

The Novelist

A Call to Sincerity

I am tireless but it feels like a need of sleep
I've only got sheep to count instead of hours slept
Yet I'm mute so I'll let my feather speak
So you would better be listening
I am writting what I truely think
There's no flourish, just a darkened sheet
You will see no flourish, just a sat man thinking
The words are carved on me, and words after words, I'm
still pensive
I am tired of this but you should read beyond the
letters
Yet I'm mute so I'll let my feather speak
So you would better be listening
Yet I'm mute so I'll let my feather speak
So you should pay more attention
And I won't feed the hounds of my head
I will never let you define me
I will never lie to ease something
I swear I'll never regret a single thing
A single thing
The words are carved on me, and words after words, I'm
still pensive
I am tired of this but you should read beyond the
letters I have written
We all fail before setting sails
So just stand for something
We all fail before setting sails
We all need to stand for something
We all fail before setting sails
So just stand for something