

Genesis



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Wake

No one is obligated
to understand
your eyes that mask the demise
Of the death of the former child
who became numb
and was drugged and robbed
and for a long while
was lost in a Metropolis' concrete jungle
in the midst of the child's trial
With weary eyes looking upon the sky
No one is obligated
to figure out why or what or how
you think the way you think
and move as you do
as a matter of fact
they will never believe you
it's sad, but humble and true
no one is obligated
so seek true love that you'll never lose
this is the adaptation of stolen youth
This is the radiance of shining anew

Identity

It feels safer and less of a burden
to deny your mission
to find reasons why you're not capable
to prevent yourself from hurting
To remain stable rather than missing
Ironically, that itself is the worst mindset
even if you don't know where you may go
what is your life's purpose
if you decide to live lifeless?
and even so if you stay in place
you ruin the face of a special person
the one you see in the mirror
and that is the first best friend of life
the one that you should never shame
the one that you should never let down
reality is exactly like gravity
you're supposed to puff your chest out high
especially when you struggle to stand up
it is the rough weight you carry
that will shape you into something merry
being a quitter is not in your blood

Walk

Do we even believe it?
Will you ever be content?
The thought is full of fear
Doubting yourself again and over it
A reflection of how you're treated
and how you treat
Are you angry, sad, or happy?
Stop contemplating and take a walk
Live life before time sends you into an inevitable fall
Desperate to poise the situation
the chaos and the peace
and so hesitant to embrace illumination
that derives from love's dangerous sheath
curling you up into a bundle of a ball
and letting you feel exceedingly weak
This flaw is the strength we need
so then what is the message of your footsteps?
That you've been through hell?
that you still ask for help?
that you try to preserve whatever is left?
Time is the preacher whom will tell you and them

Silence

Today is a day where you will smile
like you had never smiled before
beautiful rays of light
emit from your eyes and teeth
and the twilight of clouds on your lips
purge any vein of its own diseases
The soul is soothed
the heart beats in clarity
and You haven't even counted its tempo
that is a special memo to read to yourself
you are at your own identical level
And at this moment of your life
You're not even using mental thinking
Glowing like a true pentacle
and glowing so bright
moving with the force of the night
and the breezes of the day
feeling the warmth of all nature
and rejecting its coldness that stays
don't feel discouraged
if tomorrow you don't feel the same way

Truth

With your fragile heart turning into stone
Like a shadow from another dimension
and a smokeless flame from another world
With people playing an evil game for pension
and to win is to place your mind,
in particular, into an immense whirl
speak the truth and speak it again
Behave and stay quiet or become rejected
There is no escape for you
No one will smile to see your face
your truth will push them away
away from their arms embrace
you won't ever be worthy
and you will never have the chance to stay
until you rid the worth of your own self
until you've begun to fade without a trace
You were an angel, but now a mere fly
your wings could only take them so high
and you? You could only lie
lie to the child inside and lie to them too
to save your own life by killing the truth

Sleep

The serenity in your slumber
away from the manifest universe
not needing to hunger and to thirst
not needing to learn or to hurt but instead
expressing yourself freely against any curse
Like a baby with its beloved mother
at ease and healing and nurtured
in a realm beyond imagination
on alert against any intruder
who are overwhelmed by your temple
not being able to withstand
your transcendental prowess
all their plots disassembled and outed
not realizing your own potential
you're a quintessential mystery
the omitted one of mankind's history
as you lay there passively
the world revolves around you in actuality
and she staggers and ponders
for the wonder that she has garnered
dormant in the frail vessel of your body