

A STORY NEVER TOLD

Dropping on the blacktop, resigned to his demise
Powerless to help those whom the social contract binds
He could've been a wealthy man, attorney, athlete, king
Instead, he kneels before the world drenched in gasoline

The truth behind his immolation only some will guess
Most believe the prevaricating corporate sponsored press
Lies and innuendo, lead-ins buried deep
The audacity of suicide on our city streets

They all misspell his name, say he's young or old
No one bothers checking out a story never told

He's a radioactive superman with piercing x-ray eyes
He's a lionhearted soldier in the war of compromise
He's a street walking messiah on a self-destructive trip
He's a riddled mass of molten flesh on a stillborn crucifix

Born outside Chicago, raised in New York State
Graduated 3rd from Yale in '68
Turned his back on degrees, chose to heal the meek
A patron saint for many whom fortune fails to reach

They may forget his name, but he touched their souls
And since his efforts helped the mute his story's never told

He's a long forgotten broker in the policy of truth
He's an advocate of terror with a dreamer's waning youth
He's a self-indulgent martyr ill equipped to win the duel
He's a court of resolution doused in super octane fuel

Pestilence concedes a love for penury and haste
Striking when support's removed without a moment's waste
The learned man, his empty hands, wears a beggar's clothes
Pitied like a simpleton in lieu of all he knows

They recognized his name but retained control
Kicked him to the curb where his story's never told

He's a symphony of rhetoric with an audience of one
He's a steel-toed wheeler-dealer stomping on the favorite son
He's a national indictment waving guilty pleas
He's an antiquated eulogy of fuel injected dreams

Knock on any door, it closes in your face
Request a small donation, they put you in your place
Seek a cure for ills the White House gives no credence
The final card left to play is civil disobedience

He knew they might forget his name as he stepped out in the cold
Scraped a match on the street where his story's never told

He's a blooming supernova on a foggy winter night
He's a chalk mark in a rainstorm carried by a gutter's might
He's the orphan son of consummating politics with gold
He's an everyman, a pauper's grave, and his story's never told