

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
Unfortunately, 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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