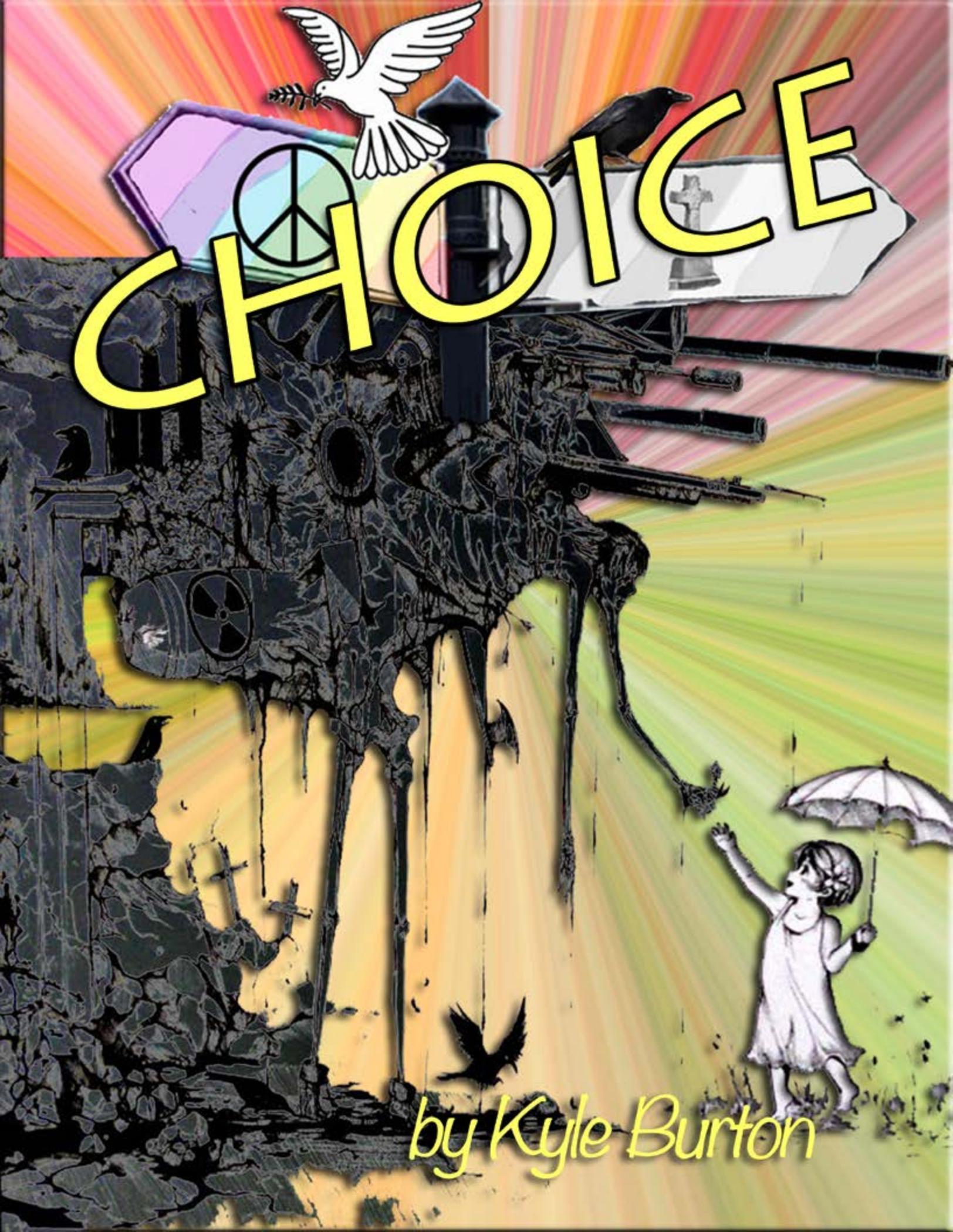


# CHOICE



*by Kyle Burton*

# Choice

By Kyle Burton



Caught in between war and peace, as I walk the wire of self preservation  
holding onto gravity with everything in me

On one side rebellion rages like a storm, on the other obedience whispers  
softly like a gentle breeze calling to set me free

I am breaking to pieces as the walls of my past close in all around, my feet  
have only this sacred ground to call home

The choice is mine to decide who holds the throne, with nowhere to run  
from my heart of stone

# Choice

By Kyle Burton

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# Choice

by Kyle Burton

*Caught in between war and peace, as I walk the wire of self preservation holding onto gravity with everything in me*

*On one side rebellion rages like a storm, on the other obedience whispers softly like a gentle breeze calling to set me free*

