Pagan Lorn, You Vs You

What do you do when you return from your inner trail search
In your own interior
And you find yourself unchanged
Will you call yourself a stranger
Will you admit to yourself
Your unconsciousness
Towards your inner side
Your emptiness strokes your being
But you need the sentiment of grievance
Look into your eyes
Remember the day
Could you say it was worth living it
Then you wish tomorrow will not come
Because now yesterday is well-known
The perfect interplay of otherness and self-doubt
Results in the state of death
And ends in listlessness
Now you fit into the mosaic
And you will drown in his false appearence
So they even have taken away your death
Look into your eyes
Remember the day
Could you say it was worth living it
Then you wish tomorrow will not come
Because now yesterday is well-known
Creeping past self-control
Hiding in the narrow lance of affection
All this is you
And so the distance to redemption grows
Deranged by the disappointment
That everything you disdain reigns in yourself
Now you know that you will never reach yourself
Requirement becomes an unattainable utopia
Abandon or keep on losing
To face or accept anyone's weakness
Now you compete with yourself
You rip up your own inside
No longer caught in the own system
Look behind a wrong self portrait
What you will find is what you are
Locked up spirit
Narrow minded
An inner excavation
So this knowledge needs a decision
The realization implores for an acting
You resign
And maybe this is a new beginning