



Moreporks speak there eary name, the wood  
moths drawn to my lights in vain, the night is  
peaceful, the spot surreal , it's here on my  
deck I feel,

The freedom of future , the pain of past , the  
feeling of achievement , because at long last ,  
life long dreams, have become real,  
overworked tired and worn, but it's grounded  
I feel, surrounded in nature , bare feet in long  
grass , 17 years ,finally paid off breaking my  
ass , concrete jungle and stainless mess, has  
paved the way to building my nest, high on a  
hill top just under the mountain, once I'm  
bunked here it's years I'll be counting , time is  
precious I got places to roam, with my loving  
queen waiting at home, Ill live in the bush  
once more , wild at heart and free of mind ,  
the worlds perils being left behind , it's the  
Hilux I'll fill with mongrels and mates , off to  
the waipapa probably home late ...

BORN TO HUNT  
FORCED TO WORK  
BUT NOT FOREVER!!!



Write a comment...

