

## Winning

Gentle Giant

Once he could smile maybe happy  
Fighting for his future and his destinations  
There were his friends he'd rely on  
Everyone had nothing but their aspirations  
Soon dreaming found realization  
Winning was his target with deliberation

Now he has everything, tell me why  
No one knows him, the veils shut out cutting the tie

So now he's made his own island  
Not familiar even to his understanding  
Thoughts turning sour, did he want it?  
Something reassuring in his time and planning  
What did he miss, needing nothing?  
Seeing that it was the fighting and not the winning

No returning, no looking back, on with his way  
Rising winner but falling man, gaining the day

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