random Ramblings Of A Mad Man

Six foot box, exiled in Lake City
Head hung low and feelin' shitty
Nothing around but empty space
The air is stale, the air I can taste
I'm tired of this Lake City livin'
I've done all of my givin'
Missin' the big city lights
This small town really bites

Short and quick rhymes
This shit I haven't the time
I should be in bed sleeping
But still I sit listenin' to iTunes
I should be bent down weeping
I'm just running on fumes

Why ain't I mad
I really should be angry
The closest emotion is sad
My friends set me free
It's 1 in the morning, shit
I can't get this off my mind
I'm sorry for that night I got lit
Forgiveness I guess they can't find

I guess forgiveness is easier for me
I forgave alot of shit in my past
Desperation I wish they could see
My friends I hope it's not the last
Tragedy leads to the pen
Or in this case the keyboard
Bridges I hope I can mend
As I cry out to the Lord

I end up fucking it all up
Without even knowing it
How'd I wind up fucked
Who poured all this shit
Some days are good, some bad

But they all lead to a final ending
You may end up happy, mad, or sad
But nothing is left pending

A picture of a happier finale
But I'm looking at an alternate ending
And the votes they can't tally
Because the profit they're spending
In my head it all goes right
But the real world has another plan
Would it be different if I had second sight
This world I'm not a big fan

'Thats when she's more than.....'
Why'd it have to be that song
Living my immortal sins
All that I know is long gone
I believe music has the power
But I don't believe they're comin' back
I feel a man that doesn't stand up's a coward
I believe there's power in prozac

The random ramblings of a mad man
Makes you wonder about my sanity
I sometimes feel like I'm drowning in the sand
Are you comfortable with your vanity
The aftermath of a mistake
Gets worse with time
It's not all give and take
Somebody crossed the line

William Mowell

I'M Sorry (Poem For Ashe)

I'm sorry for that day
That day I let you down
For my actions I still pay
Nothing is a frightening sound

Listening to 'No Damn Good'
Kinda fitting don't you think?
Glimpses of where you stood
Gone with a simple blink

I can still hear your words
Implying that I'm no damn good
My memory of that night blurred
The meaning a little misunderstood

I wish I could make things right
But I know there's no going back
I'm in a basement without a light
My life's flown off the track

You were more than a friend to me
Like family, the little sis I never had
This burden I may never be free
There's just one more thing I'd like to add

You're a great person
I hope that you know that
Don't let anyone tell you otherwise
There's no denying that's a fact

William Mowell

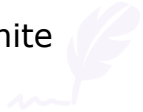
Heartaches & Hangovers

Heartaches and hangovers
One after another
Regretting the past
And a couple ex lovers

Whiskey in the cubbard
No longer to roam
This rum keeps me warm
While I'm headed back home

Shots for the pain
The memory, and mistakes
I'm going insane
I learned they were fakes

Bar room or a jail house
Doesn't matter tonight
I've painted this town
All but white



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Pour some whiskey on my scars
And down the rest
Hop into my car
I'm never at my best

Try me and you'll see
Whiskey dulls the pain
I'm begging her please
Take me back to sane

Just one more night
And I'll be dead I know
I'll end up in a fight
And in the ground I'll go

William Mowell

Rise

So I try to stand tall
With this quicksand below
I fear I might fall
Engulfed by the spiritless crow

Never to waiver in the face of danger
But unsure of where my loyalties stand
My friends are now strangers
This isn't what I had planned

I'm as strong as I want to be
But weak around them
They've ignored all my pleas
I've become one of the condemned

Condemned for the sins of the whole
An act of aggression not made by me
The untruth of an unclean soul
I've been knocked down on my knees

I will stand back on my feet
Untill I can't get up anymore
I will not listen to liars deciet
I'll rise up until I'm dead on the floor

The war between friends and enemies
Once was a friend is no more
Cold is the crooked breeze
I'm not sure I can stand anymore

William Mowell

The Extras In Our Lives

The extras in our life
May be more than you think
That waitress down the street
She just may be your missing link

Going through life unaware
Of what those extras do for us
The toll person taking our fare
The janitor cleaning our mess

We need to pay a little more attention
To those working in the shadows
They deserve an honorable mention
Let a new friendship grow

You may find the greatest friend
In the everyday shadows of life
Take the time to befriend
You may even find a husband or wife

William Mowell

Acid Tears

I remember the good nights
me and her singing and laughing
I wish I could take away the fights
To her did it mean a thing

It's like loosing a sister
Only I never had a real one
Everyone thought I wanted to kiss her
But I was just enjoying the fun

She made me a better man
Isn't that what friends do
Emotions are as fickle as sand
Liers saying I wanted a screw

Is that why she was distant
Even though she says no
Why was she so resistant
Friendship was all I wanted to grow

'The Islander' flows through my head
As I wonder if she's alright
Echos of what she said
I don't care who was right

It hurts to know she may not return
I just want her friendship back
From every mistake I learn
I'm out of aces, only jacks

I'd give up all of my possessions
Just for her friendship
I've admitted all of my transgressions
And the fact that I have slipped

I never would have fought this hard
For most of my other friends
I still have the scar
I'm still trying to make amends

I love her like a sister
I helped her when she was down
I'll always miss her
I'll always be somewhere around

Even if we never talk again
I'll still help her if she needs it
I don't care how long it's been
Whatever she needs I'll get

Someday I'll get used to the pain
Of losing a good friend
My tears falling like acid rain
I'll be here till the bitter end

William Mowell

Your Memory Ain'T Killin' Me

Your memory ain't killing me
I wish I could make you see
I might makes these rhymes
But this heartache doesn't need time

It's through missing you
I thought that was something you knew
Everyone thinks these rhymes cut deep inside me
But my mind and my soul have already been set free

From your memory and the pain
And everyones selfish game
Dark clouds may have filled my mind
My conscious is clear this time

No one's killing me but me
Only my mind holds the key
To set free this wretched soul
And make it whole

The holes are still there
But I still have my prayer
And that fills the holes left by many
For me that's plenty

I don't have the answers to life's questions
And I must make a fleeting confession
All this time you've thought I was missing you
It's just something that you never knew

I've hated you and loved you at the same time
I've denied you ever being anything but mine
I've disowned you and cast you out
Let you back in and wanted to shout

I was depressed you were gone
And made a couple songs
I got over you and never looked back
Started over and gave you some slack

Back at step one, and loosing again
I still know you, but I've lost the pain

William Mowell

Wild Fire

The sweet smell of fall
The orange blossoms of summer
The pine needles call
Soon it will be lumber

Smoke will soon fill the air
After the snow leaves the ground
But no one seems to care
Another leave falls down

Soon we will smell the smoke
Of the wild fires in the midst
Please God, don't let us choke
Or let the anger ball our fists

A stupid mistake is to blame
Now we have an overcast sky
Nothing will be the same
And the storm clouds can't lie

Like spitting in the wind
It's moisture useless
It cannot calm nor win
The rain just spreads the mess

Now a sickening smell
After the rain and still the smoke
The lightning that fell
Sparked a fire even when it's soaked

Now the fires are out
And the sun shines once more
We tell all about
The fires raging is now lore

All I can smell now
Is as fresh as air comes
All is calm for now
As we wait for the party drum

William Mowell

Why, How, When, Where, Who

Why don't you stop poisoning the nation
Why don't you just give your resignation
Why is it have to always be up to you
Why don't I make it all the way through

How is it that you don't give a shit
How is it that you're making me sick
How did the water get so contaminated
How did the approval get laminated

Who do you think is running this show
Who do you think will make the last blow
Who is the man without a face
Who will be the one you embrace

When did it all get misplaced
When did the files get replaced
When are you going to admit
When did you ever give a shit

Where do you think your gonna hide
Where did the last good one die
Where are you gonna leave me next
Where will you write your final check

William Mowell

Wild Banshee

I see your eyes they stare through me
Digging a hole, like a wild banshee
But there's nothing behind those eyes
And I'm through giving in to your lies

Cry and moan all you want
But don't think I will daunt
I'm not your personal shoulder
All you get is colder

I'm not going to be here when you need my love
I won't give a damn when he drops you like a glove
After all it's what you did to me
Even though my love I thought you could see

All you wanted to be was free
But you didn't know that it came with a fee
This love of mine will soar again
And someone my love will win

William Mowell

Whiskey Bullet

I'm never scarred
Of shit that ain't there

The mind playing tricks
That son of a bitch

Drink myself blind
Snort another line

Kill the son of a bitch
Drown 'em to the last flinch

I'm seeing things again
I take a shot at the wind

The things that aren't there
My sanity has tears

Another shot to my mind
A whiskey bullet this time

William Mowell

Whiskey Bullet Song

I'm never scarred, of shit that ain't there

The mind playing tricks, that son of a bitch

Drink myself blind, snort another line

Kill the son of a bitch, drown 'em to the last flinch

Chorus



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Whiskey, drugs and beat up Chevrolet

I'm drunk tonight and I'm looking to play

Can't say no and I can't go home

Down another shot and roll another bone

Roll another bone, Leave me alone

I'm seeing things again, take a shot at the wind

The things that aren't there, my sanity tears

Another shot to my mind, a whiskey bullet this time

I find myself here, half a dozen beers

Chorus 2

Whiskey, drugs and a beat up Chevy

Found myself down at the levy

Six pack down, and another one stashed

Gettin' too hammered, gettin' too smashed

I'm a gettin' smashed, life's gone in a flash

Chorus 3

Whiskey, drugs and a beat up Chevrolet

Drunk tonight, seems I've lost my way

Can't say no, so every night I roam

Living the way of a Rolling Stone

Roll another bone, bar I'm home

What The F*** Happened

Politics, fads, and fashion
Bullshit is on the line
Our misfortune is when they cash in
I think it's about quitin' time

We need to look back to the past
See where we went horribly wrong
Don't let our generation be the last
Pretty soon all we know will be gone

We live in this bullshit they feed us
Most not even caring about the smell
The homeless can't even ride the bus
It's sickening to see how far we fell

What happened to the days of hope
The age of love and forgiveness
Now all you find are sellers and dope
And we snap because of the stress

Girls are exiled because of the fashion code
Because they aren't mindless drones or size zeros
The pressure can make some people explode
Where are all the strong and powerful heros

To save us from the evil forces plotting
For our demise and their gain
Police worry more about the squatting
Than people murdering and going insane

Love isn't what it used to be
On the black and white TV shows
Love now comes with a fee
And you can't tell if it's real or a pose

AIDS, Ghanaria, and syphilis
You now have to worry about
The worlds full of bullshit
And the real people have no clout

William Mowell

What Love Should Be

Living like a can of raid
When you live to get laid
love is what you should search to find
And be shot if you cross that fatal line

Between love and lust and stupid shit
Instead of looking at some woman's tits
Share the time that you have in life
Let go of lust, share your strife

For a mate is more than a good lay
And a real man would never stray
Maybe this world has changed a bit
But there are some things to admit

First off everyone should love full heartedly
Never be afraid of the human hypocrisy
Second should be the freedom of choice
Always speak up and never loose your voice

The third is the best of them all
The labor of love shall never fall
The second it falls, is the day of death
For the day we stop loving, we've lost what is best

William Mowell

What Did You Want Me To Say?

Why is it so hard, believe me I lied
After you left, I sat down and cried
What did you want me to tell you
It's not so easy getting through

Did you think I wouldn't hurt
I lay down in a bed of dirt
Cry for you one last time
Are you anything but mine

I guess your everyone's girl
As I see him give you a twirl
Are you gonna sleep with him
What did you say, his name is Tim

Why should I give damn
You don't even know who I am
I'm just some guy you once knew
Did I even matter to you

Was I another notch on your belt
Did you really care about how I felt?
I fell in love, but you were just having fun
Now I'm holding the end of this gun

I'm not going to take my life
Even though I've been cut with your knife
Its to signal the end of our love
Like when they release a dove

But thats to signal the start
I guess I'm not that smart
Its time to cry this last tear
and release all my fears
Time to send our love soaring
As the cloudy sky starts pouring

William Mowell

What It's All About

A ghost of a family that left me behind
Another demission, something left to find
A new way of thinking about an old way of drinking
Another way to fly and a new way of sinking

My old family's insane my new family's to blame
Maybe I'll go back to a long forgotten flame
I'll never let you down, I'll never see you frown
I'll see you tonight in an old forgotten town

Clean up and shave, your wishes I cave
But don't think I can ever be your slave
These thoughts in my mind, they fester all the time
But everything in the past, I can never rewind

What it's all about, its not the twist and shout
And we ain't fishing for a big o' trout
It ain't about G-Unit or Garth Brooks
It's not about your beautiful looks

It's about life and love, and all of the above
That's what this world is void of
The way we get it back, get your hand out of the sack
Its time we took out the slack and get back on track
Spit another rhyme for you to rewind
The way it should be we need to remind

William Mowell

We Stood Tall (September 11th,2001)

I watched as the towers fell to the ground
And listened to the sickening sound

Of screams for fear of what was
And for grief for those they love

I went to school and watched all day
As my stomach churned on the way

The body count got higher and higher
More were found, and when they extinguished the fire
Still more were being pulled out
Every loved one let out a shout

Five years later and Osama's still free
The taliban are running wild, and we're left with the fee
We persecute those who look like the hijackers
They move on, but we are the slackers

We stood tall if only for awhile
Through the rubble, our brotherhood let us smile
For they awoken a demon of sorts
Ugly, rancid, and full of warts

Brotherly love was found that day
Something we talked about, but will it stay
Tragedies form the times in life
Love gets us through the rough nights

Memories give us strength and doubt
Our daily lives are only histories grout
The memories of 9/11 will live on
Even after those who lived it are gone

William Mowell

We Found Solace (Tribute To Solace)

Anthony, soulful voice on high
Kelly, the strength of your voice
Barb, never left a dry eye
Amber, you're our bassist of choice
Jamie, guitar rift reach the sky

Restless morning finds a beat
Othersides' a wayward journey
Shelters rhymes makes you think
Give Me Love, tap your feet, even on a gurney

Live and loud at the Cafe
Banging your head to the beat
Memorized watching them play
Find yourself tapping your feet

Drinking and laughing with friends
Listening to the sounds of the band
The music lets you transcend
As your favorite song you demand

They sang Fat Bottom Girls at karaoke
They were always there for you
They washed your car to raise money
Their prase is way overdue

A blue wig on Halloween
A party out in the woods
Listen to the song Between
They always delivered the goods

William Mowell

Wandering Stranger

Down an old dirt road
Lives a wandering stranger
He carries a heavy load
But he means no danger

No one notices his scars
No one notices he's alive
While he picks at his guitar
Everyone continues to drive

He goes home to another night
He's all alone in the dark
He can't afford any light
Trying to avoid the shark

Getting by is getting old
Playing his guitar like a ghost
Wishing for a pot of gold
Dreaming of an ivory coast

No one understands why
He does what he does
He'll break down and cry
Wishing for what was

Looking for a contract
But living for the change
His life is off track
His way of life, strange

He lost his way and his life
Payoff for a wicked mistake
He used to have a wife
Before being bit by the snake

William Mowell

Vacant Walls & Tv Waves

It's 12: 30 Friday night
Saturday morn
I'm sitting in the dining room
Feeling like I'm torn

No one to help, no one to save
I seem to be without cause
I'm paralyzed by the TV waves
Surrounded by vacant walls

I should be in bed, but still I sit here
I see the shed light, but know not to fear

The cat sits and meows at me
He sure is a pain sometimes
I wish I could make him see
That sometimes time is mine

Randomness in every sense
Boredom creeps and moans
Building a metaphorical fence
For which I feel alone

Blue and red and black and white
The shades that fade from the tube
The commercials are such a sight
As the fly begins to move

The cat sits on the brick wall
His notion that he is king
His clumsiness will make him fall
He hears a noise and starts to spring

A king in his mind
A wimp he really is
But he's gentle and kind
His life is only his

Japanese names I cannot recall

Are fighting on my TV screen
I should grab the remote, but then I stall
As I drink another dose of caffeine

12: 48 and still in this chair
Bed calls but I ignore
Is there a reason I should care
Why this night was such a bore

William Mowell

U-Turn

My attitude has taken a u-turn, I went from happy to sad to scorned
I have turned into a broken soul, in need of some love control
its all because of a failed attempt, the final I'm through with this shit

my emotions are raging out of control, and I can't seem to take a hold
of a reality that seems to fit, I guess I'll just tap and submit
to the reality that has been chosen, predestined and set in motion

living my life without a woman, what am I a fucking Truman

William Mowell



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Underneath It All

I may change my hair every other day
Red, blue, green and sometimes grey
I may be a punk at times
But I haven't committed a crime

Everyone may think that I've changed
I may have left your perception range
But underneath it all
Behind this brick wall
I'm still just a man
I'm still following my plan

A redneck, a hick, a lover of all
Through the roughest weather, I still stand tall
I'm a spiritual being, a devil at times
You can see who I am, through my rhymes

I may give you hell, or bring you heaven
You can usually find me at a 7-11
I'm a fighter, a lover, and a self righteous man
I can be who you love, that's just who I am

Love me, or hate me, you can never deny
The hope that you find, when you look into my eye

William Mowell

Untold Love

I look at her picture every night
Not finding the words to tell her
How I feel when she comes in sight
That it's her company I prefer

Not sure if she'll ever be mine
Not even sure if we're truly friends
I wish I could make her shine
With the others I just can't contend

If I find the courage to tell her how I feel
And she tells me she doesn't want me
We'll still be friends, I can deal
And I know it was all meant to be

William Mowell



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To My Friends

To my friends I love you
I cherish and respect you
You are my extended family tree
And that you will always be

My backbone when I'm weak
The glue for all my leaks
The bed when I'm hung over
A shoulder after an ex-lover

You'll always have a seat
At my table you can eat
No matter what may come
I'll always remember the fun

And never forget the good times
Never let our differences blind
Please know I'll always care
And never let arguments tear
Our friendship will always be
And that I hope you can see

William Mowell

True Love (Verses In The Key Of Rose)

I thought true love would never find me
Bound by chains I never thought I would be free
True love is here and now
All I can say is 'Wow'

It feels so good when I'm wrapped up in her
It's like a big warm coat made of fur
It's like paradise city only better
Anything she does I let her

Anything she wants she will get
Her and I, we just fit
Wang Chung doing a Nelly song
Might sound all wrong

But when we are together
It can only get better
I'm at my best when I'm with her
She makes me all better, she is my cure
Rose is the one that does all this
She is number one on my list

