

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