

Still

As the world turned
I stood still
Time passes
Dreams are real
Reality fades away
Darkness came
I stood still
And everything changed.

1024

I wonder what's the purpose every time I get back here.
Here to this place where even I am a stranger to my mind.
When only God knows the answer to the question "who am I?"
Where I wonder what I did and can't stop wondering why?
And why not?
My demons' whispers grow louder telling me I'll never be what I try to be
And I honestly can't separate my imagination and reality
Because reality is only real when you have proof right?
Like we only know what day is because it isn't night
And because it happens over and over, we know it exists
And therefore, it must be real or at least as real as it gets.
So, I can't help to wonder if it's really all in my mind when experience tells me that this reality is mine:
All is temporary, nothing stays the same, all that's guaranteed is all things change.
And maybe if it's true, that reality wouldn't be so hard to accept if when things change, they changed for the best
But it seems like good times are far too short for me and bad times come far too frequently
I carry the weight on my shoulders of admiration and faith I fall short of every single time
From the people I love the most and that's the main reason I cry
Because what if this is my reality? What if this really is all that's meant for me?
I think I do people a favor if I've pushed them away
Sometimes I even think it's selfish to want people to stay
I may not know who I am maybe, not really, but I know many things are definite about me
For instance, chaos is comfort over monotony. I don't fear any stranger or outside enemy, yet my own mind terrifies me.
What separates a mogul from a miscreant if not opportunity?
And so, I question what is more realistic for me, is it really not ridiculous to believe all that I once believed I could be?
When over and over it seems like I should settle to dream for almost nothing for myself apparently?

My debts outweigh my earnings and my failures are more than my accomplishments to the point life is equal to stress... Those I love and would leave behind fuel the only guilt behind my almost total preference to death.

Isn't worse to be both cursed and blessed?

Maybe if I never tried to be more then it would hurt a lot less

And the tears wouldn't burn, and my heart wouldn't feel like it's being ripped from chest.

And so, from this I question what I should think... is giving up now saving myself or accepting defeat? Does predicting my future based on the past mean I'm rational or weak?

Was Icarus a fool because he thought if he dressed in feathers like a bird he could fly?

Or was he just foolish because he flew too high despite all the warnings that at a certain point he'd die?

What about the fools who wanted to soar too but wouldn't even try?

If seizing opportunity makes a person wise, then I guess the fools were on the ground through Icarus's eyes.

So apparently its human nature that a person must be a fool if he's on the losing side and a person who has obviously succeeded must be wise.

Therefore, both a wise man and a fool's chances were once the same and the only reason we are what we are depends on the results of the game

And the spectators' view

Opportunity is not partial and has no preference on who it decides to choose.

At some point in a lifetime what was laid before me can be laid before you.

What separates a traveler and a vagabond is the option to choose.

I don't really know who I am. I just know so many things make me.

Too many directions call to my mind and maybe that's why I'm lost and confused

Meanwhile my demons whisper so sweetly I wonder if they were once angels too

And the angels I thought I had on my side I question if they were actually more untrue

Because I can count on the pain the demons bring to bring me down

But it's the angels, I fear, that will stop coming around...

Forever Isn't That Long

Brief images.

Unclear pictures.

Beautiful melodies

Unknown songs

They go on & on & on & on

Forever isn't that long

Tears of joy

Smiles of pain

The wettest of deserts

Touched by dry rain

& they go on & on & on & on
Forever isn't that long

The deafening sound of silence
The darkness seen in light
The joy of a madman
The billionaire's miserable life
& they go on & on & on & on
Forever isn't that long

People laugh around me
I laugh sometimes when I'm scared
The ends of the oceans
Do they lead to anywhere?
Why do we seek freedom?
When we don't know what it feels like to be free
I look for the likeness in everyone
Everyone looks for the likeness in me
Are we all really unique?
Time is the Master
It's the teacher of all things
Some things go unanswered
And some come to soon
Blind sight. We can't see so close,
Yet we see past the moon
And Time goes on forever
Still nothing lasts for always
Even if they go on & on & on & on
Because forever is never that long.

Experimentation with You

Experimentation with you
I thought you'd fail hard by now
I was rooting for your win at first though.

Cycles of past jadedness, things that no longer matter, things you ain't got nothing to do with
You come close to reminding me of.
I won't lie; I've wasted basic love.
Even worse I knew it and time was wasted too.
I got better at it. I went in better meeting you.

I understand now that maybe I misunderstood then but still you planted a seed of doubt.

I didn't care until now because I just realize that seed must have quickly sprout
Because even the planter sensed it, felt it, checked it... right?
So, I give that to you.