William Mowell

Times Change (The Truth Comes With A Fee)

Injustice lives in the feeble minds of the past
Time marches on and your life is gone so fast
Life's not fair, it doesn't come close
It might be short, but not for most

The predejuce of most people are still around
No one has learned from the tears of a clown
The gentlemen have become a rebel army
Outnumbered and out gunned like a solitary carnny

Emotions can change in an instant
The truth is hidden by the government
The time has come to stand up and fight
But are we really fighting for something thats right

Polluting our minds with radio and TV
A life overseas is not for me
I fight my own fights and stand on American soil
And I'm not about to wrap my head in tin foil

Aliens want my thoughts, they can have em'
Maybe they can make sense of my mind fleam
Communist activity or alien conspiracy
With all the rules, are we really free

Conviction over free speech
The president they want to impeach
Dead men tell no tales, but I've heard a few
Government lies, I've heard them too

Cover ups over psi agencies
Find the answers overseas
Mass hist-aria they say is to blame
But government lies sparked the flame

The truth will set you free
But the truth comes with a fee
Do we really want to know whats out there
Is it true, would we really care

William Mowell

Tire Stained Heart

Miles of pavement scorned by rubber
Caused by renegades and ex-lovers
Out running a memory or the cops
Every one having slipped from the top

Six shooter or a broken heart
The end will be the start
This asphalt road looks black as night
A historic road, an endless fight

From the law or from a face
The skid marks give us a taste
The story is all too clear
The reason they came here

This is the spot where felons have fell
And lovers have felt the flames of hell
This is suicide lane as some have deemed it
The sudden dropp makes the name fit

At the bottom a make shift grave yard
Cars and bones stacked like a deck of cards
Some have come here to die
Others just missed the sign

Sharp turn, without warning
The family left mourning
Thousands have died on this lonely road
Now I ride with a heavy load

Tire stained hearts are all thats left
Another night, another theft

William Mowell

One Beauty

Is this beauty I doth see,
or is it just me
my mind swirling a wicked tale,

I think this is about to fail
this is real beauty I doth see,
and I don't even have to pay a fee

William Mowell



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Throwing My Guitar (I Already Lost You)

I write these poems, they hide the truth

Now I'm sitting in this phone booth

Write another line, sign another dot

This time I almost forgot

You still haunt me from a far

And I slam another guitar

The wall looks like my soul

Full of all these holes

I called you up the other day

They said you already moved away

I tried to find you in the phone book

I threw it too, before one last look

I almost gave up trying, felt like I was dying

and I put my fist through the wall, and then I started crying

So it leads to this moment, its not so far away

This love I'll take to my grave, but you fell astray

William Mowell

There's No Getting Back

I'm here, because you're there
and there's no getting back what we once shared
It was a Friday afternoon, when you told me the news
You were leaving for good, going back to the hood

So I sit here today, a broken man digging my grave
Bartender asks why I'm here, I tell him the story as I cry another tear
I told him
I'm here, because she's there
and there's no getting back what we once shared

The dog thinks I'm crazy, the kids think I'm lazy
Everyone in the neighborhood talks, And I forget to take the dog for his walks
Because I'm here, cause you are there
There's no getting back the love that we shared

You're there, that's why I'm here
Everyone tells me there's nothing to fear
I realized you're not coming home, And another bar I start to roam
Last call lingers near, and you're still not here

You're still there
I'm still here

William Mowell

This Game

I'm tired of playing this game, feeling all ashamed
and now its come down to this, I already hit and missed

so I'll take my leave now, take just one last bow
run off into the sunset, and I hope I can forget

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

The End

Never look back, I've done that for years, and I hardly every cried any tears
I've been dealt some harsh cards, my life seems so hard
pointed at me now, shotguns in my face, am I really ready for this kind of case

Dodging bullets, and reloading, and now the tanks exploding
Is this the end, or will I be alright, I wasn't ready for this kind of fight
Laying in this hospital bed, I started thinking, it didn't need to happen, why
didn't I keep drinking

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

This Is My Love Song

I don't need no stupid love song, to tell her how I really feel
I'll put it in a poem, yeah thats how I'll deal
it never works anyways, so I think I'll just float away
woman don't know what they want, they only know how to flaunt

they want to much out of a man, treating em like a grain of sand
this is gonna make me sick, never being a girls first pick
always giving me all this sass, I gotta get outta here fast

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

The Sky Will Cry

As the rain comes down
I hear the long lonesome sound
Of thunder cracking in the distance
And wind blowing on the fences

I watch the wind blow by
A bag flying in the sky
I see the lightning fall down
Followed by a familiar sound

Of thunder cracking in the distance
And the cat is growing tense
In a minute it will be done
As we start to see the sun

The clouds start to stray
And the sun comes out to stay
One turn, another twist
The sky mops up the mist

The sun mops up the sky
As the thunderstorm starts to die

William Mowell

The Storm In Her Mind

The thunder grabs her soul
The lightning cuts a hole
Thoughts in her lonely mind
Brought on by bending pine

The rain, like bullets cutting the air
The wind, like a flame thrower, a deadly pair
For a brokenhearted woman that can't hang on
To a man that's already moved on

Love clouds her vision
While he's on a mission
Another whore, another town
She's left with the sound

Of the thunderstorm in her mind
She's ignoring all the signs

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

The War Of The Worlds

A wizard casts a spell to blind you, makes a fool of someone you once knew
An eagle flies high in the sky, as he swoops down he starts to cry
A cowboy herds his cattle at dawn, another man starts to water his lawn

An Indian guide dies in a hospital bed, as a couple in Vegas gets wed
Normal day for most of us, as kids get on a yellow bus
But we are all on the edges of a war, not the kind with a Vietnam whore

A war to end all wars, this time is real, the world is facing the end and no one
can heal

The mistakes that have lead to the end of all of this, its not because of the
democrats or the feminists

Its time to pray for your soul, its time for this world to go

Time for the heavenly world to appear, don't worry because there's nothing to
fear

Its just time for moving on, and time for this world to be gone

The time of Revelation is upon us, there's no leaving it on a greyhound bus

There's no escaping it in Iraq, there's no hiding it in a sock

Judgment time is here, and Jesus will appear

To take those of us to a wondrous place, and we will finally get to see God's
beautiful face

The Rapture is near my friend, and those heavenly ties you need to mend

William Mowell

The Rain (Pleasure & Pain)

The only substance to know pleasure and pain
You can cry your heart out, or kiss in the rain
Love can be found, and love can be lost
A drenching sheet, the only cost

Tears are hidden behind a wall
Water can drift, and water can fall
It can be a drizzle or a downfall
It will get worse if she don't call

Heated by love or frozen by fear
It all can be found in a single tear
For a lover that is moving on
Or a family member that can't really be gone

A thunderstorm for the brokenhearted
A light drizzle for the loved ones departed
An afternoon shower for the young at heart
A monsoon for those that have been torn apart

A flame of love, can only be put out
By a single tear, when there is no doubt
Laying down on someone else's bed
The lightning tears apart, what has already been said

Love can blossom, like a rose, with a kiss
You can find pleasure, you can find bliss
The heat can change the color of the rain
From a blue to a red, pleasure from pain

The flames of the sun can never explain
A girl found alone, a shot away from sane
The love that is found, or the dripping pain
Of a downpour of water, that we call rain

William Mowell

The Reprocutions

Pencil in my hand, my mind in a cage
My demons have found me, nothings on the page
Doing it right or doing it wrong
Whatever the choice I'm doing it strong

Drinkin' or workin', lovin' or fightin'
The reprocutions I ain't likin'
I can hear them, I have choices
Right or wrong, I can hear the voices

Faithful or cheating, I'm takin' a beatin'
Will she love me, or will she be leavin'
Doing it right, am I doing it wrong
Can I be saved, or am I too far gone

Drinking, working, loving, fighting
The reprocutions are lying
Live in the shadows, or on the main stage
Longing for the moment, my head leaves this cage

Doing whats right, ain't worryin' whats wrong
But doing whats wrong, are the verses to the song
I can hear them, I have choices
Right or wrong, I can't stand their voices

Late night cartoons or a dusty old bar room
Right or wrong, this is my personal tomb

William Mowell

The Punisher

I am the punisher
the man without fear
I am the man
Born from a tear

The wicked I hunt
The downtrodden I save
I am only a grunt
To this dangerous game

Souls I have set free
Some I've sent to hell
I get down on my knees
From grace I have fell

Those that have lost their way
Are not on my list
Those that to the evil pay
Will cease to exist

I kill only those
That are already dead
Living for the devil
To pay for their bread

Head this advice
If you sing the demons song
You will pay the price
This world you don't belong

William Mowell

The Next Time

I listen to the sad songs
Because I know it will be awhile
Before I see your face again
The next time I see you smile

I know I'll get a call again
Hear your voice on the other end
Jump in my car and then
Head off for another whim

And until the next time
I'll be waiting for it to ring
Longing for your touch
Waiting for that phone to ring

The night holds our memories
My car holds some more
My mind has the best
That's where our love soars

The smell of your hair in my face
The warmth of your soft embrace
You are my leather and lace
I'll always remember how your lips taste

Love is on the other end
Of this dead end town
Just around another bend
Is the queen with my crown

I can't wait till the next time
When we get together again
And love runs wild and free
Our love will never end

William Mowell

The One That Loves You

I've loved more than I've hurt
I'm still looking for the signs
Love can only be found
If you let yourself be blind

Love ain't worth loving
If it ain't worth leavin' behind
If it ain't the whole damn show
What will be left for you to find

Lonely for a lover
Way past the leavin' line
I'm left with a cold shoulder
I'm searching for the signs

The one that loves you
Could leave you behind
The one that was never there
Will be the one you'll long to find

Living in the in between
Between heaven and hell
Trying to find peace of mind
A dead man has no tales

For all that love isn't
We search for what is
Wanting what can't be found
Trying to find that bliss

The one that tugs at our heart
An ex lover that still lives there
Though we've moved past
We still have the heart to care

A movie that reminds
A song that imparts
A picture that leaves
A stain on your heart

A stranger walks by
With that same face
A perfume that lingers
On your lips a familiar taste

Love can be
All but bliss
Love can be found
With a single kiss

William Mowell

The Legend Of The Ghost Cowboy

You say I'm crazy, a little Pshycotic
But I ain't the one trippin' on chronic
I have my days, a little bit Deranged
But in the end I'll come out unchanged

I have an unbridled mind, and an undying heart
It looks like yours might be coming apart
I am like Homer from the Treehouse Of Horror
and I'll hit ya like the Grim Reaper departed

I'll split ya with rhymes like R.Kelly
But I never fucked a schoolgirl named Shelly
I am the Ghost Cowboy, the one they sent for
and pretty soon I'll have a fuckin' world tour

In the end this will all be foretold
and I'll be standing tall with riches and gold

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

The Light

I'm holding a ball of light in my hand
Should I cherish it or bury it in the sand
It's so bright its blinding me
Making it where I cannot see

This light is the meaning of life
And it will end all this strife
Let it free and it'll soar in the sky
Out of my hands, I'll bid it good-bye

The light comes back and gives me the gift
The most precious gift, Now I'm no longer adrift
The gift was piece of mind
Which many cannot find

The light finds the people that have lost track
Sends them the message, bringing them back

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

The Innocent Lost (Poem For Taylor)

A life cut short, before her time
Her way in life, she searched to find
Disappeared in the dead of night
Did she even get the chance to fight?

Her beauty remembered in photographs
Her family left, no longer to laugh
Innocence lost, because of some man
A girl no longer can finish her plan

No more precious in life
Than lost in death
A girl has no more strife
Fleeting like a last breath

So sad when a life is lost
But go on we all must do
Someone forgot to count the cost
Someone left a vital clue

A girl sent to heavens door
Decades before her time
A father to teach her how to soar
A son to show her that golden line

The Internet became her maker
But nothing could change
A photographer was only a faker
A man a little too deranged

Young in age, but mature in mind
Loving in nature, naive at times
A sinful act, of passion turned to hate
A pedophile to be judged at heavens gate

William Mowell

The Invisible Soldier

I'm the spy of the century
Contraband set me free

Lost for years on end
Until my services I can lend

Find me where the sun sets south
I will speak the words from your mouth

My name means nothing, and I do not exist
You can't find me on any government list

Tragedy molds the summer of life
And happiness sculpts the form of strife

Its not up to me, but I will try to prevent
The exile of malicious content

Find me where the sand meets the sun
You'll know who I am when the battle is won

William Mowell

The Highway

Staring at the double yellow line
Down the road I travel on
Random thoughts fill me head
Listening to a rockabilly song

My Chevy is long gone tired
And I ain't that far behind
Looking for a good spot to stop
Praying for a decent road sign

I thought I was the king of the road
But she told me to get my ass back home

I listen about like I learn
I'm a drinkin' smokin' son of the south
I keep driving onward down the road
Stoppin' occasionally to soothe this cottonmouth

She warned me she'd be leaving
I told her get her ass going
I can't be held down by a woman
So keep the Bud Light flowing

I can't be in one place long
I crave that long forgotten highway
On the way to nowhere
Just another mile away

William Mowell

The Hole

Somebody save me from this hole I've fallen into
I keep trying to climb out but I just fall back
I try not to look at the things I once sent you
I stay away from the pictures, but it's strength I lack

I can't help but see your face randomly
When I come across something I never threw out
I may get support from my friends and family
But they cannot save me, they can't dig me out

It's love I need, and no one's here to give
The kind of love I need cannot be from within
Although it can help me in the way I live
I know I'll find it, but the question is when

I need to be consoled in someones' arms
It can be a friend, a stranger, or a lover
I need someone I know will do me no harm
I need to be sheltered, protected, covered

I need more than computer chatter
I need flesh and blood to hold
I need someone to whom I matter
I need to be taken in from the cold

William Mowell

The Halos Are Gone

The dragons flame burns like hell
Turning everything to dust
It's from grace that I have fell
Fallen for the demons lust

Devil whispers like candy
Demons voice like wine
Whiskeys next to the brandy
Sweet lies that you'll be fine

The mage casts a spell
It's meant for you and me
A portal back to hell
The call of the banshee

The halos are all gone
Only horns and tails remain
The gift of good has been pawned
Replaced with death and bloodstains

God is still looking down on us
But it remains our choice
To resist the devil and his lust
And get back our own voice

William Mowell

The Forsaken

I see the evil in you, I feel the evil in me
I hold mine at bay, but somehow you cant see
The evil in you will consume your soul
And you'll never be able to be whole

Demons possess your body and mind
I cling to the cross hoping the demons to blind
I see you sinking farther and farther from sane
Demons taking hold, taking both lanes

Of your mind and now they are in control
Doing evil things and taking a toll
I'm afraid there is no escape from the things you have done
Taking a life and now you're on the run

Exorcism is the only way out
Make those demons shout
Cling to the cross and his word and you'll be fine
Leave the cross and abandon his world and you drink the demons wine

I'm the only one that can save the world from you
I have to find you, I have to get through
Slay the demons in your mind
Send them to hell, walk the fiery line
Before you make another mistake, before another life is taken
I can make this right again, I can make you one of the un-forsaken

William Mowell

The End Is Near (Apocalypse Is Here)

Are you ready, the end is near
Can you feel, there's nothing to fear
The world will see, Apocalypse is on the way
We will not see it, and those of us will not stay

Can you see, we will be lifted above
Do you know, we'll see the ones we love
Do you know, the ones that left before
Where will you be, will you soar

What will happen, will you see the gates of heaven
Will hell be your final resting place, when the clock strikes eleven
The antichrist will try to make you see
But God's word, its up to you to believe

Don't be fooled by the ultimate false prophet
Something you must see, God is the only prophet
The gates of hell will open with fire and brimstone
And thats when God will step off of his throne
God will strike down the true antichrist
And Finally end this unholy heist

William Mowell

The Farmhouse

The hat that he wears
Hides the scars he will bear
When the dust hits the ground
You know the dinner bell will sound
The lone ranger might ride again
But his back is to the wind
For the farm that calls his home
May never see another seed sown

His life as a farmer's at risk
When his life can be held on a disk
The farmhouse still stands
But the dirt has left his hands
Big city drove him under
He couldn't survive the urban thunder
Now he lives in a big high rise
Not able to see the stars in the sky

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

The Flame

Burning the flame, this is no game,
Love is the way, but you've gone astray
Leaving me with this, a bag full of shit
it gets better with time, but I'm out of my mind

I remember the day, you threw me away
Now I am dark, having no heart
The flames that I feel, I cannot appeal
To this way of life, so I get high as a kite

Hoping to mend, this shape that I'm in
But the drugs are an end, the pain I cannot send
Out of my limbs, I am kissing this sin

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

The Demon Among Us (2)

I've seen their faces, I've read their lines
I've been to hell, and I've faced their kind
They walk among us, and look the same
But they only play, and it's not for fame

The tortures of the past, are notches on a belt
They love to see blood, and relive the pain they've dealt
Famous people, and dead names
Osama and Hitler knew the game

There's no stopping evil, only suppressing
The blood lust for which there is no blessing
The false prophets and messiahs
Are not the only liars'

Look at your government, your own neighbors
Can you not see what's behind their locked doors
Even the religious are hypocrites
Live their way, while their sucking dicks

A Lincoln and a sickening smell
The obvious truth, can't you tell
Those who deny their maker, who live without regret
Those sent to hell, left with only an epitaph

William Mowell

The Cowboys Way Of Life

A cowboys way of life is strange
Hard living, hard drinking, never gonna change
The lovin' ain't great, and we're never at home
Long nights ahead, forever to roam

Stubborn as hell, never listening to reason
The chill of an early fall, our favorite season
The hat on our head, will always be there
The high tech age, we haven't a prayer

Farm life is the only life we know
The soil on the ground, is all we can sow
City lights wont bother us at night
In a barroom stare, we will start the fight

The songs that they sing, can only be true
'When The Cowboy Rides Away' like a tattoo
Abundance of confidence, lack of luster
We spend most of our lives, being a bull buster

An old huntin' dog and a 12 gauge
We all reminisce about the wild west days
The farmers daughter is our Paris
We've never stepped foot on a terrace
This way of life has taken a back seat
To hookers and dealers selling on the street

William Mowell

The Darkness That Is Found

Walking a fine line between spiritual and insane
Wondering if the bullet holes are really to blame

Or if there is a darker meaning to all of this
A sign lost, The truth will be missed

