

# Incertitude

## Trauma

Balancing on the surface of existence  
Between illusion and reality  
I see what I have missed before  
I discover the truth which proves false

I let out a voiceless cry  
I hear steps behind my back  
Dominated by incertitude  
I feel more and more alien

Struck in the mud of the unknown  
Locked in the reservation of filth  
I slip through cold halls misunderstanding  
Through jealousy from the outside

Day by day, piece by piece  
I run into an absurd emptiness  
Irony hidden by the mask of friendship  
It all exists in real

Overwhelmed by nothingness  
I withdraw into myself  
I don't want to lose  
What makes up the core of my life  
I have to go