

What is gained in saying I am that, I've done this
When life is luck of the draw then a battle of wits
More useless to me than a motto is a creed
'Cause this vain imposition is a loaded decision
Hiding in it's vision a treacherous seed

The situation is president
No hero to raise
No villain to defeat
There is only the end you effect
Only the elements to override me
How do you contain a spirit then
With no eyes or ears
How could you please your case
No threat of death to subdue it with
No clock to abide
No body to sustain

She carries
A heart of sand
Her words
Are the surge
Of the ocean