

The Chosen One

Destrage

Everything scares us
Yet all is harmless
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Yet all is harmless
Can't be that bad
It's just a scratch
But can't be left like that
Can't be left like that
No leader preceding
No supporter following
Alone with doors kicking
And obstacles jumping
The barriers in my way
Fine barrels where I age
Weak phantoms in my days
Crawl in a circle chase
Within tired, sleepy dreams lay
Left with a few options to choose
But none of them looks attractive
Headfirst
No caution to use
Nor courage, nor might to prove
My choice taken in a blind shot
Pursued even if not ideal
Chosen because it's real
And the sense of it all
I will...