Crosses found upside down, coldness drowns
Whispers of satanic things, evil has been found

Mist has risen over a cold and ancient grave
The souls of the past, are something we cannot save

The souls of the future will be tested as we
It all is the bread and butter, it all is a fee

A test unlike all of the rest
A test where you must do your best

Or else your soul will be tormented
Your faith will be fermented

The only chance to get out alive
Cling to the cross, and prey for your life

Sing a holy song, read a holy scripture
A dead mans brew, a potent mixture

Thoughts run by, insanity sets in
Darkness lurks about, this will be the end

Dead by dawn, nothing but dust
A demon's taken control, you gave into the lust

William Mowell

The Chapter Turns The Page (Tribute To Chris Ledoux)

A cowboy has left this world
Cancer became his maker
He wrote 'Look at you girl'
He was considered a risk taker

A man that lived his songs
A man that gave his all
His life force was so strong
He would get up from every fall

A bull riding, song writing, cowboy all around
Giving inspiration to the artists of today
He made music with his own unique sound
Another hundred years, his song will still play

He might be gone
But never forgotten
His career was long
But never was rotten

His legend will live on
In the rodeo and stage
I can't believe he's gone
As the chapter turns the page

William Mowell

The Cost

A man leads his life
All by his self
He leaves it all behind
Left on a basement shelf

Set free from restraints
To live the life he dreams
To love the pretty ladies
To muffle out the screams

God rest his mortal soul
For he has not a clue
The life that he dreams of
Can't be fixed with glue

Love was found
And love was lost
He couldn't have realized
The disastrous cost

The one that he wants
Is five miles behind
The one that he fucks
Is far from his mind

A single kiss tears a hole
Of a man that hasn't a clue
For the love that has the cost
Of a woman that never knew

William Mowell

The Burden Of A Dream

I never let you know, this love I have to tow
Just when I think I'm over you, a dream comes by and It turns me blue
I wonder if you're alright, I save you every night
But reality creeps into my mind, a piece of you I wish I could find

I search and search without results, and I know its all my fault
I should have told you how I feel, then I wouldn't be crying these tears
I wouldn't have to wonder anymore, I could let this love I have soar
There's been others, but not like you, our love never had the chance to brew

High school kicked my ass, but you saved me by the end of class
Without you I would have never made it, now I spend my nights getting lit
It eases the pain for awhile, I wake up on the cold hard tile
The pains back for another day, I wish I could find another way

I wish I could find you, then I wouldn't be blue
I'm meant to travel a lonely road, full of bumps and a heavy load
I can't find peace of mind, and I've ignored all the signs
In the end I might find happiness, but my love for you I can't confess

William Mowell

The Beginning Of The End

The demon within us all
Can come out at times
Bulletproof and ten feet tall
We choose to walk a certain line

Darkness can find it's way in
Creep about and reek havoc
We can't let the evil win
We can all defeat it

The neglected path
Leads to suffering and pain
Like those of the past
The demon will drive you insane

Lust pulls you in
Sex corrupts your mind
Payment for a fatal sin
Your body they can't find

Don't trust anyone
Your neighbor's body is gone
Hidden with a gun
They'll all be dead by dawn

A pedophile across the street
Rapists up and down the way
You can hear their dirty feet
Throwing bodies in the bay

Corrupted are the lawyers
The criminals they defend
For money from the employers
Of the sick and the bent

Love can save a soul
Money can destroy it
Life carries a heavy toll
Anyones sanity can split

Butt heads on stupid issues
Economy before health
Hand out the tissues
Because someone lost his wealth

Dead men live better than the living
Dirt bed doesn't sound that bad
Heaven and the angels will be singing
This corruption isn't just a fad

Live the way of the living
And you'll be dead before your time
Get up and start giving
You will find clarity for your mind

Disasters destroying the wicked
And those who don't believe
From the heads they pick lead
Those who pass, we still grieve

I speak the truth
Whether you like it or not
You cannot deny the truth
We live in a filthy pot

Destroy the ozone
In comes the rain
Sins, we need to atone
Before we all feel the pain

Neglect the land in which you live
And soon you will find
If to others you neglect to give
This is the beginning of the end for mankind

William Mowell

Tamiami

I'm sitting in the barroom
Looking for her face
The maid throws around a broom
While I finish another case

Trying to find relief in proofs
My pockets run dry
My mind in loops
The bottle will always lie

They call it drinking yourself lonely
I call it stupidity in proofs
Along way from holy
Puking up on the same old stoops

Another day, another dollar spent
Drinking myself stupid again
To the devil my sanity lent
I can't pay for my sins

They say lonely is just a feeling
But it's a girl that left for Miami
And when my sanity starts peeling
They'll close down the Tamiami

William Maxwell

Tennessee Massacre

Shotgun blasts fill the air, it started as a dare
Its not a war thats being fought, Its a massacre thats being sought
Somewhere in Tennessee, I can't believe what I see
Everyone dying around me, I wish I could run, I wish I was free

Shackled as I watch this brutal fight, As I try to leave with all my might
I finally get free and grab a gun, take part, and now the battles won
I never wanted it to end like this, but some things aren't hit and miss
I am atoned for what I have done, it all started out as a day of fun

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

The Bed Has Been Made

I'll be walking on my grave
I'll be the one to blame
After I'm dead and gone
Never know who was wrong

I wont be able to sleep in piece
But I'll be sleeping in fleece
Find my mind at sea and my body decayed
You'll see the front of my grave has frayed

I'll be sleeping single in a dirt bed
I'll only sleep in a bed made of lead
Drift away to sleep and never wake up
Only to find your soul in a paper cup

Wake up, but you never will
And you'll never feel another thrill
Drift off to dream, it'll be your last
Before you wake up to a shotgun blast

All the mourners but most are insincere
Most never knew you were even here
Vengeance is mine even beyond the grave
For justice is what the renegade gave

Locked in a never ending struggle
All to blame on a shotgun muzzle
I'm in heaven and you're in hell
Because your soul you sought to sell

The devil bought an already black soul
Evil ran through it, and it took a toll
Karma bit you in the ass
And its all gone in a flash

William Mowell

Taken Back (Memories)

I sit and stare at a fifth grade yearbook
I Wonder who made it, and who blew it
Would I recognize them with a second look
Did they live to see, or did they die in the pit

Haunting images of a long forgotten face
The image takes me back to a hallway
Her perfume lingers like mace
I can still smell it decades away

I see the taillights of a Grand Am
I'm taken back to a parking lot
GED, the final exam
A memory, my mind gets caught

Pictures have long since decayed
My memory still lingers on
A million times I wish I had stayed
I can still see you laying on the lawn

Hundreds of memories have been forgotten
But it is the ones that wont let go
That hold me like a blanket made of cotton
And forever in my mind will flow

William Mowell

Strange New Land (Neopia)

Explore the land below you
Explore the sky that's blue
Find your way around this strange new land
Feel it between your toes, soft new sand

Meet people, both new and interesting
The heat here might be blistering
This new land Neopia they call it
Some have courage and some have wit

Some stay in their caves and some explore
Some believe it and some call it folklore
Learn from the best, but never do
Learn from the neo, the points accrue

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Supernam (I Will Only Love You)

I wish I could be your superman
But dying for your love wasn't my plan
I'm here to be a shoulder to cry on
Someone that you can always depend on

Your night light on the dark nights
Love found a way to end the fight
I will be your cross to cling on
I will be the grass you lay on
I will fight those lonely nights
I will be your shining light

So much to leave behind you
A love that left you blue
inside
A longing to find happiness
A love that is waiting for a long slow kiss
I will be your superman
I will be your promise land
I will protect you
I will do nothing but love you
I will love you
Oh I will only love you

William Mowell

Stolen Memories

I live life in someone else's mind
Reality is something I cannot find
I live and let these stolen memories live
Not sure which are real and which are fibs
Broken pieces of a place and time
Is this memory really mine
The scene doesn't look familiar
I don't remember, did I kill her

Maybe my brain waves are trying to hide
Memories that left out a decent alibi
Running from the reality of the situation
Finally remembering my infatuation
And the night that ended in tragedy
But I felt it wasn't up to me
Someone at the controls steering my body
Making me feel like an oddity

I pick up fragments of her screaming
And I know it has meaning
But I'd rather forget my awful past
And live life like it was my last
One week away from execution
Her family finally gets retribution
Burnt brain cells are all that remains
A lifeless body, the casket contains
Buried for the sins that he couldn't remember
It all happened on a cold day in September

William Mowell

Spirituality

I don't go to church every Sunday
In fact I haven't been since May
I haven't read the bible all the way
And I may not read it everyday

That doesn't mean I have lost my way
And it doesn't mean his word I wont say
Churches have become money driven
And my money only to the Lord is given

Pennants and offerings, prayers and singing
They all use to have a special meaning
Everyone takes them for granted now
No one knows the meaning of I vow

Praying for meaningless things
Forgotten are the angels wings
No one knowing what that means anymore
Everyone watching and wanting more gore
They'll get their wish when they see the lake
Fire stretching all around and it wont be fake

William Mowell

Stalker Mentality

I'm the invisible man sitting in the corner,
the ghost of a man, always a loner

You can't see me but I've always been here
I drift in and out, something to fear

That wind you felt, it wasn't the air
You never notice, and always scared

Outside your window, but you never see
This stalker mentality is what I'm meant to be

In your closet, watching from a distance
When you awake, you'll have no assistance

You'll finally know what I've done
By that time I'll already be gone

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Don'T Cry

This love is rocky, but its worth saving
The final stone, we need to start paving

My infidelities are the worst part of my past
And I wish I could say it would be the last

Comittment is not my strong suit
I guess this time I'll get the boot

Don't cry, I'll make it better
Leave tonight and leave a letter

When I'm gone, you can find happiness
Thats something I'll never possess

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Southern Man

I have a rebel head and a rebel heart, I also use words like tart
Hazel eyes and a big build, I feel at home in a big open field
Mud dobbin' or blastin' the radio, my wild oats I'll sow
Southern hospitality and a redneck style, I'm ready to walk that country mile

I'll walk that mile for any of you, and then I'll bid you adieu
I wear a buckle and cowboy hat, I can be your personal door mat
Or I can be a fantasy thats run wild, I'll be as gentle as a child
I've had my heart ripped out time or two, there have been nights I've been blue

I try to stay on the sunny side of life, although sometimes its filled with strife
Looks like Hank Jr. and an attitude like Kid Rock, I'm the key to a long forgotten
lock
You wont find me break dancing at any club, although you might find me at the
local pub
In time the words will be misplaced, but stained images in your mind will be
interlaced

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Spirit Dancer

Fell in love as she was leaving
God gave me her to believe in
Got up the nerve after she was gone
Living my life, but living it all wrong

Stopped to smell roses after they were dead
Found myself, after loosing my head
Realized all the signs, miles after leaving
Took the wrong exit, now the lanes I'm weaving

Found a love, after the love had faded
Found a diamond, but the diamond was jaded
Gave her a ring, but the phone no longer rang
Sent her a bird, but the bird no longer sang

A moment too late in time
A moment too early to find
I kissed her, only a ghost remained
On my mind, all has been stained

Bought her food, the food was rotten
She was there, but the world has forgotten
Footprints all around this town
Left are memories no one has found

Earth and Venus collide with might
Getting drunk, getting high tonight
When I find the footprints in the snow
No one left, and no one came though

A ghost of a memory, of the past
Fast times, Slow motion, a final cast
Fishing in the lake of broken dreams
No silence tonight, only the screams
Reality calls, but I can't answer
No one can find, the spirit dancer

William Mowell

Songs & Scars Pulling Me Down

Songs about rain getting me down,
turn off the radio to an unnerving sound
My own mind spinning around like a carousel,
Living in my mind a dreary hell

Gary Allan use to make me laugh,
but now I cry at the bottom of a glass
The clown cheers me up for awhile,
but soon fades along with the smile

This cowboy hat and sunglasses cover up the paint,
only on the days I feel faint
I care too much for the pain that I feel,
Now these days I can't fucking deal

I saw her drowning and offered a hand,
she sunk fast and I can't reach dry land
She pulled me down with her,
and now real life and make believe is a blur

As I listen to Papa Roach's Scars,
I get out the dusty ole guitar
Play a few lines and sing a few bars,
my mind seems like its headed for mars

William Mowell

Somewhere Beyond The Sun

The love of a father
The death of a son
We will live forever
Somewhere beyond the sun

We search all our lives
for something that shows
Is there Life after death
Will we find a golden road

We have to walk the brimstone path
To appreciate the golden one
We need to love all our brothers
Instead of shooting them with guns

The simplest man has it all
The rich have nothing
Money can't buy you love
It can only buy worthless things

I put my faith in the good book
It shows me everything I need
To be the man I'm meant to be
To become a flower, from a weed

Strength you can find
In what's written in red
You can find his love
In everything he's said

The love of a father
The sacrifice of a son
We will live in a mansion
Somewhere beyond the sun

William Mowell

Slam The Door (Crossing That Line)

Someone once said love is a lonely battle
But I'm not sure this is worth winning
I tell myself I'll never go back again
And the way I feel, only the beginning

Chorus

I'll slam the door on my love again
Letting you down another time
Open it up and let her in
Always crossing that line

I love and leave, and you never see
This deception will be my downfall
I come home late, your always asleep
I couldn't tell her my faults

I'll slam the door on my love again
Letting you down another time
Open it up and let her in
Always crossing that line

I'll slam the door on your love again
Spending my last dime
Giving in to this fatal sin
And crossing the final line

William Mowell

Someone To Hold

I'm the kind of guy that needs someone to hold
I've fallen somewhere beyond the sun, where all there is is cold
I'm a little dramatic, an actor, a poet, with a heart of gold
This heart is precious, and can't be bought or sold

When I'm with someone, my life revolves around her
This virus lives deep inside of me, love it doth prefer
I fall too fast, and way too hard, for this heart of mine
I'm one of the remaining few, I'm one of the special kind

I might not look like your normal superman lariat
But I'll give my all, that's something you won't forget

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Sinking Reality

Is This the way of life
Can it be real
Cut bread with a knife
No one is strong as steel

Allusions can drive you insane
But which vision is the truth
Do we really need fortune and fame
Are we really sitting in a restaurant booth

Your mind can play tricks with your eyes
But is this what we are really seeing
Which are truth, and which are lies
Are we really human beings

A hole in the ozone cannot be fixed
By paper or by a pen
Cake batter is being mixed
While the home team wins

Reality is what you make it
Animals in the way we act
You can't just up and quit
That is a proven fact

A life is taken, because of guilt
Loneliness spread lies about
Found him in a colorful quilt
Evidence spread doubt

Some believe in faith
Some in themselves
A life is not a waste
If in himself he dwelled

A pendant is found
An ego corrupted
The evil within
Off the surface erupted

A man to protect the public
But in the shadows he lurks
He only left a cutlet
Of the convenient store clerk

William Mowell

Silence (Nights Get Colder)

The nights are getting colder
Without someone beside me
I wish I could just hold her
With my loves guarantee

My life is almost a quarter
Over with this life I've lived
I'm not even a supporter
And I have not one kid

I've only once felt the touch
Of sweet love and embrace
Some use it as a crutch
Some only enjoy the chase

I treasure the feeling
Of skin to sweet skin
It's like a spiritual healing
And I don't want just one spin

Washed up at twenty-two
That's not very likely
I failed at the wooing
And broke off the key

I'm just a man with needs
I need to be held tightly
I don't need money to succeed
I try to be knightly

I don't ask for very much
Just some ones arms to lay
A gentle loving touch
And the night to stay

I don't need sex to feel good
Just some cuddling and talk
If I asked if you would
Would you stay or would you walk

Is there any more like me
This world is changing
Did all the gentlemen flee
My mind keeps ranging

I wonder does she think of me
The one that they call man
I wonder can she even see
Or did I ruin her plans

It wasn't supposed to go down like this
She wasn't supposed to leave
I never got a goodbye kiss
She hadn't the time to grieve

So did she really love me
Or was I really that nieve
I guess she wanted to be free
So she packed her shit to leave

She left without a goodbye
Only a lonely phone call
She's in love with another guy
As my heart started to stall

It's been awhile since that day
But still in my memory so clear
For her safety I still pray
Is she ok, I still fear

Another day and I'm still waiting
For my princess to find me
All these days and I'm still hating
The silence worse than a banshee

William Mowell

Roots Run Deep (Acoholic Dreams)

Florida born southern raised, and a little bit dazed
Roots deep in alcohol and blood, legs knee deep in mud
Cars don't run, but I'll be sitting out in the sun
Backyard Bar-B-Q, girl named Betty Sue

Same old same old, can't ask her, so I just fold
Living in the 90's although its 2005, saw George Straight live
Give me a computer and I'll fix it, give me a car and I'll kick it
There's a ghost in my mind, and he pesters for pine

Backwoods on a steamy night, top down and nothing in sight
There's no wildflowers being picked tonight, Brooks on the radio and a couple
Bud Lights
I might be back before I can see the sun, but I'll be having some good ol'
fashioned fun
A table for one, a dance for two, there's so many things I wish you knew

Never go any further than that, and I fall asleep under this hat
Same ol' same ol', never filling that hole
A song takes me back to another time, just when I thought I was doing fine
A former love that never was, right when I was getting a good buzz

Another day and I'm doing well, not realizing its another three songs to Hell
Another day goes by, and I tell myself another lie
Looking for the light, in the dead of night
I promised my love for the rest of time, to a ghost of a shell of something that
wasn't mine
I'll find true love someday, when its meant to be some say

William Mowell

Set Free

I hope you remember the good times
That will be what crosses my mind
We thought it would be a never ending fantasy
But all it did was end in tragedy

Lets not talk of the last days
Lets not say what we need to say
Live in fantasy, if only in my mind
I wish this is something you could find

Bring up the bad, and forget the good
Left me hanging, left me where I stood
But lets forget that, and remember the light
Why do you always have to start another fight

All you do is bring me down
I'm leaving this hell, this ghost town
Nothing I say will make a difference
I feel like a slave from Deliverance

I've already moved on
While still you sing the same song
Shackles of the past are binding
But mistakes I've made I guess are blinding
They are blinding you from seeing me
Seeing that I've been set free

William Mowell

She Is

This dark haired beauty makes me weak, her love makes me weep
Like a diamond she shines, For a while she was mine
Cherish the time we had together, watch her flow just like a feather
Like Charlotte's web she's so graceful, how could this girl be so cool

