

The Writer

Breakdown of Sanity

It's your turn right now, let me see your steps
Let me feel your hesitation
Nothing ventured, nothing gained

We know the reproach to yourself

All your reflections as an open secret
All your mistakes as a success
Your tears as the pitiful disport
Your decisions make us win
Follow the guide we gave you

Don't look upward, there's nothing above you
Your eyes aren't qualified
Your memory is your future
Can you remember your end?

We, we are your faith and your fear
We are your inspiration and your overload

You're all equal

This is your reality, your veiled sight

You can never see
You can put the blame on us
You can put the blame on us

"It's all about your personal interpretation of what you're looking at."

I see you try to grow with your scars
But you fail again and again
You can put the blame on us
This is what, this is what we expect

This makes your life so much easier
Just close your eyes, follow blindly
In your deepest dreams you can see us
In your lonely hours you can feel us
In your lonely hours you can feel us
(You can feel us, you can feel us)

This prison was built for you
You are not ready for the outside
Maybe you will never be
Maybe you will never see

Nothing is more constant than change

So why, why don't you change within?
Positions won't change
As long as you can't see the point

Till then we will keep observing you...
Sneering