

The Wall

I have this dream ...

We are heading toward a wall.
We are heading toward a wall.
Here comes the wall.
The wall, the wall, the wall, the wall.

Do you think that we will fall?
I do not think that we will fall.

Are we heading in a car?
We are not heading in a car.

Are we heading in a plane?
We are not heading in a plane.

In a bus or on a horse?
Not a bus and not a horse,
I'll tell you all I know, of course,
I know I'm dreaming - that is all.
I know I'm heading toward this wall.

Can we stop or slow it down?
We cannot stop or slow it down.

Is it big or is it small?
It is big and it is tall.

Is it far or is it near?
In the dream it's near, I fear.
It's big and wide and near and tall,
A great big, scary, rushing wall.
I'd like to crawl or sprawl or bawl,
But it seems I'm in for a brawl with this wall.

Has it always been right there?
Yes, we always saw it there.

It started slow; we didn't care.
We just ignored it, like the air,
an ever-present, massive lair.
It kept its place - fair and square.
But now, mein frère, we don't have a prayer.

The wall is real.
and our speed is not low.
The danger is real.
I know that that's so.
And our fear is starting to grow.

What will you do?
I don't know what we'll do.
The wall's in our time.
Our time has come due.

We never knew
the luck we drew.
We could talk and talk
till our faces are blue,
But in the end
The wall is what's true.
What will we do?
I guess we'll go through.

- John Bickart