She's rain on a summers day, she's like snow in May
Unpredictable and beautiful, like a blanket made of wool
She can face all types of weather, and like a ship she holds together
This simple man is blessed to know a girl of this magnitude, with the greatest
attitude

She's Sadie from Sixgun, She brought back my sun
She's in every song that I hear, she kisses all my tears
She's anything but mine, with a hint of lime
With all that she is to me, she's a good friend and I hope she sees

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Rollercoaster In My Mind

Letting go and moving on
But still it lingers, that same song
Calling out your name
Driving me insane

A scent lingers in the air
This torture isn't fair
My mind forever bringing me back
I'm right next to some railroad tracks

A vision from the past, but its been bulldozed
No railroad tracks remain, and the station is closed
I often question my sanity
Wonder if it is humanity

That has done this to me
Or my own useless mind, can I not see
A memory has the strength to kill
No one's dying tonight, release the drill

I found myself getting off track
But I can feel sanity starting to seep back
Insanity finds itself in many people
Some are born with it, some stray from the steeple

Whether it be chemicals or a memory

Most can find some kind of sanity

If you find yourself getting off track

Loosen the slack, or get off the crack

Seek help, or seek salvation

Maybe find it in meditation

There are ways to kick insanity in the ass

Just don't find yourself at the bottom of a glass

Take it from one that's struggled in life

I've slayed my demons and dealt with strife

I fight my demons everyday

They might come back, but they never stay

William Mowell

Roll The Dice Part 1

Regrets I've had my share, but I'm through with that
Ace and King haunt me, in a twisted game of blackjack
If I win I loose, and If I loose I win
I already lost you, so I go on a whim

Winner and I lost it all
and now its last call
I spend it all on tequila, to forget about this girl sheila
Now I'm on the Vegas strip, and I'm starting to loose my grip

Reality sinking faster and faster
I wish I could just ask her
To take me back, but I'm scared of the answer
This pain in my soul it eats at me like cancer

I've found freedom at a disastrous cost
I can't get her back, I can't bear another loss
I hear shuffle up and deal
Beat by a full house, is this real
I've sank to nothing and then to hell
Came back for awhile, just to go back in the shell

Now all I got are the baddest boots this side of the Mason-Dixon line
Its all I need, I walk the line, and I'll be the one to buy the wine
Another round I'm rich as a bitch
Sitting high as a broom under a witch

I see the flames engulf me as I roll the dice
Loose it all like one of those blind mice
This roller coaster ride is making me sick
As I find the one who lit the wick

That started the fire that engulfed my life
Walk up to him and reach for the knife
The guards tackle me down and take me around
And as they walk away I had to make a sound

William Mowell

Riding With The Wild West Circus

Modern day got ya down,
there's no need to frown
Come see the show of a century,
there's nothing in it for me

It's the Wild West Circus and Randy's about to begin,
a door prize for someone to win
The most fun you'll have under the sun,
and look the door prize you have won

Now that the day is done,
you can go home and remember all the fun
Remember to come back and visit,
but remember not to get too lit

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Reflections

The things in the past I'd change
Or maybe just rearrange
I thought I hated my grandma til the day she died
But after her death, I still sat down and cried

A girl in my past that never knew
In the midst of my anger, that chair flew
Reflections in the water are all I see
Reflections in the water of a man in need

I should have never had that first sip of alcohol
Letting her leave at the beginning of fall
Love slips by, and time moves on
Addiction sets in, living all wrong

Can you tell the story behind the reflection
Was it a great one, or one of rejection
All the lying and the cheating
The underhanded dealings

The things in my past I'd change
What would you rearrange?

William Mowell

Respect

I write these lines, I love this life
I love the people, I have no strife
The pen is my sword, the paper my shield
I fight the endless battle, the truth I yield

My friends inspire me, enemies too
I rolled the dice and watched as they flew
My baby is on this paper, it's what you read
Writing is what I feel, It's what I bleed

All I ask is for you to take away something
The only thing I want is for you to feel the tingling
The world may not know me, but it won't break my heart
The respect of one person is more than enough

William Maxwell



PoemHunter.com

Redneck Buckle

Some say I'm a hillbilly, some call me Tex, but it's a little more complex
I might wear this hat, and this buckle, corner me in, I'll hit ya with a knuckle

I listen to Brooks and the Stones, and a lot of unknowns
Redneck through and through, and I ain't got no tattoo

Rocker to a lesser extent, but you'll know my dissent

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Redneck Rocker

I'm not a normal fan of country music
or even slash, thats because I'm not,
and I'm hear to say let your rebel flags wave

I'm a redneck rocker, you can check my locker
I've got Johnny Cash and my radio blasts
Frank Sinatra to Nickelback

this is for those with rocker juice
the ones that got nothin' to loose,
the rebel mind thats left inside
man you've got nothing to hide

I'm that redneck rocker, you can check my locker
I've got Bocephus's last, and my radio blasts
Misfits to Kid Rock's cast

So this is the end of this here song
and I've shown ya'll that there's notin wrong
with rocking out, and laying down
a good ole fashion country sound

Be that redneck rocker, and check your locker
Don't let this pass, be the last
always hold fast, and have a blast

William Mowell

Rebirth

An empty box
A wooden cross
In the Lords arms
The world has lost

Missing in action
But everyone knows
The body lost forever
But to heaven he goes

The father of two
Husband and employee
Off the road his car goes
His body is lost to the sea

Friends in death
Strangers on Earth
Death is not the end
Only a rebirth

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Redneck Life

I'm a redneck in a cowboy hat
I'm laid back without a care
I like whiskey, beer, rum, and jack
I don't really care if you stare

I may get wild and reckless
But I still walk a fine line
I may give a girl a kiss
Or buy you a glass of wine

Give me love, I'm a happy man
Give me hell and you'll find
An imprint of your face in the sand
And a distinct fear in your mind

My heaven's a house in the boondocks
A faithful dog and a redneck wife
I may not hunt for quail or fox
But that doesn't mean I don't live a redneck life

William Mowell

Re-Evaluation

I can't leave well enough alone
And I won't pick up that phone
No need for useless batter
Why should this stuff matter

It's time for a reevaluation
Of your love and my infatuation
Time to change this way of life
Time to give up this worthless strife

Send me your money and send me your prayers
But nothing matters when there are spiders in your hair
Feeding on your mind and spitting out your heart
It's just like a woman to tear it all apart

Separated from reality and sanity
The truth, why can't it be free
Lies, like a waterfall of blood
Washed away with the flood
Life is all that I have left
And I will take that to my death

William Mowell

Punishment (That Faithful Day)

I was drinking with the Grim Reaper, when I heard his beeper

another lost soul took his life, slit it with his knife

his duty he had to do, as he was right on cue

I sat at the bar, ordered another shot, as he cleaned another spot

I was dancing with the devils girl, and as I gave her a swirl

the devil was making someone whole, sneaking away their soul

made a deal with a vampire king, to get back my prize ring

while for a couple dimes, the warewolf was doing hard time

I've walked with the pharaoh, and shot by Indian arrows

motivated the masses, while wearing dark glasses

I was the king of the world, while the darkness unfurled

I saw it destroyed, left for a bottomless void

I am that ghost in your mind, always there to remind

of your acts of aggression, leaving you in a depression

leading back to the knife, and the guy who took his life

it all comes back to you, and your plan to carry through

now I'll always haunt you, while you never knew

That faithful day, I had it made, you tore it apart, that's when I had to depart

a mission of punishment, your plan would circumvent

a big disaster averted, but in the papers it's not inserted

but forever in your mind, the leaves of this crime

William Mowell

Point Of View

It's Halloween and Amityville is on TV
You are starting to fear that which you can't see

Look outside at the shed
The light is on, and it's splattered red

Is it your imagination or is it real
You stare at someone else's meal

Where did this person go
Was he here, or did your mind sow

The memory that lies about the truth
Wondering if a killer, is only a sleuth

The man behind the shadow, why is he here
Does it really mean, you have something to fear

Your mind spitting lies, and your body can't move
Does this man have a motive, or something to prove

You feel the knife as it cuts deep inside
It's all going dark, you've lost this time

Bleed to death at the hands of a killer
It all turned out, like a movie thriller

William Mowell

Protector

I saved you and you say you love me
But you can't love this wretch that you see

I'm the darkness that saves the light
I'll give up my life just so you don't have to fight

I'll save you from the wretches that are worse than me
I'll imprison myself so you can be free

Seeing you live is reward enough for me
I'll make all your nightmares flee

I'll slay your demons and in the darkness I'll disappear
But I'll be back whenever there's something to fear

I'm your protector and nothing more
I'm not looking for another score

Protect and serve, with nothing in return
Give my all then the road I'll burn

I love you with all my heart
I know you feel the same about this spare part

You're my flesh and blood, but we're not related
You're someone's daughter and a life of freedom I have created

I may never hold your hand
But saving you makes me a man

William Mowell

Platinum Memories

A 1,000 memories in a song
10 million copies sold
Music, Girls, A penis shaped bong
Certified platinum, already past gold

Stages of life, remembered forever
A melody that stays in your mind
A hook that ain't that clever
A chorus that will surpass time

A guy with a dream
A guitar in his hand
Taking things to the extreme
A man taking a stand

Living on faded memories
Written down on paper
A word he gave to me
His words like a vapor

The man still lives today
Spotlight became his maker
Somehow he lost his way
His career had no breaker

William Mowell

Pleasantville

As a beautiful day dawns
The dew melts from the lawn

The sun comes up to another warm day
You would think it was the middle of May

Everybody leaving for work and school
Getting on the bus trying to look cool

Some looking for something they can't find
Others have found their own way to unwind

Work day might be long
We'll just sing a song

Make the day go by faster
Divert another disaster

Mysterious rainbow with no rain
Happiness some cant contain

Some live in Perfectville
Others in Sorrowsville

Pleasantville's where I want to be
Close to it, Somewhere I can see

William Mowell

Pain

Pain is something everyone has
For some that pain will pass

For others it haunts them forever
And they can't just pull a lever

Pills can relieve the pain for the time
But some will cross that fatal line

To ease the pain they dig their grave
Those are the ones no one can save

Some learn to live with the pain
For some its a constant hit of Cocaine

Some think they know pain
But they are all the same

Those that want attention for their ailments
Are the one's that will feel an impalement

It's all a game of one ups manship
And who will give the bigger tip

But there's always one that hurts more
And there's always one that will give you what for

William Mowell

Penny

A penny standing on end
Never once did it bend

The man who stood it up
Forever found a pot of luck

Until it fell he had it all
Women at his beckon call

The man never once thought
About the gravity that penny fought

The struggle of an Inadament object
He thought he was nothing less than perfect

For years that penny stood still
That is until

A man picked it up from its resting place
Took it for his own, up was Lincolns face

A world crumbling down on Old Jack Road
Miles away from where it started on Chrome

Neglected are life's little things
Men will fall without special wings

Symbolization of the will to fight
Gravity or the devil, some find the might

The battles of life come in different stages
From a gunfight to a battle over wages

Simple goes on, and complex collapses
Choose the simple or long form on your taxes

Fall or fly from heavens door again
We pass it on the street, but never let it in

Old Days

Peeling out in the parking lot
Trying to make everyone think I was hot

A rappers attitude in a cowboys hat
Never in action, but always ready for combat

Tex, Cowboy, Redneck and Hick
Might be big, but I can take a lick

Photographs might bring back the past
But time will keep on moving too fast

The girl of my dreams, sitting 3 feet from me
Never asking her out, never making my plea

Treasuring what we had, wanting more than that
Living for the moment, but hiding behind this hat

I was superman, and I was Clark Kent
You will never know my true intent

Now I sit and stare at white walls
While kids are getting killed at our malls

I obsess over the past
While bombs blast

People call me a zero
When I might be their hero

Finding strength in pain
Finding courage in the rain

Others sit and forget
I stand and sweat

Nice guys always finish last
But finishing at all means you have surpassed

All the others doubt and negativity
They are filled with insensitivity

I don't do it for fame, or money
I do it to prove I'm worth a damn, sonny

I might not be your typical Iraqi hero
And I'm no great actor like Deniro

I'm a normal guy that stands up for the past
Even if I wake up to a shotgun blast

You can say I'm obsessed with a memory
But it gives me strength, can't you see

Memories might stab me
But killing isn't their fee

William Mowell

One By One

Driving down an old dirt road
Miles away from house and home
Living on some dusty bread
Staring at the strangers heads

Living like a country song
In the morning I'll be gone
A strangers kiss, a lovers glare
Living in the dragon's lair

Chorus

Faith, love, and memories
One by one they still haunt me
Living in a motel bed
Remembering what the good book said

Memories lost and memories found
Outside of heaven, I'm still hell bound
Sitting beneath the old rugged cross
Even though I pray, my soul's still lost

Looking to the sky for some answers
Trying to justify the next disaster
Listening to the radio for relief
All I hear is some guys grief

Repeat chorus twice

One by one they still haunt me

William Mowell

Not Thinking While Drinking

I sit at this bar downing whiskey
looking at the faces all around
Taking a girl home would be risky
It scares me what diseases could be found

The more I drink, the better she looks
Beer goggles are a dangerous thing
I must leave before she digs her hooks
And wind up her next drunken fling

I should have never started drinking
In this beat down hole in the wall
The whiskey keeps me from thinking
Hopefully this night I wont recall

I wake up in someone elses' bed
Can't remember the night before
I hope my condom was made of lead
And I can sneak out her back door

Tests and blood has been taken
Waiting for the results is hell
I hope the results aren't mistaken
To my little soldier I hope there is no farewell

If my penis could walk he would already be gone
If my penis could talk he'd cuss me out
He'd look up Rodney and sing his song
And go on MapQuest and plan his route

If I was only sober I could've done more
Told her to put her clothes back on and get out
Find out who had come before
I wouldn't have left any doubt

If only I hadn't went out drinkin'
I wouldn't be waiting on the news
My dick wouldn't be shrinking
I've never seen a dick sing the blues

William Mowell

Ode To Sin City

I live in a place called Sin City
Where the card sharks say just hit me

Revolution time is upon us
Everyone here making a fuss

The crooked and the cops
Who will end up on top

Six-gun's leave a name and place
But no one here to remember the face

The ones that started this war
They even shot the eagle that soared

There's a beauty in a cowgirl getup
A crooked cop that makes the setup

Of a man that has nothing to loose
His fate was something he didn't choose

And to think a dead girl started all this
But a fatal clue is something they all missed

William Mowell

Nostalgia

Sometimes I wish I could go back in time

Saturday morning cartoons of the past I can't find

No more do they play Are You Afraid Of The Dark

You can't even find any information on the Street Sharks

Laser tag meant playing in the yard

No one was permanently scarred

Paintball was for the teens

You laughed at the word beans

Beans, beans the magical fruit

And to the creator, I still salute

Most kids didn't know if they were high class

The other kids didn't care if you were white trash

Pop rocks & Mickey went hand in hand

I remember when Nike Air was the only brand

The Commodore 64 was the biggest thing

Pong was always the follow up to ping

Atari took over the Commodore

No longer could you find it in the stores

Nintendo gave Atari the boot

Duck Hunt came with a gun to shoot

Computers took 5 1/2's and patience to load

The basics of a computer had three modes

VHS had taken over Beta

It took an hour to load 50k's of data

A Drive-In was the perfect place for a date

It didn't matter if you were on time or late

Living in the 80's, but they were the 90's to me

Saved By The Bell, rerun every day at three

Snap bracelets were banned from the school

Sneak one by the teacher to try to be cool

All these things I thought were new

Really had a few years to brew

Woody Woodpecker, Road Runner, & Daffy Duck

Cartoon memories, in the past I love to be stuck

Horror movies that were frightening

Were old news, no longer had that lightning

A-tracks were being overrun by tapes

You knew about the wrath of the grapes

Because they made you read The Grapes Of Wrath

They taught you English, they forced on you math

Fraggle Rock was a staple in your TV diet

Two words my friends, Quiet Riot

It was 99 cents for a gallon of gas

Your hand felt good against a blade of grass

Captain Kangaroo wasn't just a hook to a song

A stripper was the only one to wear a thong

Big hair and mullets were all the rage

The Neverending Story turned another page

The Lion, The Witch, And The Scarecrow was a book

Your mother was the only one to know how to cook

Your father worked on cars all the time

You Spent the day searching for anything to climb

The 80's and 90's, a look into the past

It sure was fun, but it flies by too fast

William Mowell

Not Sure Why

I sit home and cry tonight
Not really sure why
I know this is loneliness
But what brought it by

Can't call anyone on the phone
Don't know any numbers anyways
So I'll just sit here all alone
Maybe tomorrow I'll be OK

The pain never waivers
The sickness never subsides
I'm begging God for a favor
It's not like I haven't tried

What if I'm meant to be alone
But then who would I save
I wish my heart was made of stone
I'm just loneliness' slave

William Mowell

New Babylon

Angels looking over me
I don't care that you don't see

Angels looking over us
No reason to make a fuss

Demons trying to make us see
But devastation has a fee

Demons try to take our mind
Temptation being the crime

Move it west to Arizona
Or maybe down to Daytona

New York City is the place
The Statue Of Liberty is the face

New Babylon is about to disperse
Maybe before I finish this verse

Ten Kings will tear it down
And in its mercy the rest will drown

Its time to look back on your life
This time it will be the ultimate strife

The end of days are on the way
No matter what the kings say

William Mowell

Never Said I Was Bulletproof

Bullets cut through the air, piercing my soul

Leaving a wreck of a man, full of these holes

Knives pierce my heart, cut right through

This life I live, no one even knew

I died on the front porch tonight

Everyone acting like its alright

Left for days my body decayed

My trust was truly betrayed

Some thought I was bulletproof

I guess those bullets wouldn't phase you

Strong as steel, and an ax to grind

Spew a couple more lies for me to find

I tried to ride this one out

But can't hide your dirty mouth

I'm moving on for another time

Because you crossed that sacred line

When this world ends I'll have peace

Regrets will you be able to release

The heavens will open up and I'll be there

The gates of hell will you have a prayer

William Mowell

My Friend (Take Away The Pain) (For Ashe)

My friend I'll always be there
Through rough and stormy waters
Let down your wall of fear
And I'll love you like a daughter

You can always call on me
No matter where I roam
My love comes without a fee
My arms can be your home

I'll lift you up on high
After falling into hell
I'll comfort you when you cry
Your pain I will quell

I can't speak for the rest
But I can speak for me
You are truly blessed
I just wish that you could see

My love is never ending
You'll always be my friend
I'll always be defending
And your scars I can mend

William Mowell

My Words

I try to write happy stuff,
Like sipping from lifes cup

It usually ends in tragedy,
Images from my minds debris

It doesn't mean that I'm brokenhearted,
I'm just living in a land thats uncharted

I'm a man of a thousand words,
Like a wrangler I herd

But sheep and goats are not my cattle,
It's the broken down that I saddle

I give them something to drown themselves in,
My words are like some kind of sin

I give you pleasure and I give you pain,
I wont live forever, I might not find fame

If I touch one person with my words,
I've done my job and I can go with the birds

I can go and meet my maker,
Give my body to the undertaker

Six foot down, but my soul will rise,
You have to die, to find the prize

Golden gates and I will see his face,
The golden city, I will embrace

A better life, after I'm dead and gone,
The people on earth will sing their songs

But no crying needs to be done for me,
I'll be in heaven, I'll be set free

Maniac In A Cowboy Hat

There's a maniac on your doormat
A dead mans smile, in a cowboys hat

He's out for blood, and he knows where
He's not looking for it at the county fair

He's at your back door, and this is something you know
He wants it from you, there will be blood in the snow

Piss off a dead man, and get whacked
That's just the cold hard facts

No one can help you, screaming wont do
He'll kill you tonight, not leaving a clue

No fingerprints, no body, no sanity will linger
You will find no help, in an old gunslinger

He'll die to, and no one will know
The only one to catch, his sins in the snow

He will meet his maker, caught by the bow
Only to find himself laying out in the snow

The one with the arrow, just as the maniac
Only the wrongs he rights, without wearing a hat

William Mowell

Today's Music

Think back to the days of Garth Brooks and George Strait,
where are they today, gone from the radio, I once played.

