

# The Writer

## Breakdown of Sanity

It's your turn right now, let me see your steps  
Let me feel your hesitation  
Nothing ventured, nothing gained

We know the reproach to yourself

All your reflections as an open secret  
All your mistakes as a success  
Your tears as the pitiful disport  
Your decisions make us win  
Follow the guide we gave you

Don't look upward, there's nothing above you  
Your eyes aren't qualified  
Your memory is your future  
Can you remember your end?

We, we are your faith and your fear  
We are your inspiration and your overload

You're all equal

This is your reality, your veiled sight

You can never see  
You can put the blame on us  
You can put the blame on us

"It's all about your personal interpretation of what you're looking at."

I see you try to grow with your scars  
But you fail again and again  
You can put the blame on us  
This is what, this is what we expect

This makes your life so much easier  
Just close your eyes, follow blindly  
In your deepest dreams you can see us  
In your lonely hours you can feel us  
In your lonely hours you can feel us  
(You can feel us, you can feel us)

This prison was built for you  
You are not ready for the outside  
Maybe you will never be  
Maybe you will never see

Nothing is more constant than change

So why, why don't you change within?  
Positions won't change  
As long as you can't see the point

Till then we will keep observing you...  
Sneering