

# It's Always Darkest Before The Dawn

Corpus Christi

Tonight I take my chance.  
Tonight I make my own fate.

Tonight another statistic makes the gravest of mistakes.  
I wonder if they'll even notice when I'm gone.  
I wonder if they'll even care.  
Temptation... it taunts me.  
The urge for escape, the taste of cold steel on my lips, the rope around my neck.

These bitter pills and razorblades seal my fate.  
Demons resolve me.  
Another voice whispers,  
"This is not your choice, there is more to this if you hold on."  
Temptation... it taunts me.  
The urge for escape.

Hesitation means something.  
Am I stronger than this?  
I choose to hold on.  
I am not my own.  
I will not let go.