

The Step Away

Orden Ogan

Too brief to know my name
i wander the roads of this life
too weak to say "i'll quit this game"
- so-called-feelings are holding me tight
'cause fear replaces
your wishes and solid mind
and likely embraces
your soul and dries your tears
but finally it's me that i see
in the mirror - a friend of mine
and finally i can drop my fancy dress
and live for the first and last time
and finally i'm becoming
by leaving this world behind
and finally i can say "i quit this game"
instead of flowing down so blind