

## The Novelist

### A Call to Sincerity

I am tireless but it feels like a need of sleep  
I've only got sheep to count instead of hours slept  
Yet I'm mute so I'll let my feather speak  
So you would better be listening  
I am writting what I truely think  
There's no flourish, just a darkened sheet  
You will see no flourish, just a sat man thinking  
The words are carved on me, and words after words, I'm  
still pensive  
I am tired of this but you should read beyond the  
letters  
Yet I'm mute so I'll let my feather speak  
So you would better be listening  
Yet I'm mute so I'll let my feather speak  
So you should pay more attention  
And I won't feed the hounds of my head  
I will never let you define me  
I will never lie to ease something  
I swear I'll never regret a single thing  
A single thing  
The words are carved on me, and words after words, I'm  
still pensive  
I am tired of this but you should read beyond the  
letters I have written  
We all fail before setting sails  
So just stand for something  
We all fail before setting sails  
We all need to stand for something  
We all fail before setting sails  
So just stand for something