

Pulley, If

what the fuck is really going on with me?
i'm not a creature in a circus freak show.
really like to be.
don't feel sorry but there's always pity here.
don't feel sorry for you,
not asking myself to do anything, anything for me.
going places where i always dream to do,
waste my time with that. brighten up
this picture one day,
make me laugh. trying something
that has not been done before,
nothing left to do, not asking myself to do anything.
what if once i started building something up
just to watch it fall,
pick up again.
see the pieces right in front of me.
pick it up again. i'm on my way.