

## Vital

## Anacrusis

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