## **God Forbid**

## N2

Born to die, lapse of concentration Dethroned by force. from your desire Lost in transition can not arrive Grief for separation unwilling to change

Anxiety creeps through your creation Despite the dismissal of your faith Broken chains drive through your veins Cant breathe lack of air Through submission Changing desire from birth to death Loss of sense Sway your own perception Lating chage dulls your view Life will emerge through your own creation Born life revolves around your own recreation