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The mask

As I'm standing here, looking in the mirror, I see a face that ain't mine
In fear to be different, to be disgraced i put on this mask that ain't me
From my deepest thoughts, hiding at the bottom of my heart

That thought gives me a feeling that I'm meant for something greater, for something else

But how can I know? I have wear this mask for so long that I have almost forget who I am beneath it

I Struggle with myself and my fear, I realize that I don't care anymore

I don't know what is hiding under this mask

I don't know is I will reveal an angel or a demon when I Drop the mask

I don't know what is beneath it, The only thing I know is that I have to loose the mask to be free

The only thing I know that is beneath it is me.

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