

Conscious all day
Cautious in my own way
Coincidence seems oh so
Strange and my actions
Are estranged
Unconscious but still awake
Things that are by chance
Seem to always break

"I never knew I could map
Out my life
Destined to live each and
Every day
Aware of what will come
Deep down inside I do have
All the answers
My misfortune
My burden in life
Is to know what will come
Nothing comes undone
Predict and prevail
That's me..."

A skilled mechanic
The artificer of destiny
An inner panic of knowing
What will become of me
Predict the Future and my
Eyes the only ones to see
A heavy burden of endless
Possibilities
Misled by god, endowed
Immense Qualities

Imprints of guilt, A repenting
Soul inside of me
My own misfortune
A lack of capability
A great success
Or a minor Probability

A wound that will never
Leave a scar
A pain that won't go away
You still don't know who
You really are
Wise words gone astray...

Every choice, every thought,
Every step, stumbling in my
Own feet
Every word, every sentence,
Every line, everyone comes
Undone