

## The Dreamer, the Thief, the Relic

Vanna

The road owns who it owns.  
Find myself walking a city street.  
Summer blocks in the summer heat.  
Welcome to the road they say.  
Not always clear, not always paved.  
Stumble cross as I meet the thief.  
Broken stare as our glances meet,  
he's the one who draws you in.  
Robs you blind and leaves you sinking.  
The road owns who it owns.  
Every time I feel myself stop, feet to the ground.  
Just keep moving. As I walk, I hear the whispers start,  
here's the relic with a change of heart.  
He is beaten, tattered, and worn all thin.  
Barely a man but a ghost within.  
Old man, what do you have for me?  
Show me a future that I haven't seen.  
I'm too tired for all your lies, but your eyes.  
Your eyes, listen kid. I've seen things you couldn't see.  
Men starve and women leave.  
I've seen death creep behind these walls.  
Do you really think you can handle it all?  
Old man, you're tired of being alive.  
Let me by. Please step aside.  
You don't know me, or where I've been.  
You haven't seen the trouble I'm in.  
Do I have the strength? Do I have what it takes?  
I am, I am my own destiny.  
Don't you say a fucking word to me.  
I am my own destiny!  
Below my feet, you're all dead to me.  
I am my own destiny!  
Pull down the skies and make them bow to me.  
I am my own destiny.