

# Control Denied, The Fragile Art Of Existence

Same place, different time, same chase  
A different line  
A chance to heal, to allow what's real  
To take its course

Like a brush in hand, to paint a picture  
Of what we would like to see  
And love to be  
The vision is clear, taking charge of fear

For granted I do not take the future  
To be changed by triumph  
Tears and pain of the past  
I gain wisdom

The fragile art of existence  
Is kept alive by sheer persistence  
The fragile art of existence

No time for self-pity  
No time for dwelling on what should have been  
But is yet to be

Take the plunge, take the chance  
Safe in the heart and soul from elements  
Spawned by those void of no self-worth  
And no sense of dreams