

# The Chosen

## Defiance

Into optic illusions  
Try to foresee what is to be  
made&Chosen I may be the one  
Chosen I just might be the one to  
live

I never heard a word they said  
But now I see the light shining  
Through eyes  
It leaves me pacified

Illusions leave me blind  
Black is all I see  
Formed is a twisted image  
That was chosen for me

I never questioned why  
I never saw a reason for suicide  
Or planned to take my life

The will to live my mind sets free  
Into the vast of misery  
Tomorrow seems so far away  
Illusions of conspiracy

My conscience is my only friend  
Learn to live my life in peace  
The chosen, I may be the one  
To live my life and be set free