*I am breaking to pieces as the walls of my past close in all around, my feet have only this sacred ground to call home*

*The choice is mine to decide who holds the throne, with nowhere to run from my heart of stone*

*It seems I am deafened to my very own battle cry, the strength in me has all but disappeared when I needed it most*

*I am dying of thirst as I sail further into the ocean of my past, yet I can't help feeling that somewhere beyond my horizon is a welcoming coast*

*So I remind my heart to keep on beating, for as long as I have breath in these lungs I will not be retreating*

*I will not sign a peace treaty with the reaper; I will not let these flames quit burning until I meet their keeper*

*Though the slope grows steeper and steeper I will continue to climb until I see the sun*

*And when I make it there I will lock eyes with the light and continue to stare until I lose my sight*

*One thing is certain, I am not out of this fight*

*In this war against me myself and I one of us is bound to die, all I know is i'm not going down without ever learning to fly*

*In this life I've learned that reality is malleable and memories are pliable and love is the only thing I count as reliable*

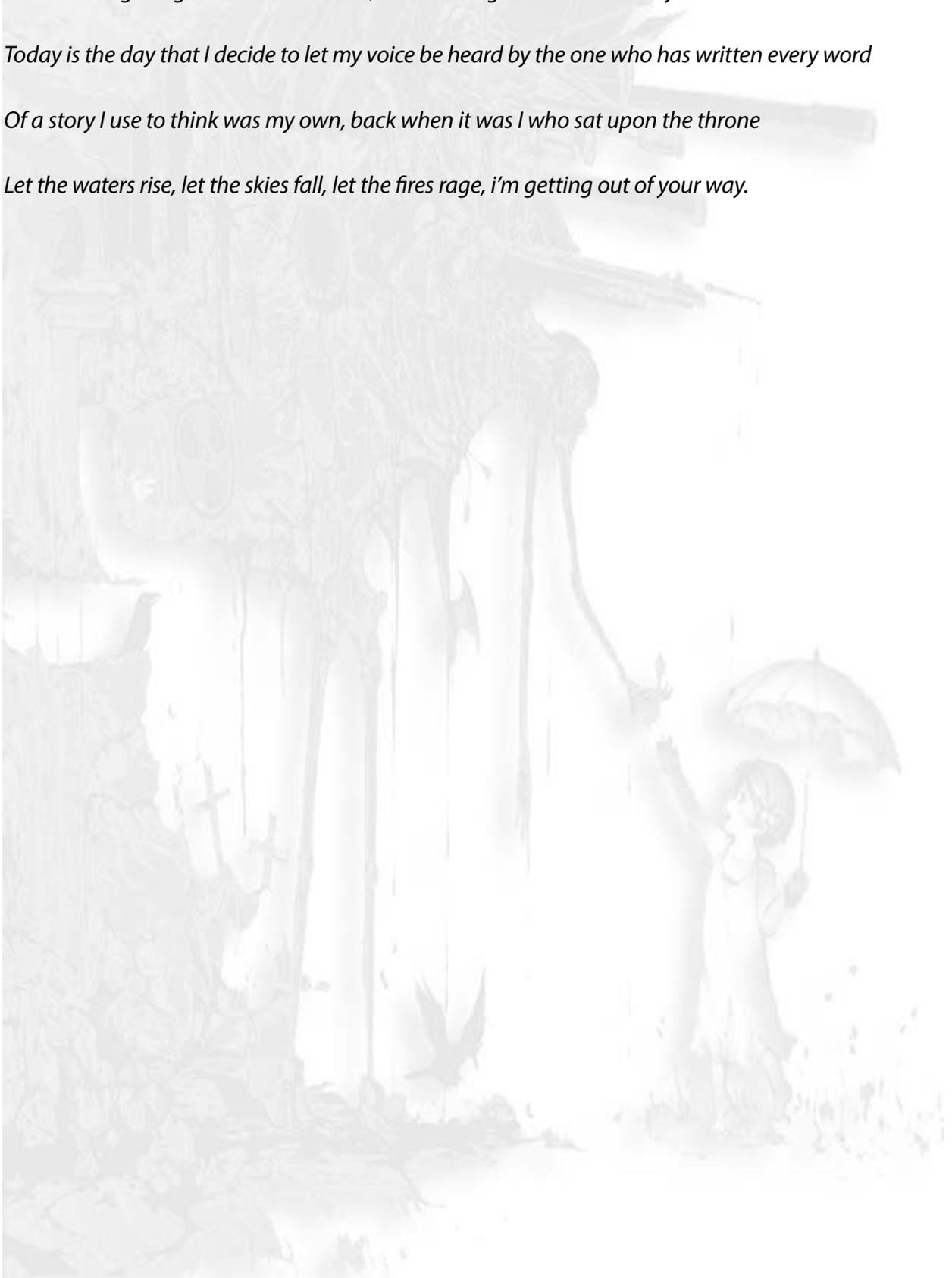
*I held hands with hate for too long, my ears are well tuned to that dark song*

