

Track One

Kekal

Wish me luck, wish me luckier
than the luck itself.
I have traveled far,
to the edge of distance,
guided by divine hands
through all these sufferings.

Many walls have been broken,
many have yet to be.
With both feet on the ground,
my wish will never expire.

Clinging on the urge
to stay on track
and keep moving.
The core of life is not about
how we end an episode,
but on how we dare to begin
another after another.

Wish me luck, wish me luckier
than the luck itself.
So many plans to do in such
comfortless time-frame,
as change is the only constant
in life on Earth.

Stagnation never takes its course
within oneself.
Praying at the crossroads,
hoping things would go well.

Ahead of us lies
a different standard of meaning,
adding concrete facets to
the once so-called oddity.

Time will tell should things function,
or vice versa...