

Creepmime, Clarity

As a dreamer
I've had my moments as a visionary
I've solved every riddle with ease
Made easy work of the puzzle that's me
Seen from within what is seen from without
Felt removed from all traces of doubt
About myself
My life
And my stonewalled waking hell

Daydreaming
I have often hoped for clarity
I've longed for the answers I need
Played hide and seek with the nature of me
I've prayed in vain for a part of myself, my prey
To feel removed from all traces of doubt
About himself
His life
And his stonewalled waking hell

How and why?
Who am I?
How can I ever hope to be the real me?
Clarity