

Picture Frame

Here I stand, an adventure's end
time to forge a new path, once more

Faced the test, with success in hand,
but the doubts of the past occur

Now it seems that I forgot
How to trust myself, my gut
Am I still the same, or not?

Tangled up in my own head
Parts of me, of myself, of who?

How can I untie the knot
Make the unknown less scary too?

[solos over AABAA]

Staring out in the emptiness
Thinking where, what if, when and how

Previously, I found happiness
Can I find the same treasure now?

Now it seems that I forgot
How to trust myself, my gut
Am I still the same, or not?

Why not change the picture frame;
Treat the edge that seems strange, as old?

Harbouring the best type of games:
Where you live what is still untold