

## 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