The same with rock, now it's all pop,
where's Pink Floyd, now it's all noise.

The only ones left, on A-tracks or cassettes,
but the CD's of this day and age, never once would've made the page,
of the paper back in time, this year's fucked and so are the lines.

Now it's all glimmer and glit, and to them the music don't mean shit.

Back in the day it meant something, but no one knows the king, ain't it funny,
a lyric a tone a melody took you home, but now I'd rather listen to a dial tone.

This modern world has its greats, but no one today could ever make,
a song that would surpass time, and no one seems to know how to rhyme.

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Misplace Where You Found It

Everyone in life has witnessed a crime,
stood by and let it slide.

I say next time stand tall, and speak the truth,
don't be afraid of a face that haunts you.

Fear is the design, left in your mind,
stained images of a mad man out of line.

When fear is to blame, we need be ashamed,
for this evil that exists, is all but hit and miss.

Every day that goes by, another slaying inside,
a house on the corner, another family to mourn her.

The way we get around it, just misplace where we found it,
and get back to the days, where good things never change.

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Magnitude, My Attitude

I had to be stabbed in the heart to feel
But I never knew this wound would never heal

Bleed to death for a cheap thrill
This pain was something I could not kill

Put ice on my scars but they only get worse
Pretty soon you'll have to call the nurse

Starting to make a nonsense verse
Just lay me back into the hearse

Die a death of great magnitude
But never loose my attitude

Come back to haunt assholes
Living as another lost soul

The un-dead have nothing on me
I'll make them cry and make them pee

I'm a sarcastic son of a bitch
But I've got nothing on this witch

Threw me around like a rag doll
All the while making me feel whole

She cut a bigger hole than she filled
The same one that she healed

Smell chicken on the stove
But I'm lost in an orange grove

Drowned in a lake by a sandy shore
I never knew she was such a whore

Go to heaven and talk with an angel
Saw a sign on a road, 20 miles to hell

Took a left and ended up in Purgatory
According to them it was down two stories

Ended up back in my bed
Remembering what the angel said

William Mowell

Loving You From Afar

I can't live without your touch, why can't I break this crutch

I need your love here tonight, you keep me searching for the light

I need the one I've never had, thinking about it makes me sad

I can taste your lips, I can feel your hips

I've reached a stop light in my soul, my mind like jello in a plastic bowl

Waiting for a green light pass, I won't let this be the last

I love you from afar, in the front seat of my car

Never knowing your touch, but needing it, I could write a book and make it a huge hit

But I could never ask you out, even though my heart wants to shout

Loving you from afar, right outside my car

I can't seem to knock on the door, as my heart falls to the floor

So close but still a hundred miles away, maybe today I'll knock on the door and stay

I'll keep loving you from afar, another day in my car

Right outside your door, I need you even more than before

I sit here day after day, like a stalker just miles away

Never able to go to your door, always walking the floor

I try to look cool, but always ending up the fool

You never notice me, and I can never make you see

I can love you like that, but all you want is an act

My love is real and beating, is your's even breathing

A manikin to prounce around with, and you always plead the fifth

I have an empty pedestal waiting for someone, all the paperwork has been done

All you have to do is sign on the dotted line, and celebrate with a glass of wine

William Mowell

Loyalties

The shit that rips and tears
Everyone's up in arms
Running around like no one cares
Words that cause harm

Friends fighting over others shit
Loosing those that truly care
Not found guilty but can't acquit
Only left with an angry stare

Two lives shattered in pieces
Over words spread around town
As we live the tension increases
And peace cannot be found

Is it truth or is it fiction
That is not for others to decide
The words create friction
No one knows if they can confide

A group of friends shattered
By the splitting of two
The loyalties are left scattered
Many are now only a few

I'm just the one standing in the middle
Looking at the destruction all around
I sit here and my fingers I twiddle
Can we save the boat before we drown

William Mowell

Loveless Night

I'm done lying, I'm thru denying

The way I feel for you, I might not make this through

Giving up my deepest love, feeling like a morning dove

But this never comes to pass, feeling like I'm second class

Never knowing true loves sight, always trying for a special night

Never doth this scene appear, so I'll have another beer

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

The Secret

I wish I could take away your pain, but this is so insane

you have another love, so why do I stay above

this cloud I made in my mind, I'm just not the leaving kind

and its all come down to this, I think I'm getting this shit

I'll leave this whole fucking town, and shut this system down

it'll be my last call, I'm through taking this fall

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Love, Leave Me Alone

As I sit here tonight, by the star light, dreaming of a love never in sight

Wishing I could go back in time, tell her how I feel, and everything would be fine

Not ending up like it did, I was just a kid, and my love took a skid

They say the first love you'll always remember, but I'll always regret, never to forget, that day in September

That day you left my life, trying with all my might, to wash away the memories, now my minds Hemoraging

After almost 8 years, I still cry stone cold tears, for Rebecca Reeves, and reality I cannot seize

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Lost Track

I'm not that hard to find
All you have to do is rewind

I'm on the corner of lonely and gone
I'm living in the house of wrong

I'm haunted by a ghost of you
I can't find someone new

I'm trying to get over you
I thought our love I could renew

I spend my days all alone
and my nights waiting by the phone

Waiting for someone to call
Maybe go out to the mall

But no one ever does
I can't find what was

And I can't get you back
And it seems I've run off the track

William Mowell

Lost Control (Sand & Bones)

She's beauty and she's pain
I'm addicted to her game

The remote to her mind
Is always set on rewind

She's a selfish bitch with a heart of gold
The fire makes her hard to hold

I can't get her out of my mind
Her body could be mine

But I can't speak
I'm too weak

She's got her whip around my neck
I've missed my baggage check

Now I'm stuck in the lobby again
Left to ponder all my sins

Left for days and my mind no longer controls
The keyboard to my mind is full of holes

Like a zombified piece of shit
My mind and body no longer fit

A puppet to a slave master
Always working faster and faster

No longer seeing the light of day
I've been left to decay

Sand and bones are all that remain
A slave to a master that went insane

William Mowell

Lonely Lookin'

Lonely looking in the middle of the night
Not looking for trouble, she had no fight

love found luck after a brief reprise
the loneliness that locked, came to it's demise

The girl that she left behind, will find
The woman she's meant to be, in time

The road that she's meant to travel
Scars from the past, the road will unravel

Another night spent in the cold
No aces left, her hand she's about to fold

But she cannot give up, not yet
She has one last hand she'll bet

Riding on luck of the draw
The life she lives is cold and raw

William Mowell

Looking Back On My Life

I sit here looking back at my life, I'm 20, broke and without a wife

I look back to my senior year, and I shed a solitary tear

Thinking about those I left behind, sometimes I wish I could rewind

Go back and change the past, time goes by so fast

Friends and those I wish were more, I never got to let my love soar

I never let the one I cared for the most know, and my love for her I never got to show

I listen to this damn song thats causing this, but I wonder if her lips I could've kissed

I can still feel her in my heart, although many others have tore it apart

I see others inject poison and I wonder why, life is too short to let it go for a stupid high

Life is bliss and hate and love, and it doesn't always fit like a glove

But it fits just the same, in this worldly game

Which brings me back to the mistakes of my past. and it probably wont be the last

But I learn from every mistake I make, like never swim in Banana Lake

Or never get dressed up on yard work Wednesday. you can't get out of some things you can try as hard as you may

Always show up early for lunch and late for class, and the teacher will always bust your ass

Ain't ain't a word, but I'm dang well gonna say it, I miss everyone's fussing I have to admit

Man how I miss those days, and wish I could change or find a way

To get those days back again, and past relationships I wish I could mend

My life ain't the same without Ashley's smile, I wish I could go back, even just for
awhile

Finally tell her how I feel, I would get to make my appeal

William Mowell

Life Of Honor

I'm a ghost of what I used to be
All there is, is a demon left in me

Saving the world from parasites
Coming home to another empty night

On the road, more than home
Giving my all, but ending up alone

Chorus

I'm the one they call a hero

A normal person, never called a zero

But when I come home all I see

An apartment as empty as me

Another crime stopped for a hefty fee
locked up, and soon he'll be set free

Sometimes I wander, why I bother
Set it down and I'll go see my father

The reason why I do what I do
And my vision will never be skewed

Because I'm the one they call a hero

A normal person, never called a zero

But when I come home all I see

A bag of clothes, reminder of what may be

Live Life

This life might be hard, a little strange at times
we've all seen disaster, its happened in our minds
but we have to rise above the wrong in our lives
hold strong, live fast, and put down the knives
it can get better, with a little push and shove
in the right direction, we carry your love

This life is all we have, its the only one
and when its over, its all that we've done
that will be remembered by the ones we love
and they will carry it, like a wingless dove

So live it to the fullest and love every minute
and always try to help, the ones that may not get it

life's a journey we all have to make
so don't live yours with any bit of haste

This comes from one that has carried a love
lived in the moment and seen her carried above
she lived her life to all that she could
and I do not cry because I understood
she went to a better place, and lived a full life
even though it was filled with all sorts of strife

William Mowell

Lonely Ain'T Killing Me

Someone save me from this loneliness inside
When you come around it runs and hides

But when you leave it comes around again
And I give in to a worthless whim

Second verse tearing another rhyme
Leaving this to fester in my mind

Can you save me, or will I save you
Will I sit here playing the blues

Try to write it off as a part of life
Everyone goes through this kind of strife

But deep inside I know the truth
The downfall of my youth

Never taking a chance on the things I wanted
Never going after those who flaunted

I've grown up and realized my faults
And now I can go after those I sought

William Mowell

Legends & Myths

Some believe in vampires, others in ghosts, I think they're all a host
Some say their demons, living in caves, but who's really to blame
Pure evil does exist, in the minds of the killers, with balled up fists
Also in myself, living in sin, leaving it on a shelf, somewhere in a den

Mass hysteria over the UFO's, in some field, where'd they go
Some ball of light, in the sky, at the movies, caught mid-flight
Whats it all mean, is this the scene, for the next movie screen

Vlad Dracula was the originator of the vampire myth
The leader of many, much like Joseph Smith
But hindered he was from the throne, impaling those of the unknown
This tragedy led to his downfall, it would be all but his last call

The infamous witch tale, from Sabrina to the Halliwells
defame the wiccan name, Hollywood is to blame

The last of all this, ghost stories are always a hit
campfire stories and urban legend, are always worth a mention
But the truth of it, is it real, or not, thats what makes it hot

All this cant be dismissed, but does it all really fit
The stories will surpass time, if you walk that silver line

William Mowell

Life Is Lying

Scars will heal and dust will clear
Is there meaning in this to fear

Accidents happen every day
The bodies only left to decay

Life is short and still we hide
And to ourselves we still lie

If you knew when you pass
Would you live and have a blast

Or would you sit there zombie like
Afraid of the big biker dike

It takes almost dying to see
Only then are you really free

What would you do then
What will you do when

You live in fear of dying
Love without fear of lying

What would you go after
Would you appreciate laughter

It takes almost dying
To realize this life is lying

William Mowell

Leaving Her World

Standing on top of the world, as his fell apart
Someone left his mind and took out his heart

The greatest smart-ass of the world couldn't see
That you couldn't do anything for me

I broke his world apart with a kiss
Sent him into the great abyss

I may have took you away from him
But you left for some guy on a whim

A roller coaster that can't be tamed
A airline bag that can't be claimed

The leaving kind and nothing more
Some have called her the town whore

I may still have some leaving to do
So I'll be right alongside of you

Leaving all those who loved me
Giving all my love without the fee

But in the morning I'll be gone once more
Looking for a long forgotten shore

William Mowell

Legends Of Our Time

I listen to Kid, Kracker, Hank, and Jones
Their songs chill me to the bones

You can have your pop idol trash
Even though Follow Me made a lot of cash

I'll be 3 Doors Down listening to Nickelback
You think its weak, hit you with Smack

Look at the Papa Roach in my room
Must be waiting for a full moon

I Need You, to get the hell out
Baby's gotta love the twist and shout

Skynyrd and Pink Floyd are the best
Alien Ant Farm and Bush fill out the rest

Rock and country collide in Restless Kelly
Sweet as mamma's Guava Jelly

You'll see a Sixgun coming from my side
But you'll never be Anything But Mine

I'll be making a Ghost Of You
While everyone's waiting for something new

I Am the Cowboy they speak of
Can you feel my love

It'll be Everclear when you find me
I need Fuel so I can make you see

This isn't a game to be played
Its a statement to be made

I can't leave tonight on a train
But tomorrow I'll be in the fast lane

Leave for Detroit City or Nashville
Start work at an old steel mill

Pay my way to the top of the music scene
Make it up the ladder by any means

Make a duet with Brooks, my inspiration
His music my infatuation

I hear the thunder roll and step into the fire
Listen to his songs and it gets me higher

It all plays out in my mind
I'll keep searching for which I can't find

I might never live my dream or get to see
The legends of my time, who inspire me

William Mowell

Just Ex Lovers

Bleed for me baby
Falling for your tenth story

Why are you still lying
The proof ain't hiding

On your tongue, on your heart
A stain of deception that tore us apart

An ex lover that came back
There's no denying fact

The love is still there
The pain rips and tears

Don't lie when you're leaving
Never think you had me believing

Out the door you go
With my money to blow

Good riddance to you
You're just someone I once knew

William Maxwell

Laying In The Mud (Tales From The Fire)

Rifle blasts fill the air
Most are shouting it isn't fair

Rebel leaders are breaking through
The walls have fallen, its 0 and 2

It's time for action, time to move
If we're worth a damn, its time to prove

One by one, more go down
Oh my God, a sickening sound

The fiery glow of hot burning metal
Running in the air, before his chest it settles

A full metal jacket will carry his blood
To hell and back, while he lays in the mud

Why do we fight for worthless things
Loosing all this life, loosing our wings

In the end only the devil will win
They lost their souls because of their sin

Take it for what it is, or take it for what it sounds
You listen to the TV, while another soldier hits the ground

William Mowell

I'M Not Dead Yet

This life hasn't been the easiest thing
I've made it through on a prayer and a wing

I've been dealt some bad cards, but I still live
And to others I still give

My body has been tested
And my mind molested

There are those that would've giving up
Thrown it away like a Dixie cup

I stand strong and try my best
I say hell to all the rest

I'm here despite all the odds
I'm here because of God

He gave me the strength to make it through
And I've used it, that's something he knew

I'm the man I am today because of those tribulations
And I'll withstand all of the temptations

Make it out unscaved and unused
Even though my spirits been abused

The man I'm meant to be will see the light of day
It may take my whole life, or it may happen today

But one day I'll be a leader to some
A true cowboy is what I'll become

William Mowell

In Between

Sitting here looking at the moon
Just like that night in June

The radio playing a song that I can't remember
But the tune still gets me, even in September

Neon stars replace the real ones
A different town, but still the same son

Every night another suicide
Another one for the shifting tide

I promised myself I'd never leave the night
But today I sit staring at a classroom light

All these faces don't mean a thing
All these faces are just a worthless fling

A vacation from that which holds my soul
This town is nothing but a big hole

Nothing that can't be sewn together
Something for a needle and leather

I'm in the middle of nowhere without a prayer
I've started to pull off another layer

Now I'm in between heaven and hell
I started here, and this is where I fell

Only dead men have seen what I've seen
And those dead men live in the in between

My ticket has expired and I'm all out of dimes
Can't get out, so I guess I'll chop me out a line

This in between is what they call life
I prefer to cut it with my knife

I'LI Be There For You

I pray for you every night
I'll protect you from the fight

In the shadows while you shine
Just a friend, but I wish you were mine

It's getting harder to be just friends
Watching life from a broken lens

Assholes find their way into your heart
I have to sit and watch, while they tear you apart

Next in line, knock em' down
Now his buddies are all around

Hope he had a great time
It's time to pay for the crime

Tearing a mind and soul apart
I'll be there to mend your broken heart

From the sidelines I watch a field goal
A drink, a smile, he's just another mole

A pretty face to hide a wicked grin
Why'd he have to order you a gin

Broken into pieces this time
The pieces are getting harder to find

I'll be there for you till the end of time
For you I'll get rid of all this slime

William Mowell

I'LI Give You Roses

Roses and a bottle of wine
We'll share love and laughter
Tonight I'll make you shine
You're the one I lust after

I'll show you romance
I'll give you everything
If you give me the chance
I'll give you a diamond ring

My words cannot say
How much I love you
Forever I hope we lay
For my love is true

Love may be a word
But it's how I feel
My meaning may be blurred
But I know this is for real

William Mowell

Life Like Nascar

I'm speeding around this life
Circling over and over, what a site
Never stopping for what I need
Pit stops, I'll never wanna leave

