

High Holy Days "A For Me"

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So many things, I have beaten down to get my way,
Go unnoticed when I make mistakes,
Shine so perfect in the light,
I did right this time,
Fate, living on a stone, And a statue bleeds,
And our prophets on the phone,
And my mind breaks free, From the leaders and the clones,
Life and talk of destiny I don't even know,
Apologies, to my creation for these wasted days,
My transcendence has a bitter face,
Dreams are built and spent with might
And I'm sorry cause I never fight
And in the aftermath, dreams just altruistic sayings,
My just emotion throws, apart, unique, I didn't even care,
So look away your life is passed and you let the chances cave,
And all our cares of the moment have given us our Names,

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