

Seasons

Across The Sun

What is this place
Seems all too familiar
So foreign, yet so recognizable
A road long since traveled
That state of reckless abandon
Unguarded, unassured

Been down this road before
Can't take this feeling anymore

Searching for the one
To prove I deserve to be had
It's not my time
The trend leaves me broken
(Until that time
These words will be spoken)

So what's to be done?
A crossroads have been met
Is there a lesser of two evils?

One road leads to empty
The other confusion
Both leave me without
Asking questions in circles
Someone make sense
Of all this mess

Only certainty
Is a stronger man
Would have rid himself
Of such travesty
Trading tyrant and torment
For the knowledge
The right choice was made

It's a rarity
Removing passion from logic
Gain some piece of mind
Knowing integrity was not left behind