

# Anacrusis, Vital

The gentle embrace of death  
Touches my weary soul  
I'm closer to the end now  
Enough despair! I'm whole!

Destined to make  
The right choice  
My existence  
A constant struggle

Soon I will at last be free  
Of my chemical burden  
My consciousness is raised  
Without society's poison

Destined to make  
The right choice  
I exist but  
I have to feel vital

Helpless, abandoned, relentless attack  
Realize my dreams, I can't turn back  
Always doubting yet indecisive  
Meandering convictions become so pensive

Part of me wants to live  
I grope for a reason  
Yet I'll be granted solace  
Seeming serene... open

Destined to make  
The right choice  
I exist but  
I have to feel vital