

Sequoia, Remember the child

A little boy who'd like to understand why adults eyes are always sad.

He wonders how not to mess up his life.

I won't let myself be the victim of my fate

You know boy, we don't always choose the direction, sometimes the life does it for us.

We have a dream,

We want to make it real,

But we lose its meaning

Facing of reality.

What is this kind of submission?

What is this reality all about?

You will see when you grow up, and get older.

So, then I wish not to see.

Yes, you will see, everyone must go through it.

You say that cause you messed up your life.

Oh no, I live comfortably

It's easy to pretend to know what is truth,

when you don't have any sort of responsibility.

I did not choose what my life should look like.

Nor my everyday life.

We lie to protect you from our disillusion.

You hold our dead hopes.

When you become an adult, you can let your worst sides lead your existence, and you look like pup

So your culpability make you think you deserve all the bad things which happen to you.

In fact, it's the fear of looking inside yourself that makes you weak facing the adversity.

The fear of looking inside.

The reason why sometimes you cry.

You know you're sad inside.

But you'll find the real one nowhere else.

Find the real one.