

Too Late To Be Born

IGNEA

This is my word
Against my own thought
This is my style
Which I don't like
This is my hell
The devil's it is
This is my song
Or listener's is

This is my choice
Or yours it is
This is my life
Or voodoo's of me
On my bookshelf
Unfinished books
Who am I now?
Where is the truth?

Part of the crowd
Team or a couple
Where do 'I' stop
Where do 'we' start
What am I now -
Me, or another
Where do I find
Authentic I

This is my luck
I failed at its core
I saw a knight
But he turned a girl
I have a plan
But it has no chance
My tale has an end
But where do I stand?

This is my place
I lose myself here
This is my grace
Decayed as it is
I am too tired
I can do it all
I will be fired
Too late to be born!

Part of the crowd
Team or a couple
Where do 'I' stop
Where do 'we' start
What am I now -
Me, or another
In flames I find
Authentic I