

# After The Tragedy, Chateau D'if

She freezes me with her sapphire eyes  
that could rarely contain fire  
What will you do with your life now?  
Turn to my shoes and you ask  
how far-fetched a dream forms a fantasy  
Slipping away like the life in me  
This town is building a dungeon that I could never escape  
With failure making the mortar these circumstances are chains  
Relight the candle:  
My outlook changes are made deep in my book  
What will you do at the cross roads  
Take every road but the way home  
Consequently I can't go back now  
Everything I own is in my hands now  
This town is building a dungeon  
But I have planned an escape  
Success is breaking the mortar  
These circumstances can wait