

Powerspace, Prologue: Adam Beckett

I found it difficult
To be a storytelling failure
For all those years
Living was a challenge
That caught me so off-balance
And passed me by

Repeatedly, I stared my future in the face
She walked away
Her silhouette confirming my worst predictions
She walks away

Hope is just four disconnected letters
Combined and put together
By a disconnected man who missed the point
My life was just a promise that I uttered, then I broke it
And admitted as we all went up in flames

So I made a resolution that I'd pay back planet earth
And I would send out this faded portrait
Maybe we would all live on
We'd soar on

So I strapped it to a rocket and I sent it into space
Praying someday you would find it
Maybe we would all live on
We'd soar on

In all my years existing
As a storytelling failure
For all those years
I waited for a miracle
On a planet based on push and pull
And nothing changed

And one day, someone spoke inside of me
"Young man, rise and make your mark"
So today I will be free
With no one there to see
With no one there to see

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(So I made a resolution...)

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