

Protagonist "Light The Fuse"

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Light the fuse, to set ablaze
A trail of fire that leads
To the end of our days.
When these flames burn out,
I want to be remembered
By the words that I sing.
Words can be woven
To form picture perfect tapestries,
And our seams rip apart by personal tragedy.

I'm afraid of what lies ahead,
Places I've gone, people I've met,
Graves I've left unkept.

This is a chronicle of what was,
And of everything that could've been.
It's not always about the places you go,
It's about the people that you meet.
From this point on,
I'll forever be questioning and wondering,
Searching and pondering.
What lies ahead: where do we go from here?

Every story has it's heartache,
And I'm a first hand witness to the loss of god.

Where do we go, where do we go,
Where do we go from here?
The season's change, but I'm still here.

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