

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.