

The Magnetic North, Magnetic North

Verse 1:

I'm searching for polaris, but where is it?
Staring at precarious roads, so perilous.
My footsteps falter as I walk through the uncharted
lands but I understand, I can't alter
or deviate from the path, that I need to take.
Or maybe there's a better way, to alleviate
the burdens of these lost souls, torn at these crossroads
no regrets, no remorse... Magnetic North.

CHORUS

I'm searching for polaris, but where is it?
(Something inside of me has guided me this far.)
I'm staring at these roads, so perilous
(And I believe despite of the alignment of the stars.)
Lead me to be free from, remorse
(There's a force more important on this course I'm setting forth.)
Finally I found my, Magnetic North
(So who care's about Polaris when there is Magnetic North.)

Verse 2:

Somehow, trapped in this void of blackness,
I stay calm, relaxed, to avoid the madness
that's beyond, in my journey, what really lies ahead?
but as strong as I try to be, I cannot see through walls of lead.
So instead, I just keep moving in one direction.
Wherever my feet may guide me, I consciously walk blindly.
Afraid of every step, of every corner,
I hate the suspense, but my senses say go forward.
Cuz I can't afford to, stray off the path.
And if I stay, I'll evade all the pain of my past.
Cuz I refrain, to go back, to the flames of my misery,
the darkness, the chaos, the stains (veins/chains/shames) of my history
But that's behind me, cuz now I found a new source
magnetic north, guide me, shine me a light on this course.
My driving force, in this race between fate and my own will
I won't yield, alone like a ronin I roam still.

CHORUS

Verse 3:

I'm a slave to second guessing, it never lessens.
Plagued by my recollections, forever question,
the road I tread upon, the choices deliberated,
that's why at every divide, I'm hesitating...
on where to go, the scenarios are infinite.
On this road I chose can't predict the predicaments.
That's why I find myself drifting along,
just following the wind I'm inexplicably drawn
on a, path to Babylon... when I suddenly
realize in my life Truth is a luxury.
The only thing I trust to discern all the lies,
the only stable point in these turbulent skies
is my, Magnetic North, all my reason's they start with you
my dreaming, if not for you, would seem so impossible.
And even through the obstacles you help me get home,
from the worthless adventures of these self destructive poems.

CHORUS

I gotta learn to trust this, internal compass
before my mind is numb with, and overrun with
trepidation. Knowing every step I'm taking
can never be retraced so I pray my destination
lies beyond these crossroads. And I don't know
which way I oughta go, cuz turning back is
not possible. Because the fact is,
whichever way that I move,
I'll lose the chance to see the other side of what I choose.
Cuz once I decide, I guess I'll never find out,

what lied behind the other route, I guess I'm blind now.
Cuz I can't see the road that approaches in front of me.
Even though I know this lonely road's the only one for me.
Cuz something inside of me has guided me this far.
And I believe, despite of thee alignment of these stars.
There's a force more important on this course i'm setting forth.
So who cares about polaris when there is Magnetic North.
CHORUS