

Persian Flaw

© Mario Vickram Sen, 22 Jul 1993

1

Could this be your spirit surrounding me in the darkest night?
No longer troubled by the slings and arrows of your tragic dance.
Could you have escaped the unkind feelings of your destiny?
By this heroic act be given one more chance.

2

Will you be here for me the way you never could before?
Is that you answering the questions that I have asked?
Is that your voice cutting through the many other voices that I hear?
Leading me onward to the future through the past.

Chorus:

A voice of warmth and understanding,
Encouraging me to live out my dream.
Could it be true, it was not you who held me back?
But my own need to have you live inside of me.

3

Could it be that I was wrong, and that you were never judging me?
Was it just your way of trying to warn me of what I could not see?
Did you never blame me for your sadness and your failure?
Did you just have no magic words to set me free?

Chorus

4

The other night when I was seeking out some comfort,
And I appealed to your memory for my success,
You sent a raven, and a robot, and a priest from a Shaolin Temple.
You sent a Broadway show by Sondheim,
and a Native American who dreamed of the ocean,
You sent an Indian friend with Budweiser in her hand,
and my own son with a comic book.
To remind me that I deserve some happiness.

Chorus