

The Chosen

Defiance

Into optic illusions
Try to foresee what is to be
made&Chosen I may be the one
Chosen I just might be the one to
live

I never heard a word they said
But now I see the light shining
Through eyes
It leaves me pacified

Illusions leave me blind
Black is all I see
Formed is a twisted image
That was chosen for me

I never questioned why
I never saw a reason for suicide
Or planned to take my life

The will to live my mind sets free
Into the vast of misery
Tomorrow seems so far away
Illusions of conspiracy

My conscience is my only friend
Learn to live my life in peace
The chosen, I may be the one
To live my life and be set free