

Why was I chosen as the only one.  
Who cannot decide in the end.  
This reasoning is openly unfair.  
Like playing hopscotch in a minefield with my friends.  
I don't believe in having two or three.  
One God's the lifestyle that I've set.  
I don't believe in people I don't know.  
Strangers are just friends I haven't met.  
All through this life of mine I've been alone,  
The paths of many left behind.  
Until I find a way to write a son,  
The words are trapped behind these lips of mine.  
The human race is in for one big shock.  
We've never been like this before.  
I've studied carefully humanity.  
And there's no such thing as human anymore.  
Of all trials and tribulations I've been through.  
These are the worst of them I swear.  
And they've seemed inferior compared to you.  
Only trust the one whom you most fear.