That power you never wanted.
But power is only given or taken; it's never really to choose.
There's power in accepting it and that's the power you use.
You don't want it though.
You experiment with me too.
But that's the thing about being powerful... it always seems either or
Either you don't or you do.

I ask questions mostly out of curiosity and I listen and watch what comes of you.
Mountains out of molehills I can make anthills into another Himalayan chain
Turn the little sparks into a beautiful blue and gold flame
But when I strike a match, it seems I don't just burn it down
The fire turns wild. Everything burns to the ground
I regain control but then I look at the ash and many times I've laughed like girl look at you!

But the few occasions where I waited for phoenixes that never rose again at least not the same
way
Were the hardest to face
So, I turned the matches in.
But you stirred something in me that I felt was meant
So, I told myself before I rock your boat just take you down some winding streams a bit
You held on but as you almost found where my ocean began
That's when you told me you'd be safer on dry land
And I returned alone to my dormancy
I changed the locks just in case because you were close to a key
I really don't need you either I don't think
I don't even think I should want you or anyone else

So why am I sitting here thinking about you and matches to avoid answers to questions I don't
think I should ask myself?

Because I do believe you're genuine enough
At this point you can't hurt much more than my feelings because I'm not anywhere close to
love
But I hate feeling like I even might be taken for granted... & I know what I can give is so
powerful that even the basic things can't be wasted

You're not really a believer now
Maybe it's just because I spend my time in the shade of uncertainty and you're under that tree
of doubt

I don't know about you, *but I'm scared* of getting burnt if I come out.

So, I'm playing Russian roulette with matches
Watching the waves of my untamable sea
Call to me
Call to me to let go now
Call to bring you in with me
And watch you sink or swim
And watch me carry you anyway
Even if it's back to ashes.

The Tough

Read it all or throw it away
It is what is, what else to say?
At the end of the day
There comes night
And out goes even the brightest of lights
What is hope but a torture?
What is evil but a familiar name?
We are all lost.
Aren't we?
But you know what there is no need to cry
Even the holiest of saints probably told a lie
Even the coldest of hearts can turn even more dark
"Hide it away, the key to your heart"
That's what they say.
Because what is Love?
It's such a gamble.
That fucked up game.
Promises?
You said you changed into someone I promised you'd never be
But what does that even mean?
Faith?
Am I the fool because I believe in someone who gave up on me?
Or am I fool because I believe you gave up?
After all, who can we trust?
Ourselves?
What deceit.
You don't know who you are
I don't know me.
Trust in us for what?

Even the most brilliant minds aren't immune to insanity
In fact, it seems like that's the curse of the afflicted
To know better than to believe there's a best
To learn that we all fail some tests
To understand some things just can't be controlled.
Self-serving and selfish? Is that what you are?
Above heart break? Invincible to emotional scars?
Don't be foolish
Learn at least that from me.
Even the darkest of souls can weep
And invisible hearts break too
In fact, the pain seems even more than real
Because it takes real pain to finally reveal
That even the numb still can feel
If you drive the knife far enough.
When the going gets tough
The tough get going
And sometimes they go so far away
They forget what that meant
Soon the chaos feels heaven sent
Do we want to remember how far we ran just to find it didn't help?
We got so busy we deserted ourselves.
No.
So, we tell ourselves we don't need the people we love
We make ourselves believe what's done is done
We all have the power.
We just forget how to use it
Some won't and some use it too much and others don't know how
Or tell themselves they don't at least.
"All in the name of progress" they lie.
"Sacrifice what's most important in order to succeed.
Be cold. Be cruel. Be mean.
Cut it all off and cut them all out if you want to grow
Love, friendship, happiness you don't need to know."
You don't need to know when they say, "grow", they mean grow apart.
So, go forth and conquer and return to your empty heart inside your quiet home
And be too prideful to cry, leave it to others to wonder why
Or go ahead and shed tears that no one will see
We're all too prideful sometimes and would burst at the seams
Before we apologize or go against what we "should be"
And just be who we are.
Self-serving. Selfish. Loving ourselves more than what we need
What is happiness if it's not what we want it to be?
Then a man-made image of what we were told was our desire?

And for that lie we set what happiness we did have on fire
And burned it down
To get some of what plagues us, the burden that drowns
Even the best of good.
Even the purest it turns
And the strong it ruins with foolish pride and removable strength
For what?
A generic image? For many it's the same
A lonely fool with ones who loved them watching from the distance from which they placed
them away
Because they claimed they had nothing left to say
They said they read it all and still threw it away
But all night really is, is the beginning of a new day
When the going gets tough only the toughest will stay.