

Sceptic, Knowing Nothing

You know nothing about being, absolutely nothing about living
Subsistence you've just become aware of can be deceiving
That's why you repulsively behave to what you see around
Unfortunately you're not so sure what you hear is sound
So wise, magnificent - with extensive hollow filling your head
Cheated by your consciousness -- as anchorite, not to be dead
You don't know anything about your life, about yourself
You cannot hear anything - senses are making you deaf
Boundaries around you - closing down, maintain to exist
Patiently trying to write out from the list of deceased
Cannot consume the voices of your inner intelligence
Being so curious of stranger's thought convergence