

-Some time has passed since the boy crossed paths with the beggar. He is attempting to live with hope and truth again, but it does not last long. The world and its ways begin to get the best of him.

Time has passed since I have encountered what I think is grace.
Is this destiny putting me back on the track of faith?
Is this destiny protecting me from seeing an early grave?
It's time to look forward. No more sorrow.
But can I keep this up?
Can I keep my head up this time?
I finally feel sure of myself.
(Poisoned by anger, frustration, lust, and self-gratification.)

All the hate I had for this world,
I've only found myself deep in the core now
With my transgression.
Distraction has been made my fixation.
God, there's no hope for me.
There's no truth I see.
I feel no love from the skies above.
So much for destiny and faith...