

Trauma, Incertitude

Balancing on the surface of existence
Between illusion and reality
I see what I have missed before
I discover the truth which proves false
I let out a voiceless cry
I hear steps behind my back
Dominated by incertitude
I feel more and more alien
Stuck in the mud of the unknown
Locked in the reservation of filth
I slip through cold halls misunderstanding
Though jealously from the outside
Day by day, piece by piece
I run into an absurd emptiness
Irony hidden by the mask of friendship
It all exists in real
Overwhelmed by nothingness
I withdraw into myself
I don't want to lose
What makes up the core of my life
I have to go