

There is no path already worn.
No purpose set before we're born.
We're not provided a script to read.
No cosmic map, or ancient creed.
The seat we'll one day fill,
Is carved from nothing but our will.
If meaning isn't found in stone,
Or whispered by nature's tone,
Then every kindness, every art,
Is born entirely from the heart.
We are both the painters and the paints,
The sinners, the seekers, and the saints.
We are responsible, you and me,
Because we're condemned to be free.
We choose the mask, we choose the face,
Within this vast, chaotic space.
We seek someone to make a claim,
Someone to carry half the blame,
To say, "It was the stars, the passed."
Someone to say "The die of life was already cast."
That our destiny was woven from the start,
That we were already assigned our part.
That some god already made the choice,
Already wrote us with their voice.
But freedom is a locked room,
A neverending tomb.
The fault is ours, the glory too,
And we cannot start anew.
There is no ghost behind the wheel,
The hands that steer are far too real.
The purpose we seek is our own to decide.
Not to find, but to build before we've died.
Remember this the next time you need,
The next time you watch another bleed.
The next time you wonder "why?"
While staring at the sky.
We are our own god,
Whether we're the loyal or the fraud,
The humble or the prideful,
The gentle or the bull.
We are the artists, the writers.
We are the igniters.