

## CHOOSE!

It can't go out, the fire gives me light!  
My soul is getting cold, it hurts inside  
Where are the winds of change?

They say love, that's how to live your life  
Fucking hippies!  
Sometime you have to wear the gloves  
Sometime you have to fight your fight

It's my flag to carry, wave proud, or not  
It's also my dream to bury  
I will not lie down and die

It seems some try to steal them  
But the "some" are only my Demons

Or maybe they just fade away--  
dreams, youth, love,  
My God, to whom I pray

Kill my demons -Draw my sword?  
Sway my demons- play my chord?  
Looking inside I must give my gift  
Only from there can I please the Lord.

Lennon says there's nothing to kill or die for  
It is yours to disagree, Passion, in the end, is all that lives  
Those burning bright are all we see

Nothing is created or destroyed  
So science decrees and it must be true  
Passion is what lives forever

Who are you?

Still, the fire gives life, without it life is so sterile  
So plain, lukewarm  
"I spew you from my mouth!"

Halfway there and I see the dark,  
Now--  
Timid or bold, I must make my move  
Either way, I'll pay my dues  
Choose Choose Choose!

The former and all will lose.

CR Foreman 9-12-2010

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