



You Decide

Don't complain
About the blinding misery
You live in
If you cannot see
The truths the naked eye
Can see

You decide,
You can follow the crowd
Or step aside

Only you,
Can set yourself free
But it won't be easy
Nor will it be friendly

Are you ready to sail in the high tides
Or through the thunderstorms-
Fly high in the angry skies