

## Across the Sun

### "Seasons"

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What is this place? Seems all to familiar  
So foreign, yet so recognizable  
A road long since traveled  
That state of reckless abandon  
Unguarded, unassured

Been down this road before  
Can't take this feeling anymore

Searching for the one  
To prove I deserve to be had  
It's not my time  
The trend leaves me broken  
(Until that time these words will be spoken)

So what's to be done?  
A crossroads have been met  
Is there a lesser of two evils?

One road leads to empty  
The other confusion both leave me without  
Asking questions in circles  
Someone make sense of all this mess

Only certainty is a stronger man  
Would have rid himself of such travesty  
Trading tyrant and torment for the knowledge  
The right choice was made

It's a rarity  
Removing passion from logic  
Gain some piece of mind  
Knowing integrity was not left behind

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