

World on the Horizon

It is almost as if music was there at the beginning
When stars collided and planets formed
Out of an infinite sea of darkness
It is almost as if music was there before humanity itself

It has been a tool at our disposal since our beginnings
When we sat around campfires
And let the flames dance to melodies spun
About great sorrows and great joys
And as music has evolved over time
We have too
Even into modern times

Music drifts in and out of the windows of a dancehall
Where flappers twirl in star-dusted frocks
Pearls glowing like stars
In the arms of lovers who'll disappear when the sun graces the sky
Moving as quickly as if they are comets stuck in the wind
As if they are all a part of their own universe
As if every step they take is a challenge to the existing order
As if every note played is a meteor threatening impact
Threatening to change everything

Music ripples from television speakers
As the world turns up the volume
To hear a new sort of music
Rock and roll, they say
A disaster, a silly fad, they call it
But those who know can sense the change it holds
The young ones watch with open eyes
As if they can imagine themselves in those audiences
As if history will be written by a songwriter's pen
As if they are all connected to one another
Drawn together by the same rhythm

Music marches down the streets
Drum beats matching with protestors' steps
Guitar chords soaring to the sound of bombs falling in Vietnam
Every singer's voice a cry for help
Calling for peace and love and harmony
And those who are listening fight
In the streets, in the cities, in the suburbs
For a better world, always on the horizon, but always unreachable
As if music is the fuel for the machine of change
As if every lyric holds the power for progress
As if the fate of the world hangs on every note
Perhaps it does

From punks with their hair as bold as the future they wish to see
To soaring synths and big hair and musical experimentation
To the grunge movement where a generation found their voice
To today as pioneers bend the rules and challenge what music means

There will always be dissenters
Those who'll complain about the changes they're seeing
But there will always be those
The pioneers, the dreamers, the musicians
Who see the power a simple song can hold

And as I sit in my room, headphones in
I try to see what changes today's music will bring
As if the notes played over my speakers are carving a path
Towards the world on the horizon, always out of reach

But we'll march and we'll sing and we'll dance
As music guides us towards the future
Forward and forward
Onward and onward

Until the end