

# Sequouia, The one who is not me

The story begun as I was just a larva.

I don't remember but my ears recorded that I wasn't wanted.

Standing in life on my own feet, things seem easier to make out from now on.

but I don't understand, why they're always fighting at home.

I cannot see why we can't live in harmony.

The feeling I will live lonely forever. Lacks I tried to fill as I could, without any success.

Several years after, I let myself fall into deep emotions with a person, the solution for my problems,

So, my solution is gone away and I'm alone again, more than ever.

Must ease my mind, my fear grows, still I'm not myself.

I spend my time building a fake everyday life I hated so before.

My faith in this paper world is dead, my existence is a witness of this non sense.

My actions are led by my fears, I feel I'm the puppet of my envies.

Does something real remain of me?