

# A Sad History

## The Nerve Agents

Shackled to greatness  
It's for your bet interests  
nothing less but the best my dear  
Dagged down this road of status by fools  
There has been sickness at play, I fear  
It's all been mapped out for you  
Since you were a twinkle in their eyes  
Unfortunatly, my dear, this is for them  
Your thoughts, disregarded as petty and childish  
Shut your mouth, cause your life is planned  
A sad history  
I will walk my own direction  
Following my heart, seeing where it takes me  
Strike your match, light your candle  
For each and every day of your life that you don't see me  
Don't burn down the house, waiting for me

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