

Why was I planted here?
A thorn in the world's side
Working stealthily
Until my time arrives
No one knows my real name

I'm a threat to all
Although I seem so tame
The quiet man who fixes the shoes
I await the call that awakens me
To my true purpose
I must never tell
Keep my secret well

Day by day I find
No one sees my mind
When they tell me that it's time
I won't have to act so kind
Then the world will know
These events will show
Who will win? who will lose
But for now I will hide
All this angst I have inside
And quietly repair their shoes