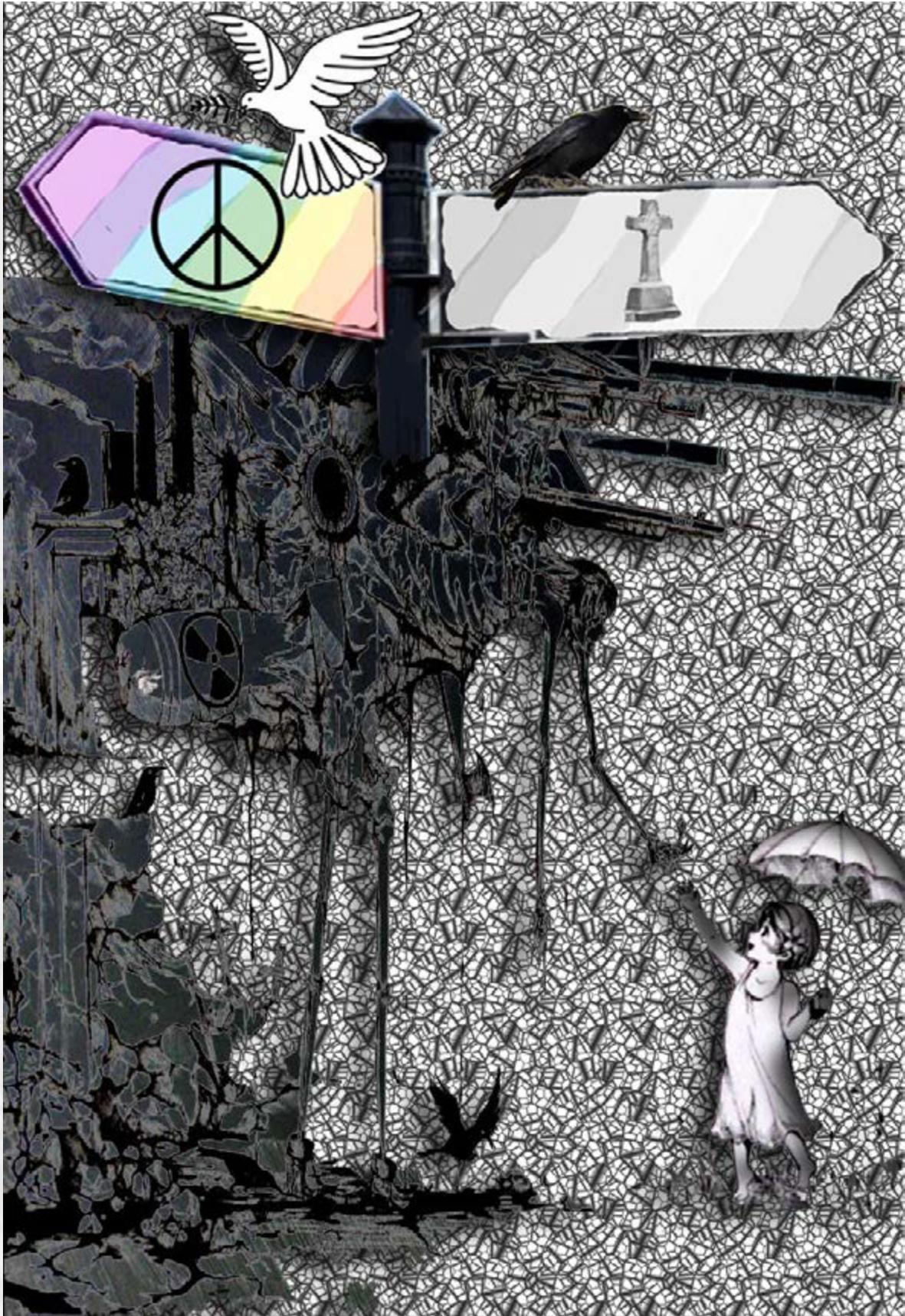
*Love is calling to fight this battle for me, I will no longer stand in His way*

*Today is the day that I decide to let my voice be heard by the one who has written every word*

*Of a story I use to think was my own, back when it was I who sat upon the throne*

*Let the waters rise, let the skies fall, let the fires rage, i'm getting out of your way.*





# Choice

*by Kyle Burton*



**Kyle Burton Spirit Driven Author**

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