

## Need "Stroll Of Choice"

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the open path is cold chilling my spine  
I reek of life  
if god already died, what am I to do?  
I understand

raped my mind, still I choose blind

narrow paths are merging  
show me how to reach the pattern's end

patterns upon the wind, did you leave us?

floating oblivion, they mean nothing

the price of ignorance I have to pay now  
the choice is hard  
pattern's changing fast my life is fading  
don't read the lines

useless lives are sold  
a universal stroll

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