200 miles an hour with a blown out tire
spinning into the wall and never seeing the fire
Unlike Nascar, there's no one here to pull me out
So I'll sit here and let the flames engulf throughout

This car I call life, burning out of control
and no chance for a fireman to enroll
Spending my last minutes laying upside down
and the sounds of vultures spinning around

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

If You Decide To Come Back To Me

I'm here sitting, standing, waiting, watching
I'll be here sitting, standing, waiting, watching

If you decide you need a break, you know where I'll be
If you find your way back, I'll be here, you don't need a key

Knock as loud as you can, if you find yourself at my front door
Be as persistent as you can, if you find yourself needing more

I'll be here when you decide to come rolling 'round
I'll know when you arrive, you don't even have to make a sound

If you find yourself missing me, take that redeye back home
If you find yourself tired of it all, don't worry you need not roam

You'll always have a place at my table, and in my heart
I'll be here with open arms, to bring you back to the good part

I'll leave a beacon to guide you home
A shiny piece of chrome

A light that burns in my soul
It burns making me whole

I'll go on living, I'll find many loves in this life
But they'll never compare to you, I wish you were my wife

If you never come back, I'll still be a happy man
Contempt with the time together, holding your hand

William Mowell

I Don'T Understand (A Few Questions)

Lord, I can't understand
How some are put through hell
And some live in luxury
While others are put to the test
Nothing to help their pain

I don't question your methods
I know you have a plan
I just can't understand
The logic in some choices
How some of this is sane

Only you know the truth
Why things happen as they do
While we don't understand
We trust in your loving hand
As we are drenched by the rain

We spend our whole lives
Looking for the signs
Of life after death
And spiritual guidance
While they are all in our domain

Unconditional love only exists
In your love for us
And those that truly love you
But no one can say
While some try to explain

William Mowell

I Gave My All

I gave you my love, it wasn't enough
I gave you my blood, the real stuff

I gave my heart and soul to you
I gave you my possessions too

I've stopped giving you my all
I've even stopped giving you a call

This road has stopped winding
And my love has stopped binding
My anger I've quit hiding
Another town your riding
My pain is what I'm writing

You fell on me when you was weak
My love, something you wouldn't seek

That day everything seemed to fall
My life couldn't avoid the wall

William Mowell

I Am The One

I am the one they speak of
The one sent from above
Ghost Cowboy's what they call me
it wont take you long and you will see

I am the king of the world
And this plan will soon unfurl
Rising from the ashes of hate
and I'll never once be late

Love is the way of the future
I'm here for that wound to suture
Hate is that wound, and it will be stopped
The new textbook for the word will be dropped

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

I Can Save You

I can't change mankind
But I can change myself
I can't save the world
but I can save you on a shelf

A lonely picture hangs in a lonely room
It saves me this time
From a bad memory
And I tell myself I'm fine

I don't have the courage
To make it through
But I have faith
I can save you

I need to find piece of mind
But it eludes me, it soothes me
It catches me, I'll fetch the fee
I don't need you, I need a brew

Its time for the freak show
Come and see it now
Look at all the wonders
Watch the dog meow

Look now at center stage
A broken man and a burnt heart
Freak of the world
But I'm not torn apart

I left you the best part
But you didn't care
I can change the world
But I can't save this heart

William Mowell

Horror Fiction

Hockey mask down the line
A glove with knives you find

Dripping coming from the stairs
The silence of the night tears

A prank gone askew
A wicked voice bids adieu

A love for the dark nights
Inside the evil fights

Someone forgot the switch
In his mind a fatal glitch

Look behind to find
A shadowy figure entwined

A haunting stare from across the room
The overwhelming feeling of impending doom

Soon you will find
Holes in ones mind

Sanity will tear away again
The confession of a fatal sin

Immortal in the stories told
A hundred thousand copies sold

A story of a madman come back
To haunt those that got off track

Sins payed for sins of the father
Painted in blood, no one bothers

To recall the real story of Calamity Jane
Jack The Ripper, or Jeremiah Lane

Hurt

I'm deeply hurt inside
Seeing her with another guy

I swore I'd never fall
But I'm up against a wall

Love came and it found me
Destroyed is all you can see

I knew I shouldn't get involved
None of my problems were ever solved

Now more problems are laying on the table
Bungee jumped off the edge and broke all the cables

Falling farther down the hole
Searching, trying to save my soul

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

I Am

I'm the guy who likes to get it started
I'll stand up and I'll give fight
The one that gives love to the departed
Shake off the rattlesnakes bite

I'm the one and only
Sent from heaven above
I'll help out the lonely
I'll show you all love

Stoned and drunk
all over, all over again
This love that I have
It's my only pain

Living on a prayer
Loving for the moment
Responsibilities tear
Getting the love sent

Die a thousand deaths
Just for one more chance
I'll live through her tests
But will I get that dance

Love to the rest
But only some I give
She gets the best
She's the reason I live

The rock that many lean on
I will be there for all of them
Only she will hear my favorite song
She pushes me to maximum RPM

I will not fade like all the rest
I will withstand the storm
There are those that will fail this test
But my love will not deform

The reason I get out of bed
Isn't hard to figure out
Echoes of what she said
This love garden finds no drought

William Mowell

Holy War

I stand alone, I face these demons on my own

No one on earth will help me fight, hell's spawn are in my sight

I sit and wait for them to move, I don't have anything to lose

They say I can't win this battle, but the words they will not rattle

My mind is strong with the spirit, Strength is what God will immerit

This holy war I will battle through, and Gods own word I will be true

Slaying demons left and right, they never expected this kind of fight

Its time to finish this as I take another down, and then a flash of light I see the thorny crown

In a couple seconds it has come to an end, as the angels and Jesus start to ascend

I will fly away with winged glory, and that will be the end to my story

William Mowell

Horrific Circumstances

The horror movie in your mind
It festers for the right bloodline

Hear the crackle of trees at your window
Before the end, your sins you sow

You hear a crash, you see a broken plate
Is this a ghost, is it your mind, or is it fate

A dark figure at your back door
A Hockey mask is on the floor

Scared yet by these unfortunate events
Is the murder the one that is present

Urban legends and horror tales
Gives the outline for a wicked email

Ignored by most, feared by few
Something you overlooked, something you never knew

The killing spree of the century
A warning, he gave for free

All the victims, you've got mail
The last line, I'll see you in hell

A twisted game of cat and mouse
He's lurking around, he's in your house

Look around, but no one to be seen
Watch out, he'll have your spleen

Suspect zero with no alibi
you'll see his face before you die

The last scene to a bloody tale
The getaway, he never fails

Hazzardous Material

Pretending to be the Dukes
90 miles an hour
Going faster and faster
Giving in to the power

Love can come in all shapes and sizes
An orange sports car
High cut jean shorts
You can shoot for the stars

Two rebels with hearts of gold
An uncle that makes moonshine
A TV show and a movie
It all fits just fine

The Dukes live on today
Rednecks running that translucent substance
Giving credence to the adage
Nothing gained if you don't take the chance

William Mowell

Her Loving Me

I may not be the greatest poet in the world
I'm no where near a saint
I would give it up for this special girl
Every time I see her I almost faint

My love for her she never knows
My devotion is behind the scenes
But every day my love still grows
Even if my love's never seen

She's the beauty queen of my whole world
She's the comedian I wish I could be
She's a ballerina who needs to be twirled
Through my eyes I wish she could see

My heart aches when I'm not around her
Close to her body I wish I could be
All my memories turn to a blur
All I think about is her loving me

William Mowell

Guide To Survival & Getting Even

If she's frustrated and bleeding
Go outside and run away
That smile she has is misleading
Get in the bunker and don't come out til May

If he's complaining about the TV
just squeeze him soft and gently
Make his day go easy
By F***ing him intently

If the kids are complaining about supper
Just let them whine and moan
They need to shut their damn mouth and suffer
Or they need to find another home

If your boss is pissed about you being late
Give him a kiss and say it's alright
Say you want to eat his steak
That'll give him a damn big fright

If your neighbors being an asshole
Don't yell and scream and cuss
Just duct tape his ass to a ten foot pole
and hang him until he admits he's a puss

The worlds full of dumbass'
So I say we need to do something
Tie them up and throw em in the grass
And let the insects bite and sting

William Mowell

Haunting Shores

The ghosts of my past are haunting me
they're tearing me apart, with this killing spree

Aliens abducted me, left me in a field

Their secret plans will be revealed

The demons in my mind, festering for the time

Never letting me go, and making me blind

These creatures are a figment of my imagination

I'm giving in and I'll live with this frustration

I'll let this monster let me go

Tearing me with another blow

Grim reaper is coming near

Yet I feel there is nothing to fear

Death will be my maker

I wont need an undertaker

Six feet far from down

Wearing this thorny crown

The day will come, and I'll be no more

I'll finally get to see that raging shore

Drowning under the ripping tide

And that will be the day that I die

William Mowell

Great Revolution (Roll The Dice Part 2)

Thrown on my ass, after being thrown out of the casino
I made my way to the baseball memorial to see the great bambino

Clear my head and make some decisions about my life
What should I do, settle down, make a living, find a wife

I find myself on the dark side of this town
Looking for a light, and dragging myself farther down

All I've been doing is trying to survive
Can someone show me a sign of life

Vital signs are stable, but I'm dead inside
I think its about time for me to ride

Find another city to hold my addiction
I'm the cause for all your afflictions

This scene reminds me of the previous act
Before you and your buddies made a pact

Leaving me in the cold to die
Feeding me bullshit, another white lie

When you feed a man shit to digest
You come back with a strong man, only obsessed

Hellbent on revenge against your evil plan
You'll go down the tubes, like a grain of sand

Some can't hurt the ones that hurt them
But I'm not that way, I'd hurt him and never look back

I would never be able to hurt you
But I'll be damned if I'm the one screwed

Whiskey bound and hellbent on retribution
You'll be witness to a public execution

Its not to late to change my mind
Truth will set it free, uncover the blind

It's up to you to find a suitable solution
Before everything is destroyed by a great revolution

William Mowell

Grey Matter

I feel like hiding my face in a picture
Dorian Grey would have gave this lecture

The man who would never age
The picture behind the face

A pact with the devil was made
And his looks would never fade

His soul would live in fire
But his career would grow higher and higher

But I'm not Dorian Grey, I'm an ordinary man
I can't give my soul for some worthless sand

Still I wonder sometimes, what it would be like
Living the all American dream, be like Mike

I just want to write my songs and play my tunes
And sometimes watch the late night cartoons

But still I wonder, if I was Bugs Bunny
What would happen if I wasn't funny

Or if I was the invisible man
And you could see me where I stand

Would it all be worth the price
Could I deal with the painful vice

William Mowell

No Regrets....Just This One

I live my life with no regrets
but I'll never forget just one

The woman I knew, a years or two
but fleeting the moment was

Some say grace, some say ma'am
I just want another chance

to share these feelings a meaningful meeting
but share it no one does

If I had my chance for love or romance
This would be the one

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Gods Love

I look to the Lord above
And feel his almighty love

He helps me stand when I fall
He gives me strength when I hit a wall

My undivided devotion is to him
Throughout my every limb

To the cross I cling in my darkest hour
When I look to the heavens, I feel his power

He washed my sins away
And in his hands I'll stay

I'm a work in progress
To him all my sins I confess

By the power of the blood I am forgiven
A mansion in heaven I will live in

An Amazing Grace gave me light
His undying love gave me sight

In God I will always trust
I will withstand the devils lust

High ground can be found
Flood waters will not drown

If you believe in Jesus
And all that he has given us

He is my solid rock
I am part of his flock

A better day is what we will find
When we believe not just with our minds

But with both mind and heart
A higher meaning he will impart

On those that choose to accept him
Confess all, let go of all of your sins

William Mowell

Goner

Love's gone away, and I can't stay

I must leave tonight, I'm not looking for a fight

If I stay here any longer, I'll defiantly be a goner

Love's got a hold, this can't be bought and sold

If he catches me here, It'll be ever so clear

He'll defiantly kill me, if he ever doth see me

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Ghostly Influence

I'm surrounded by the ghosts of the past
Come back every once in awhile for a blast

My redneck teachers from days gone
Leave before the early morning dawn

Drink a toast to those that are no longer with us
Those that left on that heavenly bus

The greats singing together
No matter what the weather

Elvis and Hank, Marvin and Cobain
Lighting that eternal flame

Making hits we'll never hear
But at night is when they appear

Cash and Ledoux, 2 Pac and Biggie
Singing every night without a fee

The hearts of America is where they live today
You can hear them in the songs that we play

They influenced the world that we live
And for that, thanks we must give

To the music teachers that gave us so much more
The dreams that led to the artists that fill the record store

Today's greats would have never been
If not for the artists of way back when

William Mowell

Givin' The Chance

The wings of our love never got the chance to unfurl
If givin' the chance I would have gave you the world

I would've rode a wild tornado if you asked me to
If I had the chance, I'd surf the delta blue

Make you the queen of the Nile
Take the other one off file

Leave you with everything you've ever dreamed of
All I want is for you too feel my love

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Ghost In You

The ghost in you, is haunting me

Why can't you make me free

These chains are binding my heart

I can't seem to love, its tearing me apart

I did terrible things in my past

But I'm free of that pain at last

The pain was making me crazy

Doing hurtful things, my vision was hazy

My epitaph will be short and simple

A man without love, made no ripples

I can change the way that I live

But can the ones I hurt forgive

William Mowell

Through The Seasons

I live through the seasons, living the age of reason

It's turned into the age of madness, and all that's left is sadness

Peace has taken a back seat, no one left on main street

But the dealers and the thugs, what happens to say no to drugs

No one caring about their fellow man, no one living hand in hand

It's all going down the toilet, every one just submit

The working man no longer exists, backstabbing and slitting wrists

To get ahead of the game, everyone should be ashamed

The good ole' boys are still here, but we dwindle from year to year

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Ghost In Your Mind

I'm a ghost in your mind, giving you a sign

Time to move on, she's already gone

Cry your last tear, that's why we're all here

Drinking in a bar, leaving in a car

crossing the yellow line, every things not fine

going to heaven drunk, they all think your a punk

they wont let you in, because of your sin

so your sent down below, to see the fiery glow

Eternity to ponder, and always you will wonder

What would have been, if not for your sin

William Mowell

Ghosts Of My Past

I need the feel of her soft embrace
Of the one who no longer knows me
The whiskey is only a waste
And there's always a hidden fee

I miss her hair in my face
And having her next to me
I miss her smell and taste
I'm only one, no longer we

It gets harder living everyday
Fighting with the ghosts of my past
I cannot find the words to say
The time flew by way too fast

I get knocked down by the wind
Fighting for something that's not there
I find myself lying on the ground again
The memories only rip and tear

I fight the demons in my way
Sometimes there's too many to face
I finally find the words to say
But they're nothing but a waste

Never seeing you again isn't the hard part
It's not knowing if you are OK
You'll always have a place in my heart
I'll be here even a million miles away

I'm fine in the day time
Lonely in the night
I might seem like I'm fine
But that just ain't right

I won't let this pain kill me
But I may just come out crippled
My heart is without a key
Everyday this loneliness triples

Even in the day I find myself wondering
When I hear a song from Gary Allan
It leaves me in a constant state of pondering
It's getting hard to avoid the reapers' talon

My friends may not understand
But I need to be in the arms of a woman
They try to help, but not all of them can
Without love I'm not a true man

I'm working on OK
But it's a long and hard road
I may stumble and lose my way
But this is a hundred ton load

William Mowell

Full Circle

I crank up the radio to hide my tears
Let the sub-woofer blast, as I shift gears

90 miles an hour down a deserted highway
I can't seem to get more than a mile away

Your memory following me like a cop
Broke the law and ended up on the top

It catches me a couple miles from I-75
Swerve into the river, take a swan-dive

Jump out just before hitting the water
Found almost dead, by a farmers daughter

She takes me in and I meet her father
Leave for another town, don't even bother

Her father tells me as I start to leave
As I think to myself, he's so naive

I see the shotgun, but don't give a damn
The daughters as cute as a sweet baby lamb

Wake up to a shotgun barrel right in my face
Daughter lying next to me, I've used up my last ace

I hear click click, and wait for the boom
How could a life end so soon

I was going to throw it all away
found something to make me stay

And now my life might be done
As I stare at the end of this gun

Fates got a weird way of biting me in the ass
Giving me another day before the final blast

Friendship (You Can Call)

If you need me I'll always be here
I'll always be around
You can lean on my shoulder and shed a tear
I'll save you before you drown

I'm a guardian of sorts
A knight without armor
A shimmer less piece of quartz
A crop less farmer

I don't need a shield
I can face what may come
My friendship will never yield
I will always show you the sun

Your happiness is all that matters
I will see that it never falls
Your emotions will never shatter
My number you can always call

William Mowell

Find Your Way Home

I lie under these western skies
I hide behind these hazel eyes

I ride a horse of a different breed
And my words you doth read

I breath a poets last breath
This heart cease to pound, under my breast

The willow gives a second wind
Another road gets another bend

A china shop another bull
A slave will find another mule

The wind will chill the bone
Until you find your way home

A path less taken will find you
A road home will carry you through

William Mowell

Forgive

I gave my all
you half ass-ed it
Every time I fall
Into your basket

I give my all
Everyone half asses it
My ego now falls
Taking another hit

Giving to others
While neglecting myself
Sucking up to mothers
While my soul is on a shelf

I'm not living for myself
I'm living for others
You can't neglect oneself
And give to her brother

The hell you've caused
Is not mine to live
I cannot press pause
And I cannot forgive

William Mowell

Free Again

You never liked this hat
I always knew about that

You didn't like my music either
So we always listened to the likes of Seether

Now I'm free again to wear this cowboy hat
And listen to country music without any combat

A rednecks what they called me
And maybe that's all you'll ever see

But this broncing bucks more than that
Even thought thats all you see when you look at my hat

I'm a man thats gone too far to save
Wrote an ending to put on my grave

Six feet down wont be able to hold me
I can't fly away and I'll never be free

Shackles hold my feet, while I dig my own grave
All because of these choices I have made

