

Why was I planted here?  
A thorn in the world's side  
Working stealthily  
Until my time arrives  
No one knows my real name

I'm a threat to all  
Although I seem so tame  
The quiet man who fixes the shoes  
I await the call that awakens me  
To my true purpose  
I must never tell  
Keep my secret well

Day by day I find  
No one sees my mind  
When they tell me that it's time  
I won't have to act so kind  
Then the world will know  
These events will show  
Who will win? who will lose  
But for now I will hide  
All this angst I have inside  
And quietly repair their shoes