

# Auto Pilot

The flight is over, the trip was fake,  
There is no record of how you changed.

Blindly choosing from decided goals,  
Forgot to ask and lost the plot.

And when the candle will flicker last,  
You won't even remember,  
The could have been you've passed.

The echoes of empty thoughts,  
In the corridors of pros and cons,  
Play out all scenarios.

But don't worry!

Though you've been entertained,  
And you entertained all scenarios,  
Your actions had been established long before.

The beggars, the liars, the angry and the meek,  
All appealed already to your common sense.

So whom should have you trusted with your secret flame?  
Who could have broken this iron cast?

And when you'll recede into the lapse of light,  
And slowly fall apart without a witness or a judge,

You will resonate again,  
And a few lines from a poem you saw somewhere,  
Will recombine the waves of chance.