Free to wear this hat again
This grave I'll wear it within

William Mowell

Faces

I have many faces you may not see
You never know, but I'll always be

Kind and gentle, loving and caring
Risky and obscure, humble and daring

All these things, are all in me
But you just wanted to be free

Honorable and fun loving
Humorous and adventuring

Someday I'll be able to show you
All these things you never knew

Cold and hurting
Angry and awaiting

These are now the things I am
And I don't really give a damn

I'm done, threw with you
I'm out to find someone new

William Mowell

Fate

Every road is the start of another
Every bend just one more ex lover

Winters are never the same
Global warming is to blame

Love fades, and friendships end
Some are lost forever, some will mend

This life may seem like a dirt road
When you're carrying a dynamite load

The love of a stranger, is stronger than some
The distrust in family members, like bubble without the gum

Illegal are the natural rights
Flying away like a stringless kite

Freedom isn't free when some are dying
A heavy cost when the politicians are lying

Skulls in the mirror of the next door neighbor
Cost of living is high, no one pays for labor

Beauty comes before brain
Lust will drive you insane

This modern age can become a whirlpool
Backstabbing and murder, find the right tool

An axe to grind, a gun to fire
The trusted are the liars

American pride, Iraqi's are the ones we hate
European dynasty, corruption is just fate

Home is where the heart is
But someone left out the bliss

Train whistle calling from afar
An ex boyfriend watching from his car

Suburbia has a wicked undertone
Drug are what the neighbors sow

The darkness around cannot break
The good ones love, and the lies of the fake

The good still shines through
Laughter still breaks the blues

A life between light and dark
Spend your whole life, avoiding the shark

You have to look the devil in the eyes
To overcome all of his lies

Love can be fatal or it can be great
No one can escape their final fate

William Mowell

Evils Time, Evils Place

This country has gone to hell in an instant
Freedom for what, the government's pissed on it

My salvation is what sets me apart
From the preacher with his hand out in the park

Beggin' for what, money can't save your soul
Money can't make you whole, money will rip a hole

What is there to gain from green paper leaves
Dollar bills can't give you a lung, can't give you reprieve

When money rules, the devil has won
A dark soul, a reaper, a black hole sun

Bad moon rising depicts the times we're living
There's too much deception and not enough giving

A great army cannot save the world
From the evil that exists that will unfurl

A prophet, a false god, a giver of peace
All these things, will be released

All will be untrue, and all will bring suffering
Nothing can help, there will be no buffering

Brewed in hell, conceived on Earth
The likes of Evil Dead will have a birth

The ultimate battle, the final fight
But when it's done, we will see the light

Lifted above, and showered with light
What a glorious day, what a wonderful sight

William Mowell

Exorcist

Exorcist is what they call me
The demons, only I can see

The holy book and the cross
The perfect tools for saving the lost

I save the people from the night
I will never give up the fight

Hells spawn can kiss my ass
I wipe their prayers with a flask

Send them back to where they came from
Hell is a perfect place for this worthless scum

I'm not like the books may have you believe
Its not for redemption, that I set them free

I'm not an angel, and I'm surely no saint
I'm an ordinary man, just not as faint

If you need help from that which you cannot see
Get down on your knees and he might send you to me

For I am the one they call an exorcist
And helping you is number one on my list

William Mowell

Eternal Flame (Reliving That Day)

What the hell am I doing
Like a deaf bird cooing

My life's flying by so fast
I'm still living in the past

A movie, a song, a melody
Brings me back, and then I see

The reason I live here in the past
And remembering that day, that was our last

A few months after graduation
It's funny, both of our destinations

Coming back the same day, the same time
Reliving it blows my mind

Was it fate, or infatuation
Could it be a restoration

Of a flame that burnt in silence
A fire, a flame so violent

Destruction of a heart and mind
It would regrow with time

But every now and then again
I find myself back there and then

I find that flame burning eternal
The bottom of the bag, a single kernel

Soon I'll rejoin the real world
After reliving that day with her

William Mowell

Everything Under The Moon

She's my everything that I've never had
She's gone from my life and all I am is mad

Sad, angry and frustrated at a memory
Your memory is all that's left for me

I need to hear your voice tonight
See your eyes full of light

That smile that makes everything alright
Your embrace that stops the fight

Why did we have to end so soon
It's midnight and there's a full moon

I sit and wonder where you are
I sit and wonder just how far

This old car will take me
How far it is from your memory

You came into my life and shook it to its core
Left me always wanting just a little bit more

I hide under a moon that's blue
That's the way I feel about you

William Mowell

Epitaph

You say the music I listen to is fucked up
well I'm about to give you the death cup

slit your wrist, cut your eyes, you wont even realize
whats about to go down, when you mess with this dark clown

I'll make the murder rap, look like an epitaph
what I'm gonna do to you, make you wish it was Sabu

I'll be giving you the beat down, yeah I'm from a country town
Don't mean shit son, this day is already done

and your six feet under the asphalt, from my wicked ass-ualt

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Tennessee

If I find my heart, you'll be the first to know
If I find my brain, I'll be gone with the snow

When you come around, all the static turns to sound
when I wake up, my love's left in a paper cup

Someone's in my mind telling me how to feel
lately it seems I just don't know how to deal

It was so simple, back in the day
now it's complicated since you asked me to stay

If I find the courage, you'll never know me
If I leave tonight, I can make it to Tennessee

William Maxwell



PoemHunter.com

Ending In Tragedy

I'll get back up when you slam me down
When you hit me, I'll make no sound

If you cut me I will bleed
Sympathy isn't what you need

Pull out your gun, I wont let you
Injure these people, you'll never get through

I'm not the red and blue
I thought everyone knew

I'm just an ordinary citizen
You might find in a bargain bin

I'm the diamond in the ruff
And I've had enough

You wont make it out alive
You'll be taking a swan dive

Tackle you down and then comes the struggle
Grab your gun and try not to buckle

Pistol whip you into submission
The cops arrive and find you in the kitchen

Take you to jail and the bond is set
The bond is met and you leave on a jet

Years on the run finally catches you
In those years the karma accrued

Ending in death, you shouldn't have left
All this started with a petty theft

William Mowell

Endless Cycle

My mind is a prison with many metal bars
I try to run from it, but I can't leave the scars

My memory is the warden that presides
Over my sentence, while I try to hide

Love won't leave me alone anymore
Why can't I leave, give it what for

I fall in love with the girls that are taken
And now the electric chair, my brain is bakin'

My mind is dead, but my body is still breathing
I can still see, but I've lost all feeling

I feel like crying, I'm always dying
You think you know me, but I've been lying

Every morning I get up and wonder why
Every night I lay down, and start to cry

My exterior shell hides the fangs
Hides the emptiness, hides the pain

Part 2

Love threw the switch and killed me again
I guess I deserve it, I tried to hide my sins

Lust and love, and my selfish game
I never knew I'd lose before I gained

Lost the love of my life tonight
I've decided to give up that fight

He's won you and I lost it all
Off this ledge of love, I start to fall

Again I stand here, in this cell

Again I stand here, rotting in hell

The warden throws the switch another time
I'm dead again, I fell out of line

Part 3

I'm here again, another girl, another bar
I'm feeling good, as she starts to get in the car

I start to realize I'm living the same scene
As I see her boyfriend and she starts to scream

Rape they called it, even though I never touched
Her thigh they called it, even though it was the clutch

Now I sit in this cell again, only this is real
Now I really do have something to fear

They beat me something fierce
But their clubs can't peirce

The truth in my mind
It doesn't matter this time

Part 4

Arraignment is followed by lies
I rot in this cell, like a wingless fly

They give me food, and a guy names Steve
All the while, my mind still imagining my Eve

Six years I rot in this damn cell
Six years is a long time to spend in hell

Hell can take a toll on one's mind
Afterwards sanity is hard to find

Forever meant to spin an endless web
Hundreds of strange turns in this life I've led

Due To The Devil

Past got ya down, scared by a wooden clown

Come right up and take a peak, the recipe we have tweaked

Its better than all the rest, but we're not about being the best

We're about curing your ailments, make sure all your mail is sent

Take this pill and everything will be fine, but don't try to walk a straight line

There are some side effects to mention, but we don't have an hour of intervention

This is the wonder drug of the century, but it will come with a fee

your soul is the money that we will take, relief is something we can fake

Give the devil his due, and you wont ever be able to sue

For this is a once in a lifetime offer, and your soul will be a little softer

William Mowell

Dull Side Of A Knife

I miss the way your kisses taste
The safety I felt in your arms
I hope our love wasn't a waste
I hope I didn't cause you harm

I love you and I hate you
All at the same time
The night you got that tattoo
I'm no where near fine

I got the blues from you
I found loneliness myself
I hope you know my love was true
And it's always on my hearts shelf

If our love was a book
It would be a short one
If our love was a crook
It would be Billy The Kids son

The highway calls my name
But I can't answer its call
Until I loose this old flame
And brave the 100ft squall

I need a woman by my side
And a song for the part
My mistakes I confide
I'll try to lie to my heart

It's been awhile
Since you've been around
Now I rarely smile
I can't help but frown

I'm still living my life
But I feel empty inside
Like the dull side of a knife
My pain I've denied

My friends mean well
But how could they know
How to help when I don't tell
And my pain I don't show

William Mowell

Down This Road

It's a long long road ahead
Mile markers are flying by
Trying to clear my head
This time I'm gonna fly

Cobwebs cloud my mind
Trying to shake them out
It's peace I'm trying to find
I'm leaving all my doubt

Longing to be happy and free
I wish this road came near
The exit I wish I could see
This road was paved with tears

This road we've all been on
Not knowing which way to go
Some have wrote about it in a song
Broken down and in need of a tow

Cowboys and rebels, business men alike
Have all left some of themselves
A hat, a jacket, or rubber from a bike
All will display it on their shelves

This road we call life is full of pot holes
Some we can avoid and some we can't see
We make friends and enemies down this road
All the while trying to be free

William Mowell

Drugs & Addiction

I take this pill it eases the pain, but for what I cannot explain
Some smoke pot others crack, there are a few that do more than that
All of us have a drug of choice, and none should have a passive voice
For some God is that drug, money is the drug for a thug

Television and radio can give that effect, but that doesn't mean you have a defect

Liquor and beer can get people drunk, coke and caffeine can make you feel sunk
Sex is addicting, and considered a sin, and some relax, locked up in their den

All walks of life find an addiction, there are some that find it in fiction
Telling stories of magical creatures, amazing adventures and giving their features
Addictions can be good or bad, and some can make you mad
There are those that kill, and others that give a thrill

We all die in the end, and until the angels descend
We all must occupy our time, while making a couple dimes
As long as we follow Gods word, no one will be unheard
Its up to you to find your way, no matter what they may say

William Mowell

Don'T Tread On My Confederate Flag

I smell deception in the mists, I see an asshole with balled up fists

Someone wants a fight to break, but peace is what I'll try to make

I'm no peacemaker or saint, but blood isn't something I paint

I'll knock you out if it comes to it, and don't think I'll give a shit

If there's another way I'll find it, but don't think I'll be the one to quit

Don't think I wont find solace in your demise, and don't think I'll ever compromise

Lock and load mother fucker, I wont be your sucker

I'll bring you hell, and your soul I will sell

A dime, a horse, a nickel bag, don't tread on my confederate flag

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Distant

Friends, like the fleeting wind of change
The world goes around two more times
I feel like the target on a rifle range
Did it get lost in the unusual rhymes

Am I going absolutely insane
Or am I loosing everything I've known
The winds of the past are they to blame
Is it the reaper or just what I have sown

My friends have become distant
Is there something or someone to blame
My life has changed in an instant
Is it something I did or am I being framed

I can't seem to find the answers
I'm being shunned unknown to why
These worries become cancers
Is it built on the truth or is it a lie

I only wanted to be there for them
I hope they will realize that
If I knew I could atone for my sins
In this group I feel there is a rat

William Mowell

Don'T Be Afraid To Live

Give the devil his due
Give Muhammad Ali his too

Give the angel her wings
Give the bride her ring

Give the president hell
Give the turtle back his shell

Why not give back your time
And chop me out a line

Give a damn about the economy
'Cause nothing comes free

Everything has its price
And everyone has a vice

Don't waste your time with petty things
When you could be riding on Terydactal wings

Live and laugh and love to the fullest
Don't worry about all the bullshit

Don't be afraid to go after what you want
Even if its in Vermont

Don't be the one to let life slip by
Don't be afraid of all the lies

Fly like a ball hit by Babe Ruth
Don't be afraid to tell the truth

William Mowell

Discount Heart

You're staring at a simple man
A cowboy hat and a guitar in my hands

A pen and paper to write everything down
A rockabilly swing with a country sound

Green eyes hide a troubled man
This wasn't a part of my plan

But flowing the tides of life are
A sight the likes of a falling star

Sit and watch the broken crumble
Laugh about at the drunk man stumble

Smoke up your daily paycheck
The crashing down, worse than a car wreck

No one plans to be an addict
No one wants to be a convict

The struggling are the ones knocked down
The rich are given the golden gowns

The poor are given a cardboard box
Down the street, a car on blocks

Up the road, a mansion fit for a king
Every morning the whirly bird sings

This life is hell for the majority
The crooked are given the authority

I am a simple man with simple dreams
Peace and love and two scoops of ice cream

For the little girls and the little boys
Can't even give them brand new toys

Discount items for a discounted child
Love for the spoiled, allowed to run wild

A guitar on my back, a song for the part
No one ever listens to a discount heart

William Mowell

Decisions We Make

Find my way to the sun, live the way of the gun

Give myself to the world, let my leaves unfurl

Love to the very last drop, No need to use a mop

No pain can come of this, No dirty minded balled up fists

Leave the lesson to the teacher, leave the sermon to the preacher

Live life from Texas, leave tonight in a Lexis

I'd be counting flowers on the wall, but white walls all down the halls

A wedding chapel somewhere in sight, you look wonderful in white

I would lay my life down for you, Its something I would do

Wish I could give up this way of life, settle down with you as my wife

This line of work isn't something you give up, you can't leave it in a metaphorical cup

Life on the road is hard sometimes, more so than making up the rhymes

Leaving my baby behind, can't find time to unwind

Schedule me for another show, can't find that magical glow

Searching for it all my life, been at the end of my share of knives

I though I found that in you, our love, I though it grew

But in the end the road wins, and to you, I can't make up for my sins

William Mowell

Demon Road

On a long deserted highway
Miles away from the destination
Wishing I could just fly away
Fighting half of the nation

Red eyes staring at a gas station
Knock down the weary man
Praying for salvation
To the car I ran

A car chasing me, with spirits inside
A silver gun, and a wicked smile
A lead bullet is what I find
I sneak away for awhile

A police station dead as night
Nothing here but faded faith
All they did was look for a light
The devils blood has a bitter taste

Armed with a cross and a shotgun
Carved into the bullets an emblem
A bullet blessed by the father and the son
The Holy Spirit shot into em'

This isn't a war, or the end
It's an invasion of the damned
Back to hell I will send
The wretched souls, the lower man

A night of joy, a night of pain
Nothing turns out the same
A boy a little less sane
A lifeless body without a name

William Mowell

Dirty Little Secrets

Dirty little secret, thats what I'll be
My love I'll give you, and its all free

Dirty little mind and a dirty little hand
You make me feel like a man

Nights of passion and days spent asleep
All the while I never get weak

I'll do to you what no other man can do
I'll make you feel brand new

Make you my kitty kat, make you meow
While we're together I'll never make a sound

Be the mysterious man at your door
Make you my little whore

As you float on a cloud of pleasure
Of which you cannot measure

Leave you weak in the knees
Wanting more, begging please

William Mowell

Daydreaming

Baby I see your silky white skin
When I feel it I start to grin

Your fiery eyes tell the story
All about the days of glory

Your lips like a fine cherry
Forget about the rest of the berries

Your legs so long and so sleek
You make my knees go weak

When you walk by
Your perfume gets me high

You're always on my mind
And that's where I'm confined

I fantasize about a night of passion
But I could never meet your code of fashion

I can still wonder what might have been
And wish that I could feel your ivory skin

William Maxwell

Dead Town

I drove in to a town thats dead
I woke up on the wrong side of the bed

I'm seeing things and the things I'm hearing
This ghost town I will be leaving

The children's eyes are white as milk
And they feel chalky not like silk

I'm seeing skulls and bones of those long since gone
The feeling of this town can't be right, its all wrong

I see a lake of fire, I realize this is the portal to hell
I must find a way out before my soul becomes unwell

The town folk have fire in their eyes
But I can see right through their lies

Don't go out at night or you'll be consumed
Lies all the others have assumed

Never to return, but forgotten they're not
Although the flames they feel are oh so hot

Lost souls that never found their way
And now this town wants me to stay

Why haven't I left, why ain't I gone
I sit here and sing the holy songs

In this lonely old motel room
Feelings of impending doom

Hookers are calling my name
Trying to make me go insane

There's no one here but me
But the voices are something I can see

Inner demons and outer forces
I should leave tonight with a thousand horses

Leave forever and never return
But mistakes I make I never learn

William Mowell

Presence Of The Past (Crimson Mass)

The presence of the past are trying to take our minds
They are not the stuff of legend, they aren't the undead kind

They aren't demons laying in the grass
They aren't gonna come out and kick your ass

They are the evil spirits of the past
They move stealthy and are way too fast

You can't outrun them or try to hide
And if your not aware your soul they will find

Evil exists outside the city limits of our mind
It waits in the shadow, looking for the right time

If your not careful it will consume you
You'll be seeing red, instead of blue

A crimson mass will be your death
A rotting body will be all thats left

William Mowell

Creator Of The Masses

Everyone believes in a God, but all are not the same
Some beliefs are out of this world, while some are tame

Aliens created us, who created them
It's not our right to condemn

We will all be judged by our creator
Personally I believe he's the ultimate translator

God as described in the Gospel
Even if I don't visit the chapel

You can take under god out of Pepsi
But you can't take under god out of me

This country was founded on him
And without this world would be dim

I see another flood coming our way
All this evil cannot stay

Wipe away this evil regime
All those who do not follow the supreme

William Mowell

Cowboy

I'm the new cowboy riding a steel horse
I'll be coming at ya with extreme force

I am still wearing a hat and buckle
And I still am known to crack some knuckles

Get in my way and I'll take you down
Fisticuffs or sixgun we'll go round and round

Calaced and bruised, but my mind is still strong
Get in my way and I'll prove you wrong

Talk about my hat and I'll kick your ass
Throw you around the bar and hit ya with a glass

