

The gentle embrace of death
Touches my weary soul
I'm closer to the end now
Enough despair! I'm whole!

Destined to make the right choice
My existence, a constant struggle

Soon I will at last be free
Of my chemical burden
My consciousness is raised
Without society's poison

Destined to make the right choice
I exist but I have to feel vital

Helpless, abandoned
Relentless attack
Realize my dreams
I can't turn back
Always doubting yet indecisive
Meandering convictions become so pensive

Part of me wants to live
I grope for a reason
Yet I'll be granted solace
Seeming serene...open

Destined to make the right choice
I exist but I have to feel vital