

My Choice

After Forever

Is it not the choosing that makes the life we live so intricate
?

Are the options we have too endless to control?
Can we oversee the offers and their demands and their goals?
Can we oversee our own needs if we do not know
What it is we really want?

Our minds, instead of our hearts
What we feel confuses our thoughts

Security, an ancient quest
Standing alone, the ultimate test
Still we search for warmth in the materialized luxuries in life
The times have changed but we are still the same
Another choice 'cause we still don't know

Let me see where I belong
Let me be a little part of it
Can I choose my way in life?
Can I dream, can I feel, could I know my choice?

A choice without the illusion that luck is for sale
'cause I have all that money can buy

A choice means freedom
And endless options
Can we survey that?
Can freedom be controlled?
The option's bitter
It leaves a part of you behind the borders of your choice

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