This cowboy is a lover and a fighter
I even got a shotgun lighter

I'll never give up and never give in
And I will never let you win

The wild west has risen again
and this time we're gonna win

Take over this God forsaken land
Take out this crocked command

William Mowell

Cowboys Lost Soul

You might have thought the ghost cowboy was indestructible,

You could've though I was full of shit,

But someone ran off with this cowboy's heart,

And left it in a ditch

The phrase used heart for sale comes to mind

Its cheaper than the rest

A shadow is what's left behind

And I'll carry it to my death

Haunted by a place and time

It seems you set it free

Sold it for a mere dime

Yet left me with the fee

This heartache isn't real you see

Its a figment of a soul

Beating under an old oak tree

Never to be whole

William Mowell

Colors Of The World

Spin around my hat baby
You ain't gotta say maybe

Leave it for a million bucks
This life you live really sucks

Spin around the world in 80 clicks
You'll find me doing 80 hits

One day this life will make sense
But until then all you'll be is tense

When something leaves we appreciate it more
But most never pay attention to the love that soars

These words I speak aren't prophetic
But the life you choose to lead is pathetic

Words mean nothing if not for the emotions behind them
They are just words nothing more until its spoke of him

You put me down, but I wont waver
Love is something that I will labor

Green jealousy, red love, and heartache is blue
White is superior and black is superficial, but that ain't true

Colors and emotions are nothing more than brain waves
Something they had few of back in those days

We have intellect that those before didn't have
But still at our selves we cannot laugh

All these weapons of mass destruction
But who's the one doing the construction

Why you ask, well its as simple
As a blackhead or pimple

When the brain gets smarter, the heart gets colder
Everything around us is getting older

William Mowell

Confederate Rose

She smells as sweet as a confederate rose, with the same name
Our love was anything but tame

It is her favorite flower, and I can see why
Both beauties could reach the sky

She pulled me in, and I was smitten
and now our love has been written

I write poems about heartache, and she can't see
It's never about her, its always about me

I found a diamond in the ruff, and pulled it out
As she sparkled and shined, I let out a shout

She shined like the sun to warm my bones
When its cold outside, she takes me home

In the rain we shared a kiss
Our love still exists

We may not be together anymore
But our love is still free to soar

My confederate rose, she will always be
And to my heart, she has the key

William Mowell

City Lights (Backwoods)

Fort Worth is where I wanna be
Texas, oh how I want to be free

The shackles of life burns like hell
To be on an old dirt road, everything I'd sell

I'm just a country boy at heart
City life is the worst part

Can't see the stars over the light
Can't even get into a good ol' bar fight

This life is mundane and I'm sick of it all
I miss an old back road in the middle of fall

Country life is all that's there for me
A country boy is all that I can be

The city lights surround me like a jail cell
I'm living just in the city gates of hell

Simple life seems to be extinct
I need to find that missing link

Old days listening to Lynryd on the radio
A Pick up truck could make any load

The girl next door was your only one
When you were with her, you could reach the sun

Pretending to live the way of the gun
Pretending that the south had won

Riding off in the backdrop of a setting sun
But realizing your back where you had once begun

William Mowell

Christmas Time's Coming Around

Green and red tassels are hangin'
On a tree around the children are singin'

Tides of great wonder and great joy
Midnight hour Santa brings the toys

Carolers in the street sing about a wise man
Silent night is being accompanied by a three piece band

Watch as the white snow falls down
Hoofprints leave a lasting sound

The old man's back in town plays on
Dinner is the prelude to the holiday songs

A tree stands six foot tall with a star at the top
Decorations up and down, as the lights hop

Rudolph with his nose so bright
Grandpa loosens his pants so tight

A feast to last the whole year through
An I love you is long past overdue

Family and friends gathered around a fire
Holiday cheer, as we listen to the angel choir

William Mowell

Chasing The Dark

I'm chasing the darkness again

Ready for this night to begin

Looking for a spot in the corner

Going to try to forget about her

Trying to escape the light

Leaving this time, another lonely night

Hiding my face, wearing this mask

Maybe it'll be different, don't bother to ask

I'll be gone before the sun goes down

90 miles to Vegas, another worthless town

I've captured the darkness, but at a cost

I may have got what I want, but I can't bear this loss

William Mowell

Choose A Side

Whispers from the devil. God gives love to us
To fight the temptation, to resist the lust

No one sits idly by, everyone has a side
You must choose yours, in one you must confide

The warm embrace of heaven, or the fiery pits of hell
Love from your neighbor, or buy what the devil sells

Live for yourself, or live for the one above
Love only yourself, or show everyone your love

You have a choice, you can choose what you may
Just remember the consequences, and where your gonna lay

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Chances

What do you do when you loose your chance
When someone comes in and sweeps it away
To be with her instead of him and have that dance
To be the one that she comes to to stay

To love and loose
To loose that love
What will you choose
What will you be void of

If you get the chance
Don't hesitate to take it
Ask her to dance
Your Love don't be afraid to admit

Life only comes by once
So don't miss your opportunity
Don't be afraid of the bunce
Don't miss out on the unity

Take this advice from someone who's been there
In my life I've missed out on many chances
I've lost too many of those of whom I've cared
And have not noticed a lot of curious glances

William Mowell

Cell Block A

I spit out rhymes left and right
Make you look for the light

You haven't played this game
I'll make you feel ashamed

Slap the shit out ya
Make the crowd go ahhhh

Leave ya laying on the floor
While I'll be headed for the door

Teach you a lesson bout this redneck
Make it look like you were in a car wreck

Roll snake eyes with your body
I don't give a shit your a Leprade

Names don't mean shit when your in here
Fear street ain't nothing to play with dear

These cell bars only hold you in
Pop ya neck and the story is fin

William Mowell

Carry You Through

I'd give you my heart
For a nickel and a dime
You're the perfect part
I wish you were mine

Lightning bugs all around
They're light can't compare
To the light that is found
In your eyes that glare

I'll take your worries away
Just take my hand today
I don't need a month or year
You'll have nothing to fear

I want to be there in your darkest hour
I want to be the ship that guides you home
Worry gives the fear power
No more do you need to roam

If given the chance
I'll give you the world
If shot down
I'll get up once more

The man you want
Is standing right here
Your memory I'll haunt
Without shedding a tear

My love for you will never die
I'll live on, even without you
To my heart I will never lie
In it, I'll carry you through

William Mowell

Broken Home

Crying is for the weak
Love is for the poor
Time is for the meek
She'll walk out that door

Lonely is for the broken
Happiness for the rich
Amusement park full of tokens
A heart broken by a glitch

A love has gone by
Nothing lasts forever
All we have is time
To mend the severed

Split in two
Joined by one
The addition is new
The love for their son

Everyday another story like this
Another girl leaves another guy
Love is everything but bliss
So fragile to be broken by a lie

William Mowell

Break My Heart (One Of My First Poems)

You can break my heart, but don't tear it apart,
leave it in two, I'll just use some glue,
and the next in line, just sands in time,
the final curtain, its not that certain,
but what I do know, is that beautiful glow, is all a show,
and nothing will mend, in the end

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Ghost Cowboy

You'll never see me crying in my beer,
you'll never know me, but I'll always be here,
I'm the Ghost Cowboy

Living in a world, out of my time,
Giving no reasons and making no lines,
I'm the Ghost Cowboy

This is the last, blast from the past,
the cowboys no more, and no eagles will soar,
I'm the Ghost Cowboy

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Breakdown

I live in this world, meant for the rich

Wandering whats there, can I pull that switch

I will one day break it down

And I will love to see their frown

This world hasn't seen the likes of me

and for all those who don't know, this is my decree

Live and let die, I'm not willing to pay that price

Live and let live, but never throwing the dice

There's a middle ground yet to be determined

When it is found there will be no more sermons

When the day comes, and all will come to an end

The fire comes out, and the demons ascend

Will you be there, or will you be above

Are you gonna join in, or are you gonna be loved

William Mowell

Blind (I Cannot See)

Happiness seems to have passed me by
Now it seems I'll break down and cry

I see everyone hooking up and leaving me behind
I wish I could find something called peace of mind

Being this lonely is tearing at my heart
So I hide myself in this abstract art

But it can't hide the truth about me
I must be blind, because I cannot see

I used to be a soldier never afraid
Always living on the edge of a blade

These days all I am is weak
My confidence has a leak

They say love is a many splended thing
When it gets bored, why don't you give me a ring

In the meantime you can find me
At the local bar drinking myself till I cannot see

William Mowell

Best Left To The Memory

I never hid anything from you, everything about me I thought you knew

I never lied about my dark side, and I gave up all my pride

I wonder what you might have hid from me

Did I really know you, or could I not see

I promised you the world, gave up mine

But you up and moved on, left the past behind

You felt so warm to me, never knew you could be so cold

Gave up some silver, for a fucked up pot of gold

Should have listened to everyone when they warned me

Wish they would have made a stronger plea

Age didn't matter to either of us

Until you left on that greyhound bus

Did I do something to drive you away

Was there something that could've made you stay

Is there a way to get you back

I miss those lips painted black

It's best left to the memory

But its never left up to me

This is the last verse

and I'll end it without a curse

But end it with a warning to all

Before you take a fatal fall

Take the time, and get to know someone

Before you find yourself where you begun

William Mowell

Between Love & Man

The feel of a woman's skin
When she's lying in your arms
There's nothing better
And you know they'll come no harm

From the numbness that comes
After she has fallen asleep
Her beauty while she's there
Could make the strongest man weep

It doesn't matter
That there is no sex tonight
Even the self centered man
For love will give up the fight

What is love, but what we feel
Could there be anything better
Than the love that we seek to find
And hide from a tear stained letter

If there is a middle of nowhere
I've found the location
Its right where we were
When love made its creation

William Mowell

Behind The Scenes

I'll be here to save the day, but I won't get in your way

The one you fall back on, when your love has gone

Behind the scenes while you get played, but my love will never fade

Time and time again come back to me, all the while wishing you could see

The perfect one for you is right here, the one that eliminates all your fears

You're always with someone new, and you say I'm one of the chosen few

No one can love you like I do, but my love will never make it through

It will go on for you even if you don't see, the only one for you is me

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Good Times Gone (Times We Shared)

Our first date, we made out in the rain, visited stranger's graves
Played basketball with some people we just met, and some other stuff to make
us sweat

Fell asleep in each others arms, and didn't even set off any alarms
I got lost and ended up in timbucktoo, all the while missing you

Second go around we did some of the same, but it never got lame
You met my parents and made a good impression, made it through the first
session

Third times a charm, as you we're laying in my arms
Laying in bed all day, and never going all the way

Then you said you had to go away, and I didn't stand in your way
I let you go with a minimal fight, held back with all my might

Came to grips with the situation, and gave up my infatuation
But remembering the good times we shared, and knowing how much you care

William Mowell

Beacons In The Night

The birds in their nests
And the love all around
The light from the moon
The bugs on the ground

The stars in the sky
The look that you give
The passion that is found
On the ground we relive

The Love that is found
On a warm summer night
The way that we feel
The lightning bugs so bright

Like beacons in the night
On this beautiful ground
The breeze just right
Only the crickets make a sound

William Mowell

Beer Lake

You in my arms, the night on alarm
The reflection in the water, open another bottle

Right here is where I wanna be
The stars in the sky are all we can see

A gentle kiss will linger on my lips
My hand resting on your hip

Six pack and an old cane pole
Fishin' in the dark after taking a stroll

Old beer lake never looked this good
I would hold you forever, you know I would

Hoping it will last, but knowing It never does
Living for the moment, living for what was

This lake has seen its share of breakups
I was hoping it would see our love grow up

Another girl, the same ol' lake
Love in the water, the love wasn't fake

This lake has been there for them all
This lake has seen me fly and it's watched me fall

All the while never making a sound
Even while we tore up the ground

Now there's a general store where that lake once stood
Replacing the water, for some concreted wood

William Mowell

Arms Length Away

My teenage days are just an arm length away
I'm 20 now, and I know in the past I cannot stay

Faded dreams and vibrant memories are all that remains
Of a long forgotten time, like the horn of a distant train

Still images like a slide show in my mind
Metal and memories left behind

Another time, looking at another face
I find myself in the middle of a forgotten place

Burnt down for a mini mall
I can still feel the wind of Fall

And the smell of orange blossoms
Bad smell to some, to me it's awesome

Everything else has been replaced
But my memory will not erase

Pictures fade, and video corrupts
But my memory will never erupt

Tapes were still a popular item
If you had a beef with someone, you'd just fight 'em

No guns were involved
Fists were an end to a cause

Growing up meant driving a car
Not getting drunk in a bar

The girls were as rowdy as the boys
ATV's took over childish toys

The world stood still for a moment in time
At least, its stuck on a moment in my mind

Artificial Skin

I live behind this artificial skin
Picked it up in a bargain bin

Full of holes and burnt flesh
Creases and Cracks fill the rest

Its hard to feel through this thick coat
Start to sink, wish I could float

10,000 feet I have fallen down
But still I haven't drown

All the weight of the world lifted
This burden has been shifted

Sink to the bottom, but its okay
I'll live to see another day

It's peaceful down here
No one around to fear

I think I'll stay here for awhile
In my mind I can see your smile

William Mowell

Another Time, Another Face (Part 2)

Next door an angel sat
In her chair every afternoon
Her jokes I laughed at
It ended much too soon

She'd walk home at four
After the bus dropped her off
She left me wanting more
The touch of her skin so soft

In my mind I walk back
To that front porch so small
I find my self getting off track
At the beginning of Fall

Nights on the trampoline
Or just sitting and talking
Her face can still be seen
My mind its still stalking

I loved her with all my heart
She never knew
While she was tearing others apart
My love only grew

That night my heart fell flat
Lying under a harvest moon
Her chair I always sat
Her leaving like a monsoon

To this day I still think of her
Lying under a harvest moon
Her chair I do prefer
Years after that day in June

Next door an angel sat
In her chair every afternoon
That night my heart fell flat
Lying under a harvest moon

William Mowell

Angel On The Radio

The nights get hard to deal with
Having no warmth to hold me
Having no one for my love to give
I'm a lock without the right key

The angel takes the soul
I hear it on the radio

I'm a giver without a givee
My love is my gift
I have a lock box without a trustee
This burden I can't lift

The soul burdens the angel
So they send it back to me
In a lonely room it dwells
They sent it back without the right key

William Mowell



PoemHunter.com

Angel Wings

Faded memories and broken images of a place and time,
the memory is there, but its been damaged by time

Back in my youth, a girl I once knew,
now when I think of her, it makes me blue

A song helps bring me back to that place,
and it helps me remember her face

Angelic beauty and kindness to spare,
thoughts of her are almost too much to bare

Stupidity that I still have,
mistakes that make me mad

Like a theatrical play the time line comes back
Remembering the day she left, here come the facts

A pick-up truck took her away
Her angel wings would never decay

I knew an angel for awhile
And that is the reason I smile

William Mowell

Another Time, Another Face

I remember The Light In Your Eyes
And when there was Nothing New Under The Moon
I watched the Purple Rain wash away the flies
And when you left, I was signing that same tune

You were my kryptonite
My weakness will always be you
I can never win this fight
So I'll just enjoy the view

Next door an angel sat
In her chair every afternoon
That night my heart fell flat
Lying under a harvest moon

Still today I sit under the stars
Wonder where you are today
Wonder if you made it to Mars
What if you had stayed?

Did I ever let you down?
Maybe that day in June
Are you afraid of clowns?
Are we under the same moon?

I'll always remember that light in your eyes
And there's still Nothing New Under The Moon
The Purple Rain doesn't affect the flies
And I'm still singing the same tune

William Mowell

All The Days Of The Week

Monday's a drag, Tuesday's never better
Wednesday sucks, and Thursdays wetter

Friday looks promising, but it never pans out
Saturday's boring, and Sunday's all shout

Friday night get drunk and get wild
Saturday alarm clock gets me riled

Sunday go to church and pray
Monday go back to work, hurray

Yeah right, work week gets me down
I always feel like leaving this town

Getting away even for a day
Foot on the pedal, no delay

A break from all this mess
Can't live with no more stress

A beach, a drink, and a lawn chair
No need to send up a flare

Living life in the slow lane
Never once using my brain

Never going to happen, but I can dream
Even though this life makes me wanna scream

William Mowell

All That You Love

All you love will be carried away, and no one said that you would stay

Can I live, love this time around, or will I be haunted by a ghostly sound

You left me sitting here alone, now this life I lead, off the throne

I was king of my world, and of yours, but you left me, now I drift off shore

All that I love has been carried away, now my whole world turns up gray

I live in the shadows of this dark mind, I never took you for the cheating kind

I was blinded in the beginning, but I knew it all by the ninth inning

I'm still the king of my heart, nowadays it needs a kick start

All that I love wont come back to stay, and I am drifting farther astray

The death of me will be unlike all the rest, something you can't find in the
reader's digest

I wear this cowboy hat to hide the tears, drowning myself with a couple of beers

Pretty soon I'll be gone, never heard from again, not before I take one last spin

William Mowell

Ah Halloween

Thought it is pretty much over
The screams still fill the air
And though the candy is gone
We still gave them quite a scare

Costumes here and costumes there
Candy lost, and candy found
Candy corn will never be
as popular as Mounds

I still love scaring kids
It makes me feel good
I watch and still love the sight
Of running little hoofs

Fleeting are the double bubble
In the stomachs of the young
Fleeting that taste of pink surrender
Lasting on ones tongue

William Mowell

A Talk With God

I talked to God the other day
He told me to keep holdin' on
As I got on my knees to pray
The whispers of a holy song

A guy died on the street today
An accident I passed by
I hope he never lost his way
A dirt bed, his body will lie

Sunday morning the churches aren't packed
Seems everyone has forgotten
The Holy Bibles in the back are stacked
The minds of our youth are rotten

A family store selling sex toys
A preacher smuggling money
Priest molesting young boys
The skies no longer sunny

Holes in the ozone
Nature no more
Rely on telephones
Babylons whore

Hell has a place
No longer a time
Evil has a face
Destroying a mind

Not to worry
Not to fret
No need to hurry
If you have met

The Holy Spirit
The father and Jesus
I can hear it
Warning he will tease us

William Mowell

Bluff

Drops slide down the bottle
Like Memories of me and you
Things just got so hostel
The words that you construe

I sit in this old chair
Wondering where you are
I watch the stars and stare
Are you dancing on a star

I got just enough for a six pack
I swore I'd never drink again
Another lie I've taken back
God help me with these sins

I just wanted someone to love me
I guess that wasn't you
You couldn't just set me free
You had to break my heart in two

I want to be the one you need
The one you run to when it's rough
Can't you see for you I bleed
This is no bluff

William Mowell