The Fragile Art of Existence

Control Denied

Same place, different time, same chase
A different line
A chance to heal, to allow what's real
To take its courseLike a brush in hand, to paint a picture
Of what we would like to see
And love to be
The vision is clear, taking charge of fearFor granted I do not take the future
To be changed by triumph
Tears and pain of the past
I gain wisdomThe fragile art of existence
Is kept alive by sheer persistence
The fragile art of existenceNo time for self-pity
No time for dwelling on what should have been
But is yet to beTake the plunge, take the chance
Safe in the heart and soul from elements
Spawned by those void of no self-worth
And no sense of dreams

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